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FOR

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PRESENTED BY  
ABANI NATH MUKHARJI  
OF UTTARPARA.  
THE

# EDINBURGH REVIEW,

MARCH, 1817.

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N<sup>o</sup>. LV.

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ART. I. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the State of Mendicity and Vagrancy in the Metropolis and its Neighbourhood. Ordered to be printed July 11th 1815. To which is added the General Report, ordered to be printed May 28th 1816.*

**A**N advocate for charity, in any of its forms, has always, at first sight, much to recommend him to the partiality of his auditors. He is doing something for the interest of humanity, in the shape of a positive service. He is making a movement, to which he is prompted, in all appearance, by an impulse of kindness. He is exercising his thoughts, and lifting his voice in behalf of distress; and there is something in the mere aspect of such an exhibition, that is calculated to prepossess his observers, and to hold him out in a light of very advantageous contrast, either with the selfishly indifferent, who care not about his projects, or with the actively hostile, who oppose them.

On the other hand, an opponent, not of charity, but of some of its particular forms, has often much in the shape of initiatory dislike and prejudice to struggle with. However much he may prevail in the argument, and, at the conclusion of it, may vindicate his character as an enlightened friend of the species; he has not unfrequently to brave the hazard and the resistance of a most unpopular outset. The public are apt to be revolted by that array of hardihood which a mere reasoning philanthropist is so likely to throw around his speculations; and, should he at length succeed in carrying their acquiescence along with him, this is an object for which he must

fight his way at one time through the gentler remonstrances of an alarmed delicacy ; and, at another, through the clamours of a boisterous and reproachful indignation.

This, in no one instance, has been so strikingly exemplified, as in those speculations about the nature of charity, which were in a great measure originated by Mr Malthus ; and from which many have been led to infer, that every public and proclaimed provision, for the relief of general indigence, is not only utterly incompetent to the attainment of its object, but has the effect of perpetuating and extending the very distress which it proposes to alleviate ; and that, therefore, it had been better, could the sufferings of poverty have been left to the hands of private charity altogether. In opposition to this, the actual cases of want are brought out in full enumeration ; and all the circumstances of pathos, by which they are accompanied, are impressively dwelt upon ; and the direct and visible relief they obtain from our existing institutions, is too apparent to escape the commonest observation ; and the fact, the unquestionable fact, is at all times appealed to, and set up in resistance to the fearful uncertainty of committing such cases to such accidental impulses of compassion as they may awaken in the neighbourhood where they occur : And thus it is, that the antagonists of this new doctrine are, in the estimation of a very large part of the community, placed on the vantage ground, both of feeling and of historical example ; while its friends are looked upon as having nothing else to urge in their behalf, than the plausibilities of a barbarous and untried theory.

To temper the force of these execrations, it is alleged by the followers of Malthus, that many of the cases in question are the product of the charity itself ; that, after a public institution has done its uttermost, it leaves a surplus of unreached and unrelieved wretchedness greater in amount than it met with at the outset of its operations ; that it never rescues the *whole* field of human suffering from the hand of private charity, and then brings it under a better and more effective management than before ; that at each step of its progress, it only works on a part of the actual field, and meanwhile sends forth a pestilential influence on every side of it among the sound part of the population ; that on the outside as it were of all the space which it occupies, there ever lies an unreclaimed waste of poverty, which recedes and broadens, and that, too, in proportion as public charity proclaims and multiplies her doings : And, therefore, so far from acting the part of a more efficient substitute for private charity, she has, in truth, left benevolent individuals *more* to do than ever, and aggravated all the duties and all the difficulties which originally lay upon them.

Now, without offering to decide this controversy at present; we are led, by the publication before us, to attach ourselves to an object, on the practical importance of which, all the parties in it are most cordially agreed. The object is, to reduce the heavy expenses of pauperism; and, at the same time, to relieve the miseries of the poor. We observe in the present, and in many of the other English publications upon this subject, frequent appeals to the case of Scotland, and a kind of mysterious charm ascribed to that peculiar mode of treatment, which still obtains in the greater number of our parishes. We hold ourselves to be discharging one of the most appropriate of our functions, when we are attempting to furnish our Southern neighbours with such information as our opportunities can supply; and we do think, that much important principle may be deduced from the present aspect of Scotland, in so far as it respects the question of Poor's-Rates.

Whatever differences may obtain on the philosophy of the subject, we believe that there are two points on which there is now a very wide and general agreement. The first is, that the ills of Poverty will never be banished from the world by the mere positive administrations of Beneficence. The days have gone by, when the relief of Poverty could be looked upon as nothing more than the simple process of filling up a vacancy, or of directing towards that quarter of society where there was want, a stream of supply from that other quarter where there was fulness. This indeed was the first and most obvious expedient; and it was natural to think, that in this way a sufficiency could be obtained for all the needs and sufferings of our species—and a more equal rate of enjoyment be diffused over the neighbourhood; while the rich by the act of giving, and the poor by the act of receiving, would come nearer to each other in the degree at which they participated of the bounties and the provisions of nature. This experiment, however, has been repeated in a thousand forms; and even when conducted on the largest and most conspicuous scale, the result has been a glaring mockery of these anticipations. Liberality has put forth her abundant stores in many a town, and in many a neighbourhood; and no such scene of fine or delightful promise has ever been realized. And even when, with the feeling that her present sacrifices were not yet enough, she has put forth a greater stretch of exertion than before—she has always found that her powerless aim fell short of that accomplishment to which she directed all the earnestness of her wishes, and the strenuousness of her most honest and diligent endeavours—and has at length arrived at the sure mortification of knowing, that the object of

her pursuit is ever receding from her advances—and that, let her multiply her offerings as she may, there will still lie before her the unquelled aspect of a clamorous, dissatisfied, and actually suffering population.

This is a point, then, upon which we are not called to provoke the antipathies of any set of men, by linking it with the doctrines of Malthus, or any other system of economical speculation. People have found their way to it with nothing else to guide them than a kind of gross and general experience. Put the case of a wealthy citizen, leaving the fortune he has amassed in some second-rate town of the empire, to the object of alleviating the general indigence of its people, and let its interest form a clear addition to all the anterior charities of the place. There are many who, with no system and no generalisation in their heads about it, could, on the strength of something like an instinctive sagacity, pronounce on the utter futility of such a destination. They could tell us, that this additional sum, if it amounted to ten thousand a year, would just go to augment the numbers of the poor, without reducing the miseries of poverty; and that if, by way of making a still more decisive stroke at the mischief, the ten thousand were made twenty, the mischief would still rise upon us, and hold out as obstinate and inextirpable a character as ever. In short, there are hundreds of practical men, who, though totally unfurnished with science or any thing like it, have got a thorough hold of the truth of the matter; who see, and see with a most discerning justness, that the right management of poverty is truly the darkest and most unresolvable of all problems; and that, in the face of all which the combined charity and wisdom of man can devise to banish them from the world, there appears to exist some mysterious necessity for the accomplishment of the saying, 'that we shall have the poor with us always.'

And indeed, without entering into the theory of population at all, it seems pretty evident, that should I retrench my own enjoyments, and give the produce of all this economy to the poor, I should only give to one set of human beings what I am withholding from another. The sum now expended in the relief of poverty, was formerly expended in payments for the articles of my own accommodation,—in the shape of support to those who supplied these articles—or of remuneration to those who had vested their capital, or bestowed their industry upon the preparation of them. And thus it appears, that wherever a great mass of wealth is directed to the maintenance of the poor, this is done by a great withdrawal of wealth from its former channels of distribution; by a great impoverishment of

those who were formerly upheld by this wealth in the exercise of their callings; and, in fact, by the creation of poor in one quarter, just as you divert money away from those who were industriously earning the price of your articles of consumption, to the relief of poverty already existing in some other quarter. And hence it may be seen, how, if all the men of wealth in the country were to reduce themselves to the mere necessities of life, they would just dismiss from their service a mighty train of dependant artificers and workmen; they would just, without forwarding by a single inch the cause of human enjoyment, exchange an industrious for a beggarly population.

Without making any further attempts at present to unravel the intricacy of this mechanism, we now hasten to another position, in the truth of which, also, there is a pretty general agreement between the disciples of philosophy and practice. It is, that no power of inquisition can protect a public charity from unfair demands upon it, and demands, too, of such weight and plausibility, as must, in fact, be acceded to, and have the effect of wasting a large and ever increasing proportion of the fund, on those who are not the rightful or the legitimate object of it. We speak not merely of the arts by which every claimant can disguise his actual circumstances. We shall suppose that this point can be most rigidly ascertained—that a precise inventory can be taken of all his means and possessions—that every latent source of maintenance can be fully detected, and brought before the view of the guardians and distributors of charity—and that a correct judgment can at all times be formed on the question, whether the present situation of the applicant be such as might entitle the public to leave him to himself. This is the only question which the dispensers of a legal charity ever do take up, and, what is more, it is the only question which they are able to resolve. The question of the previous habits of the applicant for relief, they do not entertain; and, if they did entertain it, they would find that its satisfactory solution was far beyond the reach of all their expedients of vigilance and inquiry. The most galling police that ever was devised, or put into action, by the fiercest despotism on earth, could not accomplish this object.

There is not a labourer in the country, however well paid he may be, who might not become a pauper at the first moment of his decaying strength or of his declining wages; and that just by such a relaxation of his previous economy as could not be detected by the most watchful guardianship of men appointed to preside over this department of the public interest. They could not go over the whole previous expenditure of his family. They could not limit or modify the multifarious details of his

personal and domestic economy. They could not enter his house, and prune away all the superfluities of indulgence that go on in it. They might as well think of employing agents to sweeten the tea of every breakfast table throughout all the lanes and intricacies of a great city, as think of keeping up the tone of the people's economy, and that, too, in the face of open and widely known provisions for the relief of indigence. The truth is, that it is this provision which has relaxed their economy; and we may now see how speedily, and, at the same time, how imperceptibly, a double provision would be followed up by a double relaxation. The dispensers of charity are in a state of utter powerlessness over that very element which it is of most essential importance to control. And let them be as multitudinous as they may, and completely provided with all the forms of strict inquiry and prying inspection, and skilfully constructed schedules, and bodies of men arranged into a curious assortment of committees and subcommittees; in short, let them get up an apparatus of defence and of distribution, as ingenious as they may, they will, in every one of their objects, be counterwrought and prevailed over, by a still more ingenious population.

There can be no difficulty now in perceiving, how every extension of the poor's fund is in general sure to be followed up by a more than proportional increase of actual poverty. We greatly underrate the alertness and the sharp-sightedness of the lower orders of society, if we think that their attention is not all awake on the proclaimed existence of a revenue for their eventual wants, or that they do not admit this fact as an element of computation that tells, and with great practical certainty, upon all their habits of indulgence and expense. It were well, indeed, if they kept within the bounds of accuracy in these computations. But the truth is, that they greatly overrate the power of every public charity; or, in other words, the relaxation of the providential and economical habits is always sure to go much beyond the capability of every instituted fund to meet the effects of this relaxation. And hence it is, that a public charity necessarily creates more poverty than it provides for; that a feeling of pressure or of deficiency haunts every footstep of its operations; and that the evil which it tries to overtake, swells and magnifies, and retires upon all its advances: And surely, when the good to be done, thus mocks our utmost efforts at approximation, and we see the vision of distress we want to scare away rising into more tremendous dimensions, and, in the language of the devouring grave, telling us, on every addition to her spoils, that it is not yet enough,—surely there is something in all this that may well perplex and alarm us. Nor is it to be won-

dered at, that it should have done so much to check the stream of sympathy, or to shut its hand, or to stint the offering which flows from it.

If actual want be the only qualification required, this can be easily come at, without any painful accompaniment on the part of the applicant, or even without any such glaring improvidency as shall decisively fasten upon him a criminal or a disgraceful imputation. To relax the industry by a very little, or to let down to a small and imperceptible extent, the economical habits, or to regale the appetite with a few secret and scarcely unallowable delicacies,—these are the simple expedients by which, when once the mighty hold of self-dependence is loosened and done away, the daily increasing thousands of a city population may, in the shape of famished wives, or ragged children, or destitute old men, inundate the amplest charity that ever was reared, to the full extent of its capabilities and its funds. The recipients will ever multiply, without any other limitation than the revenue of the institution; and the dispensers be mortified to find, that all the vigilance they can employ, and all the inquisitorial jealousy they can exercise on the cases and applications which come before them, will be a frail defence against the invasion of such numbers as shall devour the whole produce of the charity, and leave a mortifying surplus of broiling discontent and unappeased clamour, and actual unrelieved poverty behind it.

And here it may be proper to mention, as one of the worst effects of such a system, that mutual acerbity of feeling, which is thereby engendered between the higher and the lower orders of society. On the one hand, there is the harassing suspicion, that with every surrender they make they are doing no good; that they are feeding a mischief they can never quell; that they are throwing oil upon a flame, which no art, and no management, can extinguish; and that at every new concession of liberality, they are to be mortified by some new exhibition of insatiableness or of ingratitude on the part of its objects. On the other hand, there is the obstinate and determined sentiment, that no gratitude is due;—there is a feeling of right to buoy up the nurselings of Pauperism, under all the degradations it is conceived to bring along with it;—there is the provocation of scanty allowance, to feed their discontents, and to sooth, or even to elevate their minds, by something like the movements of a generous indignancy; and in all these ways is there established a strong feeling of repulsion between the rich and the poor,—most injurious, we are sure, to the individual character of both,—and most menacing to the peace and good order of the commonwealth.

This view of the matter should help, we think, to redeem the

speculations of Mr Malthus from a certain species of sentimental abhorrence that is often expressed towards it. There are many who think that his doctrine has an air of irrefragable demonstration, but that it also has to the full as great an air of barbarity. While they admit his conclusions to be those of an argument, on which reason and truth have stamped their irresistible authority, they feel them to be painful and revolting, and melancholy. They conceive, that upon this subject they cannot follow the dictates of their judgment, without inflicting a wound upon their sensibilities; nor act their parts as men of understanding, unless they stifle every delicacy of their nature, and be prepared to weep the departure of every softer charity from the world.

This is a gross misconception. A disciple of Mr Malthus need not be the enemy of Beneficence. All he proposes, is to change the direction of it. He looks on the constitution of our nature, as affording, in the pain it annexes to the sensations of hunger and cold, an immutable guarantee against the starvation of those who can earn a subsistence; and as to those who cannot, he leaves them to the kindness and the watchfulness of private charity; believing, that every legalized provision musters up a competition against the claims of real and unquestionable distress, in the unjustifiable demands of those, whom the very existence of such a provision has tempted to resign their industrious habits, and voluntarily to crowd that avenue which leads to a degrading and wide-wasting Pauperism.

If this belief be well founded, then does every disciple of Malthus stand upon lofty vantage ground, for retorting back on sentimentalism all her own execrations. He has nothing to do, but to proclaim, that his partialities are on the side of individual and unknown Benevolence; that it is there only that he meets with this virtue in all its tenderness on the one side, and in all its gratitude on the other; and that, in the ministration of a public and proclaimed charity, there is not one feature of kindness which can draw his regards to it. And when he looks at the scowling jealousy and discontent which ever accompany its operations; at the manifest hostility of feeling which rankles in the bosoms, both of the receivers and dispensers; at the sums extorted by clamour, and given with reproach; at the scene of angry contention, on which suspicion and resentment, and selfishness, and all the worst passions of our nature, make up one most odious and revolting exhibition:—When he couples this with the fact, that there are countries in Europe, where there is no legalized charity at all, and where want and wretchedness are yet as little known as in ours,—how can he feel that he incurs the guilt of barbarity, in befriending a system which

offers to restore to Benevolence all its lovely and endearing attributes, without robbing it of one particle of its efficacy: which is for guiding the footsteps of the wealthy to those haunts where poverty is to be found in meek and modest retirement; which is for dispensing the treasures of charity, through the secrecies of personal and confidential intercourse; and would have her to expatiate on that unseen theatre, where there is no eye, but the eye of Omniscience to witness her doings, and no book but the book of Heaven to record them.

But we have already dwelt too long on general and introductory matters, and must proceed, without further delay, to our statement of the causes to which the comparative exemption of Scotland from the burdens and the miseries of Pauperism, is mainly to be attributed. The fact is, that in most of our large towns, and in pretty large districts, too, of some country parishes, our peculiar system has been broken in upon. However much this is to be lamented on its own account, it serves to throw additional light upon our subject, by supplying us with a richer variety of cases and of illustrations. Like the act of subjecting an experiment to repeated variations, it may teach us how to distinguish what is efficient in the business, from what is only circumstantial, and thus guide us the more surely to the detection of those principles which are of essential operation. At the same time, the consideration of those peculiarities which belong to the crowded population of cities, will not be altogether inapplicable to that case of our overgrown metropolis, which forms the subject of the Report that is now before us; while the suggestions we propose to throw out on the practicability of restoring to Scotland all the benefits of her original parochial system, and of repelling within its ancient limits that mischief which threatens to bring a most corrupting assimilation upon our people, may serve to furnish some hints for the treatment of this great moral disease throughout the bulk of that country, where it has obtained so deep and violent an inveteracy.

In those Scottish parishes, then, which are still untarnished by the habit of compulsory assessments for the annual maintenance of the poor, the whole public relief which they obtain, passes to them through the organ of the Kirk-session, an ecclesiastical court, composed of Elders, who, in general, are men of respectable character, though not always taken from the higher, or even from the middling classes of society. The minister presides over the meetings of this body, with the title of Moderator; and he, and all such members of his court as have a practical share in the management and distribution of the charitable fund, do almost universally reside within the parish, and have at least such an acquaintance with the objects of their care,

as secures all those civilities and customary recognitions which take place among men who live in the same neighbourhood, and are frequently, if not daily, in the personal view and observation of each other.

The fund itself is mainly derived from weekly collections, made every Sunday, of the voluntary offerings of those who attend divine service. In addition to this source of revenue, many of the Kirk-sessions have a small capital, either in money or in land, bequeathed to them by charitable individuals, or gradually formed out of the accumulated savings of past years. But we are safe in saying, generally, that the chief part of a Session's income, arises from the free-will contribution at church of the inhabitants themselves, aided by certain fees which are exacted at burials and proclamations for marriages, and sometimes by fines for such irregularities of conduct as subject to ecclesiastical censure and discipline. From the amount of all these items there must be deducted the expense of certain salaries to clerks and other office-bearers, in order to obtain the free income of each session for charitable purposes. And the writer of this article can assert, on a pretty general induction of cases in the county of Fife, that the whole annual sum which goes to the support of the poor in its country parishes, falls considerably short of forty pounds sterling, and, in some cases, is as low as twenty pounds for each thousand of its population.

But there do occur cases of emergency which require to be met by a larger measure of relief than can be awarded to the poor, at the ordinary rate of parochial administration;—such as a year of scarcity, or some uncommon depression of manufacturing wages, which, even in our most remote and agricultural districts, has a sensible influence on the price of country labour, and more particularly on the means and the comforts of female householders. To provide for such cases, there is sometimes an encroachment made by the Kirk-session on its capital, if it has any; or a special collection is held at the church door; or an extraordinary subscription set on foot throughout the parish; or, lastly, a parish meeting of heritors, or landed proprietors, who, in general, agree to raise a specified sum, and retire in the understanding, that each of them will contribute to it proportionally to his interest in the parish. Even in this last form, however, the sum raised sustains the character of a free-will offering in the eye of the population. The law may make the maintenance of the poor compulsory on the owners of land; but the experimental state of every parish in this respect, is decided by such habits and opinions as are found to prevail among its inhabitants. And, in point of fact, though, by the injudicious measures of many of our landholders, there is, upon the whole, a gradual ob-

literation of the wholesome sentiment going on, it may be asserted of almost every parish, where a habitual assessment for the poor is not yet established, that when an extraordinary measure of relief is resorted to, beyond the regular and ascertained method of supply by the Kirk-session, the money so raised, goes in the shape of a gratuitous offering from the dispensers, and is taken by the receivers as a present.

But it is not enough to expose to view the mere material mechanism of our parishes, to bid our Southern neighbours look at the pieces which compose it, or barely to wonder at the result of its operation. This mechanism must have its springs; nor do they lie so undiscoverably deep in the constitution of our nature, that they cannot be brought out to the inspection of the curious, so as to disclose to them the mystery of its movements. Some of them, indeed, are so obvious that they will not require to be laboriously insisted on. And, among the foremost of these, who does not fail to recognize the almost total withdrawal of that prospective security as to a maintenance from external sources, which must have the effect of tempting many an English labourer to such thriftlessness and improvidence, as are sure to hasten him on to the condition of pauperism? In many a Scottish parish, the whole sum expended on the poor would not suffice for the complete subsistence of one family. In such a case, every family *must* look to itself: and if they who are at the head of it do not always amass a competency to meet the wants of old age, they do, in fact, look to their children.

And if it be true that interest and necessity are the powerful agents for giving a practical establishment to many of the virtues; if this be the charm, which, in the commercial world, upholds the members of it in the exercise of faith and honour and punctuality—then, in this more unobserved world of a country parish, we may rest assured that the very same charm will bind the great bulk of its inhabitants to such practices and habits as are most obviously indispensable for the safety or the maintenance of its members. If it hold true of human nature, that every quality is valued and held in reverence in proportion to the need for it; how powerfully, in such a state of things, will this principle invest the support and the shelter of parents with all the claims of an indispensable obligation! What a monstrous deformity will it impart to the act of abandoning them!—And hence it is, that we are so often called upon to observe, under an economy like this, the honourable workings of what may be termed the epidemic virtue of every neighbourhood where such an economy is instituted—the aged reposing with comfort and respect in the houses of their children—sitting at their allotted place of distinction by the evening fire—returning this filial piety by such

little acts of helpfulness as their feebleness can still administer ;—in a word, instead of being surrounded by the dreariness and the coldness and the alienations of a Poor's-house, spending the winter of their days amongst homebred feelings and homebred enjoyments—and at length carried to their graves by the arms of descendants who, out of their own hard and honest earnings shielded the parents who gave them birth from a degradation they would have blushed to endure; and keeping them off from the parish to the very last, so bore up the termination of their career, as to sustain the dignity of its character throughout, and nobly to close its description, as a career of unbroken and unshuffled independence.

These are the grand moral struggles which resolve this mystery—and by which, while the temptation to give them up is only kept at a distance from us, there would be a secure and everlasting barrier against the progress of pauperism in our Scottish parishes. But in many of these parishes, particularly to the south of the Forth and Clyde, this temptation has been obtruded upon the people; and the result of it is pregnant with instruction. It appears, from written documents before us, that there are parishes in Roxburghshire, where, within less than half a century, and since the principle of legal assessments has come to be habitually acted upon, the expense of the poor has increased ten fold;—and we have one particularly in our eye, where the whole money expended comes considerably above the rate of two hundred pounds a year for each thousand of its population. There is another parish in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where, upon the recollection of a verbal statement made some time ago to the writer of this article, there has been an increase of the annual charge from fifty to four hundred pounds in the space of twenty years,—and that too, contemporaneous with the introduction of the method of assessments.

We now proceed to other principles more latent perhaps, but certainly not less powerful in their operation. When once this regular system of levying the supplies of pauperism is introduced, it robs the whole sum which is given, of the expression that it once had of a free-will offering. A little reflection will serve to convince the reader how much this one circumstance tends to undermine that delicate reluctance on the part of the receiver, which, in truth, forms one great moral barrier against the extension of pauperism. A man may feel ashamed to accept as a favour that which he has no objection whatever to pocket as his due; and he may even feel elevated on obtaining, as the fruit of a legal victory, what would have hurt and degraded him in the shape of a donation. Under the new system of things, there is something like the buoyancy of a generous sentiment, to displace

that conscious humiliation, which, under the old system, is strongly associated with the act of becoming a dependant on the charity of the public. That salutary recoil, which, in the unadulterated parishes of the North, is operating with so much vigour at this very hour, is completely overborne by that other set of inward movements which swell out, and which even elevate the heart, when the possessor of it is employed in what he thinks the work of a spited and a rightful vindication. This was strikingly exemplified a few months ago in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, where the contest for a legal maintenance was maintained with all the zeal and dignity of that more generous contest which has for its object, the establishment of the political rights and liberties of the commonwealth, and where one of the most munificent subscriptions in the empire for the relief of the industrious operatives, was eyed by the principal champions in this controversy, with evident feelings of dissatisfaction and disdain. This may serve to prove how surely and how tremendously this mischief carries in it the principles of its own acceleration—how those very feelings of self-respect, which, under the system of voluntary relief, act as such powerful guardians to defend the access of pauperism, this system of legal and compulsory relief enlists to a certain degree upon its own side, and turns them into harbingers for speeding and preparing the way to its own practical extension—how it inverts before the eyes of the people all the images of glory—and leads them to vaunt in a condition of society, from which every man, who has the true soul and sense of dignity within him, will do his uttermost to rescue himself, and all who belong to him.

And here we should not be afraid to make our appeal to the best sensibilities of the people themselves, and are confident of an echoing testimony from many a bosom. Which, we could safely ask, at least in our own country, which is nobler—to struggle unseen with the difficulties of your situation, or to lay open your house and your circumstances to the scowl of an official inquisitor? Or if these difficulties are like to overmatch you—whether it would not come home to your feelings in the form of a kinder application, that the helping hand of a secret and invisible friend was stretched forth to relieve you, than that your degradation should be obtruded upon the face of day, or be indelibly engraven in the registers of a public institution? Which of the two would be more cheering to your family—the visit of an affectionate neighbour, who knows your misfortunes and your worth, and is ready to shower upon you the tenderness of his silent ministrations—or that you should swell the number of applicants who troop around Public Benevolence as she sits on her elevated chair, and deals out her weekly allowances with all the point and rigour of an attor-

ney? These, however, are the mortifications which every instituted provision for the poor is sure to bring along with it—and that too without any abatement of the ills of poverty, but with a sore and increasing aggravation of them. How infinitely desirable would it then be, if these safe and simple practices could be restored to their full operation, by the universal adoption of which, all subscriptions would henceforward be uncalled for, and all the hateful degradation of legalized charity be exclusively and for ever done away!

But we must go back again to the case of a country parish, and see in what possible way its wholesome economy can be transferred to the crowded population of a great city.

We will venture to say, that one of the most powerful checks to pauperism, in a small parish, is the personal acquaintance which the members of every distinct vicinity in that parish have with each other. This circumstance operates in a variety of ways, and all of them on the side of augmenting and fortifying the repugnancy of our peasantry against the condition of pauperism. The exposure of one's degradation in the eyes of his fellow-men, is at all times painful; but the pain is inconceivably heightened, when this takes place in the sight of those with whom for years we have been in terms of familiar converse, among whom we have maintained, down to the present period of our history, the standing of an equal estimation, with whom we are every day in the habit of exchanging the notices and the civilities of good neighbourhood, and before whom, therefore, it may be quite insufferable to make a visible descent amongst the wretched dependants upon the charity of the parish. We know not a single antipathy of more powerful and practical operation than this; and to prove how much it is sustained by a long established acquaintance with the surrounding observers, it is only necessary to mention, that nothing is more common amongst the families of our poor than the utter extinction of this delicacy, so soon as they are removed from those external circumstances by which it is excited. When a family moves from one parish to another, they get beyond the sphere of that moral control which we have now been insisting on. A degrading exhibition in the eye of those new neighbours among whom they have come, is far less insupportable than the same exhibition in the eye of those old neighbours whom they have left, and with whom they have left all those restraints and delicacies, which grew stronger every year, by all the habits and all the recollections of a prolonged association. There is not a more frequent complaint among the administrators of parochial charity, than the trouble and the encroachments to which they are exposed from the rapacity of new-comers. There is not a more frequent topic of exultation,



very practice, by a more impassable interval, from the humble condition of a receiver. The higher the station is which he now occupies, the greater will be his reluctance to descend from it. And when, in addition to this, we consider that these humble contributors are scattered throughout the great mass of the population; that, removed by a narrow space from pauperism, they are in daily and familiar contact with those who are standing upon the verge of it, and struggling against the necessity of an entrance; when the fear and the disgrace of being burdensome, are aggravated by the consideration, that the burden, instead of being confined to the great and the lofty, is extended, through the medium of pulpit-addresses and announcements of special collection, to the very men who live beside them, and with whom they have associated for years on terms of perfect equality; we may, without any great reach of penetration, comprehend how, under such a constitution of matters, there will, among a tolerably enlightened people, be an effectual barrier in the working of their own hearts, and in the spontaneous movement of their own native and untaught delicacies, against the extension of a degrading pauperism.

The introduction of legal assessments, however, has paralyzed the whole of this machinery. There has been a very natural decline in the amount of the weekly collections, in all those parishes where this method has been instituted. The money given to the poor has lost its original character of a free-will offering, and is now given and received in the shape of an extorted right from the wealthier to the humbler classes of the community. It is true, that, in country parishes, some of the circumstances now specified do still continue to operate in a certain degree, and to restrain the celerity of those advances, by which the border counties of Scotland are fast hastening to a state of assimilation with the sister kingdom. But, with the exception of a few cases, which may be afterwards adverted to, there has in truth been a very rapid acceleration of a mischief which is entailing a heavy burden upon the country, and deteriorating the character of its people, without adding one particle to their enjoyments.

Now we cannot fail to perceive how, in cities, where all the restraints that have now been enumerated are of so much feebleness of operation, this acceleration must be still more alarming. The control of the immediate neighbourhood over a man's sense of dignity is scarcely felt at all in those places where families may live together for years in a state of juxtaposition, and never exchange one note of acquaintanceship with each other. In the density of such a compact and crowded mass, individuals and families are scarcely within sight of each other; and the power

which lies in that nearer and more intimate observation which is exercised by those few who are familiar with him who is just standing on the brink of pauperism, is in a great measure diluted by the generalities of that more distant intercourse which every inhabitant of a city may carry on with people who take no concern in his affairs, and exercise no inspection over them.

And again, as to the personal knowledge that subsists between the recipients and the administrators of charity—as to that tie of acquaintanceship which carries so many hidden, but effective comforts along with it—as to these frequent recognitions of civility which go in a manner to equalize the two parties, and of course to stir up in one of them a sense of shame that will both restrain the approaches of those who have not yet entered into pauperism, and temper the applications of those who have already got within its limits—as to all this, we say, there is one important peculiarity of management in most of our large towns in Scotland, which has nearly the effect of annihilating this salutary counteraction altogether. The management we allude to, is that in virtue of which all the distinct parochial supplies are combined into one fund, and the whole business of the city poor brought under one ultimate superintendence. This widens still more the distance between the receivers and the dispensers; and we know of nothing which tends more effectually to extinguish all the powerful, though latent delicacies to which we have just been adverting—nothing that serves so surely to exclude the operation of honest and ingenuous feelings from this administration—nothing that so substitutes the hardness and repulsiveness of mere officiality in this administration, and turns the whole business of it into a warfare of opposing interests between men who know as little, and care as little, for each other, as if they had met upon an arena of combat from different quarters of the globe—nothing, in short, that so sweeps away every moral barrier against the extension of this sore and hitherto unmanageable evil; that so engenders hostility and prejudice between the givers and the receivers; that so fortifies the one in the determination to give as little, and the other to obtain as much as they possibly can; that so transforms the whole interchange into one of the most unkindly, litigious and disdainful character. And, after it has come to this, after such an attitude has been once taken, after the gauntlet of defiance has thus been thrown down, and the field of public charity has been turned into a scene of angry contention between the givers and the receivers, let the former be as firm and as vigilant, and as sagacious as they may, they will never be able to stem

the torrent of mischief that has set in upon their city. Under all its fluctuations of prosperity and adversity, they will be astonished at the steady progress of a disease which gathers and makes head against them with every new grant that is awarded to the poor, and every new contribution that is laid upon the wealthy: And, so long as this unwieldy system of a general and extended management is persevered in, a system which encumbers its agents with a list of distant and unknown cases, it will be the infallible experience of each successive year, that the pauperism of a city population is of all concerns the most helpless and the most inextricable.

If these premises be admitted, the obvious conclusion is, that this general management should resolve itself into a number of independent and elementary portions. The mass of every city population should be broken up into sections. There should be an instantaneous recurrence to the system of separate parochial managements; and it would go in part to restore the operation of the extinguished delicacies, were the agents of each separate management residents in the respective parishes, and did each parish defray the whole expense of its own poor.

There is one obvious benefit that would result from this arrangement. It would take off from that seducing air of magnificence which marks the charitable operations of a city, when the distress or difficulty of the times calls it out to some great undertaking. The separate and independent movements of each small parish in behalf of its own poor, would be altogether free from this treacherous ostentation; or, in other words, there would neither be so general an importation of poor adventurers from the country, nor would there be such a ruinous confidence in the power of our public and overgrown charities on the part of our misled and miscalculating population.

We are well aware, that it must occur as a difficulty in the way of this arrangement—that the distribution of wealth is very unequal over the face of every city; that it is greatly accumulated beyond the average in some districts, and that it is as greatly below it in others; and that, if such a resolution of the management were to take place, as that which is now recommended, the support of the opulent citizens, who cluster together in genteel and fashionable streets, would be utterly withdrawn from those portions of the town which are occupied by its artisans and its labourers.

But, were we to give place to this objection, we should be surrendering the very principle on which we have hinged the whole of our argument. We assert, that the positive admi-

mistrations of relief, which are now discharged from the richer to the more destitute portions of a populous city, do nothing but aggravate and inflame the mischief it is their direct object to do away; that, if an expedient could be devised for intercepting this stream of communication from the upper to the lower ranks of society, it would contribute, not merely to the dignity of the latter, but to the abundance of their physical enjoyments; that it is quite in vain to talk to us, in the way either of argument or objection, of a more equal apportionment of the burden of charity over a town, when it is our firm opinion that the burden might be lifted off altogether, and that every such apportionment, as the one which is contended for, is only thickening and augmenting this sore evil: And it may be conceived, how lightly we stand affected by any such consideration, when we state it as our most firm and intimate belief, that there is not a single section of any city in Scotland of suitable dimensions for a distinct parish, which contains not within itself all the capabilities of comfort and of maintenance for all its families; that, were this section, and let it be the very poorest and most degraded, both in condition and in character, which can be fixed upon, morally cultivated as it might be, and that, even in the present state of our people, without any great difficulty, it would be found, though not a single farthing of charity ever crossed its limit from the exterior opulence that was around it, that there did exist in its own bosom all the elements of independence; and that, by a process which is quite accessible, and which depends, for its operation, upon direct and simple, and easily understood principles, the whole system of a country parish, in its originally Scottish form, might still be established amongst our city population, and be made to send a healthful circulation through the interior of its most crowded and depraved assemblages.

We must again, for this purpose, resort to the case of a country parish, and have to observe, that the mere want of legal assessment is not enough to explain the comparative state of comfort in which we behold the great mass of our Scottish peasantry. We understand that, in Ireland, there is no general legal provision for the poor: But, how affecting are the many descriptions that are given to us of the mendicancy and wretchedness of its people! There must therefore be the operation of some other latent element in the case of Scotland: And, feeling now that we must get rapidly forward, we once for all assert, that this striking difference between the two countries is altogether due to that superior tone of character which never

fails to accompany a system of diffused education, and to the influence of religious principle, kept constantly alive by a set of men, the style and the habit of whose ministrations bring them into close and frequent contact with all ranks of the people.

It would be a curious, and certainly a most important inquiry, though we have not leisure to prosecute it at length, to ascertain the precise influence of Christianity upon a people, in as far as it affects their disposition to pauperism. It is clear, that the direct, or what may be called the preceptive influence of this religion, is all on the side of a most strenuous habit and principle of independence—that the man who has submitted his whole heart to its lessons, will recoil from the act of receiving, because he knows that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive’—that he will catch the spirit of the Apostle, who ‘laboured with his own hands, rather than be burdensome’—that he will proceed upon the dictate of the Apostle, who declared, that, ‘if a man would not work, neither should he eat.’—And that thus, even a literal adherence to the formal and direct prescriptions of the Bible, will, with every genuine disciple of that book, ensure a habit of most determined resistance, not merely to the degradation, but to what he must account the positive criminality of this condition, if he can at all save himself from it, by the exertions of his own industry, and the frugality of his own management. It is obvious, however, that such a close and unexcepted application of Scripture to all the points and varieties of human conduct, is but rarely exemplified. There do occur most affecting and honourable examples of it, even among the very humblest parishioners whom a clergyman has to do with. But we will not say, that the effect of Christianity in restraining pauperism, will, upon this principle *alone*, extend itself beyond a small proportion of the individuals in a country.

But a vast deal more in the way of influence is to be attributed to the indirect operation of Christianity on the general tone of feeling and of character. A man in cultivated life would recoil from an act of falsehood; not because he has been rebuked out of this vice by the lessons of an authoritative code, but because his whole habit, formed as it insensibly is by the circumstances which surround him, carries along with it an utter contempt and disinclination for so odious a transgression upon all right and honourable principle. And thus it is with Christianity in reference to pauperism. Out of its code there may be gathered materials for rearing a direct barrier against the progress of this malady among the people. But the main agency of this system of instruction lies in the ge-

neral refinement and elevation which it imparts to the character of those who are the subjects of it. An educated peasant, familiarized to his Bible, and observing a close and interested attendance on the weekly instructions of his minister, and soothed by the tenderness of his counsel and ministrations, and raised to self-esteem by the civility of his occasional visits, and the object of courteous attentions from the person he loves and holds in reverence—why there is positively upon such a man an exaltation of soul and of sentiment which has gathered itself insensibly out of those daily and ever-recurring influences by which he is surrounded; and there is formed upon him a fineness of moral complexion which would be revolted by the humiliations of pauperism; and he would shrink from this condition of life, not because he has been directly and categorically so taught, but because the whole of his moral education has furnished him with a set of delicate and dignified antipathies, which lead him to nauseate the descent, and feel it to be ignoble. And when we think how widely and how generally this charm may spread itself, even where there is not that universality given to the preceptive influence of Scripture which leads to a close and a scrupulous application of all its lessons, we may see how, by the institution of an acceptable and an efficient Christian ministry in the land, there is raised a powerful safeguard against that degradation of character among the people which sustains the whole fabric of pauperism, and forms the real secret on which we can explain the might and the mystery of all its accelerations.

This second cause will, in our apprehension, tell on a greater number of people than the former. But what perhaps is of more consequence than both of these put together, is the reflective power of dignified and honourable example emanating from the few who receive an impression from Christianity, on the many who do not, and who, we fear, constitute the great mass of our population. It is a fine remark of a living writer, that Christianity may elevate the general standard of morals among a people, even though a very small proportion of them shall, in the whole sense and significancy of the term, become Christians. The secondary influence of that admiration which is sure to be excited by the display of Christian accomplishments, will lead to the imitation of them under the influence of other and subordinate principles than those which are suggested by Christianity itself. And this holds most conspicuously true in the present question. Let but one-tenth of the labouring population be distinguished, through the operation of the two former causes, by their honourable exemption from the degradation of pauperism—and

let them, only, come into daily exhibition and comparison with the people of the neighbourhood around them,—and their example will spread: An homage will be paid to this superiority of condition and of character, even by those who have not been at all touched, either by the direct or the indirect influence of Christianity: The standard of feeling and of conception will be elevated throughout the great mass of the population: And while this third cause operates, we believe, more extensively than the two former in conjunction; yet, as it is subordinate to them, we cannot but essentially attach it to the exertions of a Christian clergy and a pure system of Christian instruction.

This supplies us with another important contrast between a city and a country population. The latter, as we have attempted to explain, are surrounded by a set of circumstances more favourable for calling forth all those wholesome and opposing delicacies which go to counteract the progress of pauperism. But circumstances will not of themselves produce this effect. They must have a character on which to operate; and this most important element is far more readily supplied in the country, inasmuch as the people there are greatly more under the influence of moral and religious tuition. The truth is, that in cities, furnished as they are at present with an apparatus of Christian instruction so scanty, that the minister and his people stand at a most impracticable distance from each other, it is positively not in his power to expatiate amongst them, with any degree of effect, in the way of family ministrations. That church in which he holds forth his weekly exhibition, will not accommodate beyond a very small proportion of his parishioners; and, as if to dilute the beneficial influence still more, and to scatter it away into imperceptible fragments, it is the practice of our largest towns to open up a competition for seats to the whole population, without any preference given whatever to the parish over which the minister has the charge. This not only overburdens him with a distinct and additional concern, but it loosens the connexion between his personal influence, and that geographical district over which he has the nominal superintendence. And thus it is, that the great mass of our city families are as effectually separated from all intercourse with their clergyman, as if they lived in a state of heathenism. That intercourse, which carries so much of the soothing of tenderness along with it—upon which the minister of a country parish may go forth with all his affections flying before him—where, at every step of this interesting progress, he is accompanied by a gladdening and refreshing influence with which he enters into every

cottage, and cheers and elevates the very humblest of its inhabitants—an influence which may be so oft repeated as to make the clergyman the personal acquaintance of each of his parishioners—an influence which every sickness, and every death, brings home with a new accession of principle and of power to each groupe and each vicinity in his district—an influence, under the fostering efficacy of which the character of a neighbourhood is sustained, and the whole virulence of that disease which we are now combating, is far more surely counterwrought than by all that human skillfulness can devise, apart from the great moral element we want to put into operation:—Why, this influence is as good as banished from the city multitude altogether; and let him who wields it, ply his unwearied task, and walk his daily rounds, to the uttermost limit of his capabilities, he will not be able to establish either an affection or a confidence, or any one of the elements of moral ascendancy, over the mighty host that has been committed to him.

The following seems to us the most practicable plan for setting up a complete moral apparatus in the larger towns of Scotland. The heavy expense of such a measure is at all times alleged as the great objection against it. Had this expense been gradually incurred with the progress of the population, so as to keep towns under as powerful a control of parochial influence and jurisdiction, as still exists in country districts, then nothing more would have been necessary to ward off the mischief that has now accumulated upon them, than a simple rejection of every method of relieving the poor which pointed at legal assessments. But the poor have been suffered to increase, so as to outstrip the ecclesiastical provision that had been made for them; and the injury that they have thus sustained has been repaid by them with an ample measure of vengeance. For the expense that has been saved upon them in one way, they have wrung from their superiors in another way; and we now behold, as the suitable result of all this wretched economy, that the sum which might have supported a system that would have alimented the virtues of the poor, and established in their own hearts an invincible barrier against the evil which now threatens to overwhelm us, is in fact all drawn out to the support of another system, which aliments the vices of the poor—which has thrown down the barrier of every moral restraint against the inroads of pauperism—which contains within itself the principles of its own sure and interminable progress, and bids defiance to all that human sagacity can devise, and human jealousy muster up, in resistance to its baleful encroachments.

Now, we conceive, that such is the remainder of feeling and of

character even amongst the population of our Scottish towns, as to render the following substitution in the expenditure of this money as practicable a measure as we are sure it would be most wholesome and efficacious.

Let the sum raised by legal assessments be separated from that which is raised by voluntary collections at the church door. Let the former go exclusively to the support of all the already existing cases of pauperism, and let the latter be employed to meet the new cases. The instantaneous effect of this measure, when explained to an enlightened public, and met by their cordial approbation, would be to give an impulse to the weekly collections, and to do away the ruinous maxim, that it is quite in vain to come forward with any such voluntary contribution, when, in fact, the poor are otherwise provided for. We have no doubt that, under such an impulse, the produce of our collections would abundantly provide for the new cases of several years. And, in the mean time, old cases would die out, and leave a surplus of unexpended revenue, should the sum now raised by legal assessments be kept up to its present amount.

But how then shall this unexpended revenue be disposed of? Let it not revert to the citizens who have contributed it. Let it not lead, in the mean time, to any reduction of rates. But let the destination now be impressed upon it which it ought to have gotten from the first. Withdrawn as it has been from a pernicious channel, let it now be made to flow into the wholesome channel of maintaining an extended system of moral and religious instruction. In other words, with the revenue which has been left free, let parishes be multiplied; let provision be made for the cultivation of them by schools and churches; let efficient men be gotten to fill them, and we have not the least doubt of such a system being met by the willing attendance of a now wandering and fast deteriorating population; let more elderships be formed, and give them the advantage of narrower fields of superintendence; let a preference be given for seats in each church to the inhabitants of the parish to which it belongs, and in this way a closer acquaintanceship be established between the contiguous members of our population; let the lay office-bearers be also resident within the bounds of each parish, and in this way a closer acquaintanceship be formed between the administrators and the recipients of charity;—above all, let the clergyman, with his manageable extent of field, be felt in the full weight of his personal and professional influence throughout the families which are assigned to him; and out of the ruins of the present system, we should see another system emerge, under which pauperism would be stifled in the infancy

of its elements; and a reaching application be brought into effectual contact with the very root and principle of the disease; and another generation should not elapse, ere, by the vigorous effect of Christian education on the young, we should have to do with a race of men, who would spurn all its worthlessness and all its degradation away from them.

There is nothing violent or desultory, it will be observed, in the process that is now recommended. Nothing that would create an unprovided gap, or alarm practical men with the feeling of some romantic and inapplicable project. The collections at the present churches would meet the new cases for several years. New churches would gradually be formed out of the legal revenue that is left unappropriated. Before the new cases multiplied to such an extent as to absorb the whole of our present collection, additional collections would be held; and, with these, more new cases would be met, and that too by money which retained the peculiarly Scottish character of a free-will offering. But it is not so much on account of these positive supplies, that we feel a confidence in the efficiency of our project. The money raised by these additional collections would, it is true, not replace the money withdrawn from the poor by this change of destination in the produce of the legal assessment. But, to balance this, and to do it in a way which every lover of humanity must rejoice in, there would be fewer poor; the applicants would diminish every year; the seductive imagination of a legal right to a maintenance would be gradually obliterated from the hearts of the people; and the multiplication of parishes would bring the rich and the poor of each into kindlier intercourse with each other; and the interchange of private benevolence would go on more frequently, in proportion as contiguous families felt themselves more nearly connected by the tie of a congregational relationship; and there would be a sure resurrection of all those delicacies which are now well nigh extinguished; and last, but greatest, the character of the people would be raised by the direct and indirect operation of Christianity amongst them; and, with the abolition of the mischief that we are now combating, there would be made to circulate throughout these recesses of human depravity, at which the heart sickens almost to despair, the goodly elements of peace and righteousness and loyalty.

Let Parliament legalize such an application of the money that is now raised for the maintenance of the poor; and it will do with this very destructive element what Sir Humphry Davy has done with the inflammable air of coal mines. He has turned this enemy into a friend, and made that which before scattered destruction among the workmen, minister to their accommodation.

That money which now ministers to the worst passions of our nature, might be thus turned to the object of disseminating its best principles amongst our population; and, with this change in its direction, instead of viewing in a mass of human beings, a brooding mass of mischievous fermentation, we should look upon each distinct section of our people as a distinct addition to the amount of our national worth, and our national security.

Such a plan as this would fasten the eyes of the country upon a great moral experiment; and sure we are, that agents may be found in abundance for conducting it in triumph to its wished-for termination. We have not before us the actual expenditure of all our larger towns, or of the legal revenue that is raised for the maintenance of their poor. But we know that, in some of them, the mischief has attained such a magnitude, as, if converted in the way we propose, would rear an apparatus of instruction, large enough, and ramified enough to reach to every street and every family of a crowded population. In Glasgow, for example, not less than thirty parishes might be formed out of the overthrow of its present system. And though it may be thought, on the first blush of such a proposal, that no pecuniary benefit is gained by the exchange, should the new parochial arrangement be so extended as to absorb all the expenses of the now existing pauperism;—let it never be forgotten, that under the one arrangement, we have all the fostering elements of discontent and jealousy and corruption, with the certainty of indefinite additions to the burden of maintaining it—while, under the latter, we shall enjoy an everlasting security against any such addition, and purchase a cheap exemption from the turbulence of human depravity, and animate the body politic with such a new and a living pulse as shall sustain the vigour and the prosperity of all its movements, and be refreshed by the symptoms of moral healthfulness, gathering every year upon the aspect of a regenerated people.

We would say more, and are sensible that more is necessary to be said, in order to complete the development of this speculation, and to quell the wrong objections that may be raised against it. But we have already so trespassed on our limits, that we must now hurry on to a conclusion, else we should have adverted to other subordinate topics, which are connected with our present argument. In particular, we should have attempted to expose the mischief that lurks in that very prevailing system of administration, whereby the clergy in some of our Scottish towns are officially linked with the operations of pauperism,—whereby the moral influence of those men is completely neutralized amongst the lower orders, by the vitiating effects of such an asso-

ciation,—whereby, in virtue of a conjunction so unnatural, they are, in fact, helping on the progress of the evil at a rate that is incalculable,—whereby, with every movement that a minister makes amongst the necessitous of his people, he spreads this corruption amongst them, and, by each distinct act of approximation, leaves a debasing taint upon their character and habits, and thus so changes the character of his whole intercourse, that, instead of carrying nothing but a pure and exalting influence along with him, he scatters on every side the elements of moral deterioration. We should also have adverted to the important fact, a fact only to be gathered from frequent association with the lower orders, that the people in that condition of life give a great deal more to each other than they receive from all the public charities put together; or, in other words, that a system which would abolish these charities, and substitute in their place an improved character amongst the people, and a closer feeling of mutual dependence, would, in fact, make the poor much richer in resources, and surer of relief, than they are at this moment. Lastly, we might have adverted to the distinction between an act of private and one of public benevolence to the needy—how the former often stirs up a delicate recoil in their bosoms, and leaves their wishes, and their endeavours after independence unimpaired, while the latter stirs up, in general, an insatiable cupidity;—and that the one, therefore, is not only more productive in its amount than the other, but would reach its termination more readily in the barrier of a moral resistance to its operations on the part of recipients. We might then have proposed certain details, by which the transition from the present to the proposed system might be greatly facilitated. But all this, if not taken up in future numbers of this work, we leave to the judgment and the reflection of our readers.

The only extracts which we shall present from the work before us, are those that relate to a point on which the whole of our argument hinges, we mean the sure influence of moral tuition upon the lower orders, in the way of begetting a repugnance to charity.

Our first extract shall be from the testimony of Joseph Buterworth Esq., a member of the Committee.

‘ I would beg to state to the Committee, that from much observation, I am satisfied that Sunday schools, if properly conducted, are of essential importance to the lower classes of society. I have had occasion to inspect several Sunday schools for some years past; and I have particularly observed the children, who at first came to the schools dirty and ragged, in the course of a few months have become clean and neat in their persons; and their behaviour, from

my own observation, and the report of a great number of teachers, has rapidly improved : I allude to those schools where the teachers are gratuitous, as I find that no persons who are paid, do the work half so well, as those who do it from motives of real benevolence. A large school which I frequently visit in Drury-lane, which has upwards of 600 children, has produced many instances of great mental and moral improvement amongst the lower classes of society. At this time, there are no less than twenty chimney-sweep boys in that school, who, in consequence of coming there, have their persons well cleaned every week, and their apparel kept in decent order; I have the names of their masters. Some of the employers of those chimney-sweep boys are so well satisfied with the school, that they will take no child but what shall regularly attend it, as they find it greatly improves their morals and behaviour. In another school, in Fiinde-Street, Mary-le bone, there are eleven chimney-sweep boys. Some-time ago, when I happened to be the visiter for the day, a woman attended, to return thanks for the education her daughter had received in Drury-lane school. I inquired, whether her child had received any particular benefit by the instruction in the school; she said, she had indeed received much good. And I believe the woman's words were, she should ever have reason to bless God, that her child had come to that school; that before her girl attended there, her husband was a profligate, disorderly man; spent most of his time and money at the public-house; and she and her daughter were reduced to the most abject poverty, and almost starved. That one Sunday afternoon, the father had been swearing very much, and was somewhat in liquor. The girl reproved him rather; and told him, from what she had heard at school, she was sure it was very wicked to say such words. The father made no particular reply; but, on the Monday morning, his wife was surprised to see him go out, and procure food for breakfast; and from that time he became a sober, industrious man. Some weeks afterwards, she ventured to ask him the cause of the change of his character. His reply was, that the words of Mary made a strong impression upon his mind; and he was determined to lead a new course of life. This was twelve months prior to the child being taken out of the school, and his character had become thoroughly confirmed and established. He is now a virtuous man, and an excellent husband. She added, that they now had their lodgings well furnished, and that they lived very comfortably; and her dress and appearance fully confirmed her testimony. I have made particular inquiry of a great number of teachers, who act gratuitously in Sunday schools; and they are uniformly of opinion, that Sunday-school instruction has a great tendency to prevent mendicity in the lower classes of society. One fact I beg to mention, of Henry Haidy, who, when admitted a scholar at Drury-lane school, was a common street beggar. He continued to attend very regularly for about eight years; during which time, he discontinued his former degrading habits.—

On leaving the school, he was rewarded, according to the custom, with a Bible, and obtained a situation at a tobacconist's, to serve behind the counter. His brother was also a scholar; afterwards became gratuitous teacher in the same school; obtained a situation; and, up to the period of his quitting London, bore an excellent character.'

The following is part of the examination of Mr John Cooper—

'Do the children of the poor in Spitalfields attend Sunday schools, or any other places of instruction? A considerable number of them do.

'Have you observed any benefit from the instruction given at those schools? I and my colleague, who generally accompanies me, spend about two evenings in a week in Spitalfields on visiting cases. We have a district assigned to us, which is under our care, as connected with the Spitalfields Benevolent Society; and we have been very much struck indeed with the benefits, in a variety of senses, which those families have derived, where the children attend Sunday schools: indeed, so much have we been struck with this, that in almost every case, we could tell, by the appearance of the children, and their behaviour, and the appearance of the habitations frequently, whether the children were in the habit of receiving any instruction or not. I have been connected with Sunday schools for the ten years past, and have been a visiter to a large Sunday school for these last eight years and a half, in which there are between six and seven hundred children instructed; and the beneficial effects, in so many respects, have appeared to me so obvious, that I have for some years considered, that Sunday schools, above all other institutions with which I am acquainted, are most calculated to better the condition of the poor.

'Many children, on that day, can be spared, who cannot receive any other instruction? Yes.

'Are the schools to which you allude, managed by gratuitous or paid teachers? Altogether by gratuitous teachers.

'Is there any particular moral instruction given in those schools, which is not given in day schools? I believe, in every Sunday school with which I have any thing to do, it is one essential part of the plan, to give them moral and religious instruction; to impress their minds generally with a sense of their duties to God and man.

'Have you ever met with any striking cases of good, which you can recollect? I have met with a great number of cases; I cannot call, perhaps, many to mind at present. I would just state in what respects I conceive Sunday schools to be attended with beneficial consequences in general, not only to the children themselves, but to their families. It is one indispensable condition of every Sunday school, that the children who attend shall be kept clean and decent, or as much so as the parents can make them. The consequence of this rule being enforced, is, that the parents see, after a few Sun-

days, that their children look so much better than they did before, that they begin to pay more attention to the rest of their children, who are perhaps too young to go to the school, and then to themselves and to their habitations. I attribute to this, very much of the difference I have observed, in visiting poor families, between those families where the children are not receiving instruction, and those where they are thus instructed.

‘ Do you think it tends to make the parents more industrious and frugal, in order to get decent clothing for their children? I think it has that effect very much. I would beg leave to relate one instance of a very striking benefit, which came under my observation a twelvemonth ago, at the school of which I am a visiter. A poor woman applied on a Sunday morning for a Bible for her girl, who had left the school on the preceding Sunday. It is customary in that school, when children have attended some time and behaved well, on leaving the school to go to service, or to be employed at home, to give them a Bible, as the highest reward for their good behaviour. In consequence of several having been distributed the preceding Sunday, this girl, whose mother applied, did not get one, there not being a sufficient number for those that were entitled to them; and, as the girl had gone to service, her mother applied on the following Sunday for this Bible. I made some inquiries of her respecting her daughter, and learnt, that she had five girls successively in the same school.

‘ I asked her, whether she thought her children were any the better for the instruction they had received there? she replied, with great earnestness, “The better, Sir!—I can never be thankful enough to God, and to the gentlemen of this school, that my children were brought here, and for the instruction they have received.” I inquired in what respect; and she told me, that before the eldest girls were admitted into the school, neither she nor her husband attended a place of worship, and they lived by no means comfortably together; but after the two eldest girls had been some time in the Sunday school, they said to her one Sunday, “Mother, you never go to church or chapel, why do you not go?” She was very much struck with this, and began to think of the circumstance of her being taught in this manner by her child, and began herself to attend a place of worship, and, some time after, her husband also. She added, that they considered their children their greatest blessings; that all the girls had gone to service, and had behaved well, and obtained a good character. And, as she moreover added, as one motive of her thankfulness, that when she looked into other poor families, and observed what trouble many of them had with their children, and when she heard them cursing and swearing in the streets, never hearing a bad word from any of her’s, she thought she could not say enough as to the benefits her children and her family had derived from the school.’

Should there be any who look upon this speculation as vi-

sionary and impracticable, let them remember, that in giving up as hopeless the abolition of Pauperism, by some such process as we have now stated, they at the same time give up as hopeless, the character and the best expectations of our species.

• Let them attempt any other way of abolishing Pauperism—let them try to attain this object, without reforming the principles and dispositions of the poor themselves, and they will soon find that they have been puzzling themselves with a problem, without taking along with them the most essential of all the data which must enter into the solution of it. But, at all events, should any such experiment as the one now proposed, which has for its object the moral amelioration of mankind, fail, then must we prepare our minds for a conclusion far more tremendous than the continuance of Pauperism, with all its corruptions and miseries. This evil, deplorable as it is, will hardly deserve any sensible regret, when put by the side of the great radical disease from which it has emanated ;—and when we look at it in this light of comparative insignificance, we confess that we are scarcely in possession of any spare feelings that can lead us to dwell on the mischiefs of Pauperism with sorrowful contemplation,—should it be found that it owes all its inveteracy to a great moral impotency on the part of mankind, from which no expedient, within the whole compass of natural or revealed knowledge, is able to deliver them.

ART. II. *Lettres écrites d'Italie en 1812 et 1813, à Mr Charles Pictet, l'un des Rédacteurs de la Bibliothèque Britannique.*  
 Par FREDERIC SULLIN DE CHATEAUVIEUX. En 2 tomes.  
 8vo. A Paris, chez J. Paschoud, Libraire, 22. Rue Mazarine. 1816.

Two volumes of letters on Italy, which say nothing of painting, sculpture or architecture, the three arts for which that country is so highly celebrated, may be supposed of little interest—the work of a man of no taste, and incapable of appreciating the objects by which he has been surrounded. We believe, however, that this will soon appear to the intelligent reader, to be a hasty and ill founded conclusion, abundantly refuted by the perusal of the work itself. The object of the book is to explain the rural economy of Italy ; to give an account of the art which is the foundation of all other arts—one which, in that country has many peculiarities, and which is everywhere essentially connected with the physical, the moral,

and the political constitution of the region to which it belongs. A work on this subject, becomes naturally the vehicle of much useful information, and of much of that knowledge which it is most desirable and most difficult for a traveller to acquire. From those books which are in every body's hands, or from the conversation in which he must frequently engage, he will hardly fail to be informed of the antiquities, the pictures, and the palaces of the cities through which he is to pass. But neither from the books or the conversation which commonly occur, will he be able to learn how the ground is cultivated, how the inhabitants subsist, and what improvements have been made in the arts of the first necessity. A work capable of resolving the questions on these subjects, which every intelligent traveller so often proposes, both to himself and others—and to which even, from the best informed, he so rarely receives a satisfactory answer, cannot fail, if well executed, to prove of the highest interest, and will, better than the history of any other art, enable a man to form an estimate of the civilization and improvement of the country through which he is passing. The author of these letters, appears to be well qualified for the work which he has undertaken; he is a scholar, writes with perspicuity and elegance, and is acquainted with the principles and the practice of rural economy. Afraid however, it should seem, that, from the nature of the subject, his book was in danger of being reckoned dry and uninteresting, he has sometimes ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> tempted to adorn it by the introduction of sentimental and picturesque descriptions, such (especially the former) as do not altogether suit the general strain of the composition, and form, in our opinion, neither the most useful, nor the most interesting part of it.—We shall confine our analysis to the professed object of the work.

Our author divides Italy, in as much as respects its agriculture, into three regions. The first is the great plain traversed by the Po, bounded by the Alps on the west and north, by the Apennines on the south, and by the Adriatic on the east. The fruitfulness of this great plain, allows the crops to succeed one another in a certain order, which remains always the same. Our author, therefore, calls this the Region of Culture by *Assolemens*, or as we must translate it by *Rotation*; observing, at the same time, that this is not peculiar to the district just mentioned, but applies, though not perhaps with equal precision, to the other parts of Italy. The second region, is that which extends on the south declivity of the Apennines from the frontiers of France, to the borders of Calabria. This is the Olive country, and our author distinguishes its culture by the name of

*Canaanéenne*, or Canaanitish, an affected term, suggested by a very false analogy, as if the use of mounds of stone, or of earth for supporting the soil, where the declivity was too great, must have been borrowed from the Holy Land, and were not an expedient, to which all nations, in similar circumstances, must naturally have recourse. The third region comprehends those pastoral countries, where animals and vegetables thrive, but, from which man has been almost totally expelled, by an invisible and unknown enemy. This is the country infested by the Malaria, and which being on the sea coast, has the name of *Maremma*. The cultivation in it, by an affectation, similar to that which we have just remarked, our author has called the *patriarchal culture*, though it has no title to that name, more than to that of Scythian, or of any other pastoral nation. The truth is, that it is not similar to any of these; and is characterized by this singularity, that the country is cultivated, in a certain degree, but is hardly inhabited.

Lombardy, by which name we mean to express the whole of the first of these divisions, is, without doubt, one of the richest plains on the face of the earth. The soil is entirely alluvial, composed of materials which have been carried and deposited by water, and reaching to an unknown depth. In the tract nearest to the mountains, much gravel, and of considerable size, is mixed with the earth; but it becomes smaller in size, and less quantity, as you retire further off; so that the whole seems nearly composed of a black and very fertile mould. The high mountains surrounding Lombardy, afford an immense supply of water, which the great lakes at the foot of the Alps serve to economize, and to discharge, with a regularity and steadiness, highly favourable to the practice of irrigation; and to this, no less than to the natural richness of its soil, Lombardy is indebted for its great fertility. In order to distribute the waters over the surface of the ground, a very regular system is pursued, which it has required considerable skill, as well as capital, to carry into effect. Where the fields are of considerable extent, two principal canals must be opened, on different levels, and communicating by an infinity of smaller ramifications. The first of these, the *Gora*, or canal of irrigation, receives the water of the river at a point sufficiently elevated to reach the highest of the fields to be watered; and, being conducted with the least possible loss of level, distributes its contents on all sides through a multitude of inferior branches. The second great canal, the *Scolo*, or the canal of discharge, begins from the level of the lowest grounds, and carries off the water after it has made its progress through the fields, delivering it into the river at a lower part of

the course. In order to obtain the necessary difference of level between these canals, the *Gora* is sometimes opened so high up the river, as to be carried five or six miles before it reach the fields, over which the water is to be spread; a circumstance which must chiefly depend on the less or greater declivity on which the river runs.

From the irrigation thus practised, arises an inconceivable fertility, and an immense population. Lombardy abounds in villages and large towns, and possesses all the beauty which richness and cultivation can give to a level country, that contains in itself nothing that is naturally picturesque. The fields into which it is subdivided, are small, and separated by rows of poplars, which give the appearance of a wooded country.

In the plains nearer to the Alps, the country assumes a beauty of a higher order. Our author describes this region, in very glowing, but we believe very true colours.

‘ Cette vallée située aux pieds des plus grandes montagnes de l’Europe, étale auprès de leurs abîmes, tous les dons de la Providence et les richesses de la Creation. Le voyageur regarde avec respect ces Alpes Tioliennes, depouillées par le temps, qui perdues dans les nuages et voisines des cieux, n’offrent plus d’alimens qu’à la vie contemplative: tandis qu’il parcourt mollement une plaine où l’art et la nature ont rassemblé les plus douces de toutes les sensations terrestres. Le soleil s’y montre pur et ardent, mais de grands arbres, en couvrant la campagne, la preservent de ses rayons. La sérénité du ciel dessècherait le sol; mais d’innombrables canaux y conservent, en l’arrosant, une verdure qui ne se flétrit jamais. Sous ces heureux auspices, on voit croître les moissons et fleurir les prairies. Ici chaque ferme est un palais rustique, où se déploie tout le luxe des champs. Et pour prévenir jusqu’aux dangers que pourroit avoir la chute des eaux dans les vallées, la même main qui a donné l’être à l’univers, a préparé, aux pieds des montagnes, des bassins naturels pour recevoir les torrens qui tombent des Alpes. Ils viennent prendre dans ces lacs un niveau constant; avant de s’écouler en ondes paisibles, dans les lits, dont on leur a mesuré l’espace, et tracé le cours. ’

The country between Lodi and Cremona is the richest part of the Milanese. The soil is extremely fertile, and the irrigation the most perfect that can be conceived; but the culture of corn gives place in a very great degree to that of pasture. The grass is chiefly clover, which is cut four times a year, and serves for the food of the cows, from which is produced the cheese so well known over all Europe by the name of Parmesan. The cows are kept in the house, and are fed during the summer on two of the crops of clover which are cut green, and in winter on the other two, which are made into hay. It is only for a few

weeks in the autumn that they are turned out to pasture, and allowed to eat up the last shoots of the season.

The milk of at least fifty cows is necessary for making Parmesan cheese; and as the same farm does not always afford such a number, it is usual for the farmers or metayers of a district to form themselves into societies, for the purpose of making cheese. The milk of fifty or sixty, or sometimes of a hundred cows, is brought twice a-day to the farm, where the dairy is fixed: the maker of the cheese keeps an account of the milk received, and the value of the cheese is divided proportionally. In a country so fertile as the Milanese, the land admits of being greatly subdivided; and accordingly, the extent of fifty arpents,\* or little more than sixty English acres, is there considered as a large farm. These farms are divided into fields of two or three acres, according as the convenience of irrigation may require. The irrigations would, however, in a few years impair the good quality of the grass, if the soil were not refreshed by a top-dressing of dung every three years. In spite even of this amelioration, the grass of the meadows is at last worn out; and the umbelliferous plants, the angelicas and ranunculuses, take the place of the clover and the more useful grasses. A stop is then put to the irrigation; the sluices of the *Gara* are shut; the ground is ploughed in the autumn, and sown with hemp in the following spring, which grows to a prodigious height; and when it is pulled, the ground is sown with leguminous plants. In the next spring, it is sown with oats, the straw of which rises to the height of six or seven feet; and the ground having its fertility now sufficiently subdued, is next sown with wheat. After this crop, maize is sown in the following spring; a second crop of wheat succeeds, and finishes the course of cropping.

The ground is then left to itself, and is immediately covered with herbage; in the winter, dung is spread over it, and the new meadow is again subjected to the process of irrigation, which is usually continued for 15 years. Thus, the rotation adopted in the Milanese extends to 20 years, in the following order.

- 1st year—Hemp, followed by legumes.
- 2d — Oats.
- 3d — Wheat, followed by legumes.
- 4th — Maize.
- 5th — Wheat.

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\* The arpent is 48,000 square feet French measure, and is therefore to the English acre very nearly as 5 to 4.

6th year—and 14 years following—grass, dunged every three years, and the grass cut four times a year.

In these twenty years, the number of crops is 67, of which sixty are for the use of animals, six for the food of man, and one for his clothing. This is a very singular distribution of the produce; and it is here also remarkable, that all the manure is applied to the grass, and none to the corn, contrary to what is usual in all other places. According to this system of husbandry, the land under grass at any time is  $\frac{1}{2}$ , or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the whole.

In a farm which Mr Chateauvieux visited, the extent was about 100 arpents; 30 of which were ploughed, and 70 were in grass. On these last, the farmer maintained 100 cows, besides a few cattle for draught, and he valued the mean annual produce of every cow at 200 francs; so that from the whole herd, the gross revenue was about 20,000 francs. He did not reckon the lands under corn at more than half the value of an equal portion under grass, and therefore did not value his 30 arpents of ploughed land at more than 6000 francs. The gross revenue of the farm was therefore 26,000, or 260 francs the arpent. When we reduce this to English money, it makes ten pounds eight shillings, and this again diminished in the proportion of 4 to 5, gives seven pounds sixteen shillings for the gross produce of an English acre of ground in Lombardy. If we suppose the rent which land can afford when let as in Britain, to be one-third of the gross produce, we have 2*l.* 12*s.* for the rent of the acre—less, certainly, than might be expected in a country of which the fertility is so highly extolled. The rent of land in England, and in many parts of Scotland, is much greater than this. But it must, no doubt, be considered, that the value of money in Lombardy is greater than in England, perhaps nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2; and again making an allowance for this, the rent will come out about 3*l.* 18*s.*, which is not greater than may be found in many parts of Scotland, where there is no particular advantage of situation.

Considering the fine climate of Italy, the undoubted richness of the soil in Lombardy, and the advantages of irrigation, we should have expected a result far more favourable, and incomparably greater than any of the countries in the north. That it should not rise to this amount, argues, in our opinion, an imperfection in the agricultural system, very little corresponding to what the high praises of our author would lead us to expect.

The cultivation of the land in Lombardy, and indeed throughout all Italy, is performed solely by means of oxen. The ox of Lombardy is of a grey colour, of a moderate size, well formed,

gentle, and of great strength. The breed, Mr Chateauvieux considers as of Hungarian origin; but we do not know on what foundation his opinion rests. We think it more likely that the breed is indigenous; and it is accordingly said that cattle of any country, when brought into Italy, assimilate themselves to the native race. The breed of Lombardy is kept up by a great importation from Switzerland, as 2000 cows are reckoned to pass every year over St Gothard, in order to be dispersed over Lombardy, and perhaps to prevent the degeneracy which would otherwise take place. Over all the country, the plough is drawn by two oxen without a driver; the waggon also, or carts, are drawn by oxen, and the horse is hardly used for the purposes of husbandry.

The economy of using oxen in husbandry, in preference to horses, cannot be questioned. Our author computes that the saving amounts to 120 francs per annum, or to 5*l.* Sterling on every pair of oxen.

‘The economy,’ he adds, ‘of employing oxen in preference to horses, for the purposes of husbandry, is now very generally admitted; but few of those who have treated this subject, have attempted to assign the cause why the farmer continues to employ oxen in the South of Europe, while in the North he has recourse almost exclusively to the horse. This choice must not be supposed the effect of the habit; nature herself has pointed it out, by placing in the South a race of oxen, active, gentle and vigorous, while she has given to the North one that is heavy, indolent, and phlegmatic. On the other hand, the horses of the South are light and slender, and by no means so well fitted for labour as the larger and stronger horses of the North.’

Though we will not dispute the reality of the difference here remarked, yet we cannot admit that it is the sole, or even the principal reason for preferring the horse to the ox in the northern part of Europe. It is certain, that in Great Britain, and probably in many other northern countries, the ox was, at no distant period, much more employed for the plough than the horse; probably from the same motives of economy which our author here recommends. Just in proportion, however, as the art of agriculture has improved, and as the variety and nicety of its operations have increased, the value of time has become more sensible; the use of the ox has been discontinued, and that of the horse has been introduced. The inconstancy of the climate, the necessity of seizing the opportunities which that inconstancy renders of such infinite importance, has induced the husbandman to take for the associate of his labour, the most active of all domestic animals, and that whose motions can be accelerated most easily beyond their ordinary rate,

without any prejudice to the animal himself; in short, one possessing the spirit, activity, and vigour which distinguish the horse from all other animals. Thus, the farmers of the north have been led to despise a saving, trifling compared with the advantages which it would compel them to sacrifice, and have adopted a method of cultivation less economical in appearance than that which they formerly pursued. We believe that these circumstances, more than any others, have influenced the practice of husbandry in the north. The ox of Italy is perhaps a gentler animal than that of northern countries; but he is equally slow in his motions, and nearly equally incapable of being made to hasten beyond his natural pace. Thus, where the ground is stiff and heavy, the ox seems to come to rest after every step, and the plough cannot be said to have a continued motion. These circumstances, however, do not perhaps suit ill with the habits of the ploughman himself.

The culture just now described, is that of Lombardy in general. There are, however, considerable tracts of that plain so nearly level, that the declivity is not sufficient to carry off the water, and to admit of the ordinary process of irrigation. Some years ago, an ingenious man proposed to employ the stagnation of the water in these flat grounds for the growing of rice. The experiment succeeded; and the culture of that grain in Lombardy is at present considerable. The ground destined for this purpose is subdivided by a multitude of small canals into rectangular spaces of two or three arpents. The water admitted by these canals does not circulate, and the rice grows at the bottom; the water covering the surface to the depth of several inches. The ground is dry when the rice is sown in it, and has received no preparation but a single furrow. When the rice is a few inches above ground, the sluices are opened, and the fields are laid entirely under water. The rice grows in this situation like an aquatic plant; and the water is never let off till the crop is nearly ripe, when the sluices of the Scolo are opened, that the ground may become hard enough to admit the foot of the reaper. The rice is thus cultivated for three years in succession; and during all that time no dung is applied. By these three crops, however, the ground becomes exhausted, and requires to be laid open to the sun and air. Accordingly, it is now left without any culture; while the humidity forces up a crop of such plants as are natural to the soil. On the surface, in this state, they spread dung; and for two successive years cut the grass, which is very abundant, but of a very middling quality. After this the ground is ploughed, and the rice crops succeed as before.

A crop of rice is reckoned three times as valuable as an equally good crop of corn; and the profit from the culture of it, suffers hardly any deduction on account of the labour, which is of small expense. The profit, accordingly, has appeared so considerable to the proprietors, that they do not divide it with the farmers. The rice grounds are let at fixed rents, of about 160 francs the arpent, or about 5*l.* 6*s.* an acre; and after paying this great rent, the farmers have often acquired large fortunes. An evil, however, of the most serious kind, accompanies these extraordinary gains. It will readily be believed, that the stagnation of a large body of water in a hot climate, and over an extensive surface, cannot but prove most injurious to the health of the inhabitants. As you pass along the dykes of the rice fields, says Mr Chateauvieux, you see the unhappy labourers wandering like so many ghosts through the reeds, and stopping at the sluices, which they have hardly strength sufficient to open and shut. They are not the only victims. The reapers seldom finish the harvest without being seized with shiverings, and carrying with them an ague, from which their return to the dry grounds does not always enable them to recover. The countries, therefore, under the culture of rice, are thinly inhabited; and the few inhabitants are in a very sickly and diseased state. The Milanese government has, for this reason, prohibited the extension of the rice grounds, beyond the limits to which they had advanced before the evil resulting from them had attracted attention.

M. CHATEAUVIEUX has hardly said anything of the implements of husbandry in Italy; a point, however, very necessary to be considered, if one would form a precise notion of the state of the art, or the degree of skill and capital employed in it. These implements, if we are not greatly misinformed, are almost every where of a very rude and unimproved construction. Even in Lombardy, the manner of harnessing the oxen to the waggon, the structure of the waggon itself, raised like a kind of scaffold above the four very small wheels which support it, and drawn by a sort of elevated pole, to which the patient and gentle oxen seem most uneasily attached; all seem to indicate a very low state of skill or of capital, or of both. Throughout Italy the plough is generally drawn by no more than two oxen, a practice that is no doubt commendable; but the plough itself is awkwardly constructed, in opposition to the most obvious principles of mechanics. The handles are of unequal length, and both of them very short; so that the ploughman is forced to bend down in a very inconvenient posture, and to bear on the handles with almost his whole weight, in order to prevent the

ploughshare from entering too deep into the ground. Though he plough the soil of that country in which the principles of mechanics were first discovered, he has not been taught, that by lengthening the handles, or the levers by which he acts, he might have sufficient power to regulate the motion of the plough,\* though he stood upright, in a posture less painful to himself, and more favourable for the continuance of his exertions. Such obvious errors in the first rudiments of an art, argue a low state of intellectual acquirement in those who exercise the art; and the absolute dominion of those prejudices which make ignorance and error descend as a sacred inheritance from one generation to another.

The agriculture of Tuscany belongs partly to a system of irrigation similar to that in Lombardy, and partly to that which our author calls the Canaanitish husbandry, where the olive and the vine are cultivated on the steep sides of hills. Here, as it is more our object to give an idea of the real state of Italian agriculture, than of any one book which treats of it, we shall avail ourselves of the accurate and valuable view of the rural economy of Tuscany, which has been given by SISMONDI.\* It is not perhaps known to all our readers, that the author who has distinguished himself so much by those critical and historical compositions which have made an important addition to the literature of the 19th century, began his literary career with a treatise on the husbandry of the Valley of the Arno. For this he was well qualified, by having himself cultivated a farm in the most fertile province of that country, as well as by a spirit of accurate and philosophical observation.

In Tuscany, property is extremely subdivided; and the farms, which are very small, are in general cultivated by Metayers, who divide the produce with the landlord. These farms are disposed in a rectangular shape, and are of such a size, that a pair of oxen is sufficient for ten or twelve Metayers, who employ them in succession for ploughing the ground. The farmer has generally, besides, a small horse, which he employs for the business of his farm, or more frequently for carrying his wife and family in a little carriage, to the mass or to the market. These farms have seldom forage sufficient for feeding cows; the farmers make use of heifers, which they buy in at the age of three months, keep them till that of eighteen, and then sell them to the butcher. The cattle of every kind come originally from the Maremma. The reason of this is, that, unlike the Metayers of

\* *Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*, par J. C. L. Sismondi. Genève, 1801.

Lombardy, they have little or no meadow, or land under grass; so that the leaves of trees, the refuse of the vegetables which they cultivate, and a little wild clover, are the only food of the cattle. In this country, there is no rotation of crops positively fixed, but the most common is that which follows.

- 1st year—Maize, haricots, peas or other legumes, with dung.
- 2d — Wheat.
- 3d — Winter Beans.
- 4th — Wheat.
- 5th — Clover sown after the Wheat, and cut in the spring, and followed by SORGHO.\*

Such is the richness and depth of the alluvial soil, that though dung is applied to it only once in five years, the crops are very abundant. The culture, also, which is very fine and careful, the judicious succession of crops, have their share in the production of this effect. An immense population, accordingly, lives on the produce of these farms; but lives with a severe economy, and never acquires enough to make any provision against years of less abundance. Accordingly, as our author remarks, although the fields are beautiful, well watered, covered by a perpetual vegetation, and divided into a thousand small enclosures, all cultivated like gardens, while the olive and the vine form as it were a canopy over the crops below; yet, on entering the habitations of the *Metayers*, you observe an entire absence of all the conveniences of life,—a table of the most extreme frugality, and an appearance of the greatest penury, in the midst of a country producing every thing which the wants of the most luxurious can require. Here, therefore, we may safely infer the existence of some radical error in the rural or political economy of the country. The population may be too great, and the farms too small; and an evil that is obvious arises from the system of *Metayers*, calculated to depress the farmer, and keep him in a state of everlasting poverty. The consequences of this system have been extremely well developed by SISMONDI, in the work before referred to. According to the bargain between the *Metayer* and his landlord, the farmer engages to perform, at his own expense, all the labour of the field, and to furnish all the wood necessary to support the vines. He bears half the expense of the seed and the dung. He is bound to return to the proprietor the half of all the produce, and to sell it for him if required. Lastly, to divide equally with him all the profit of the stock on the farm. The money required to be laid out,

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\* SORGHO is a sort of great parsnip, that affords a coarse flour, used for a bad soup, and a coarse sort of polenta.

and things not provided for in the preceding articles, fall upon the landlord.

The consequence of all this is, that though the peasants become exceedingly attached to their farms, and are seldom ever removed from them, they remain in a state of great poverty, consuming every year the whole that they have earned in that year. An abundant crop of wine or of oil is for them a season to live a little better,—to be better clothed perhaps, or to be a little more idle;—but they never think of making any provision for a bad year, or of laying out any part of their gains in the improvement of the farm. They will not augment the stock on the farm,—for that is the duty of the landlord; they will not take in more ground,—for this ought to be done at the expense of the landlord; and, for the same reason, they will not repair their houses. Thus, they are almost unavoidably cut off from any means of applying their savings for such purposes as could really better their condition. They must either hoard the fruits of those savings, or they must employ them for objects of immediate gratification; and, when this alternative is the only one, it is pretty evident on which side the choice will generally fall.

The poverty of the *Metayers* being thus rendered almost necessary, acts with a force equally irresistible towards its own increase. For as riches beget riches, nothing is more true than that poverty produces poverty. The *Metayers* being too poor to hire labourers, endeavour to perform with their own hands all the work of their farms; the consequence of which is, that nothing is ever done in its proper season, and that every operation is extended to an unreasonable length. The seed-time, the harvest, the pruning of the vines, the culture of the olives, are all prolonged vastly beyond their natural duration,—because, as the same man must do every thing, he always begins his task too late. This is not all. The necessity thus imposed on the *Metayer*, of doing every thing out of season—of undertaking two or three things at once, because they are all equally urgent, and of passing from one object to another, without finishing any thing—naturally give birth to a habit of indifference, carelessness and *fainéantise* which is quite ruinous. Though the peasant rises early, never goes to sleep in the middle of the day, and never quits his work before it is dark, he does every thing with such indifference, he loses so much time in irresolution, in changing from one work to another, and in talking with those about him, that a labourer, hired by the day, though an Italian, does three times as much work as the peasant who labours for himself.

In another place, SISMONDI, after entering into a very accu-

rate calculation of the produce of a farm in the Val di Nievole, one of the most fertile spots in Tuscany, estimates the rent of an English acre at 3*l.* 18*s.* sterling; much above, he adds, the rent of any land in France or England, where there was not some very particular advantage of situation. In this last conclusion, however, there is certainly a mistake; for we know with certainty, that many large farms in Great Britain having no particular advantage, from their vicinity to great towns, sea-ports, &c., were, long before the year 1802, when Sismondi wrote, let for a considerable term of years at more than 4*l.* an acre. This was in a country where the most valuable produce was wheat, and wheat much inferior in quality to that of Tuscany. When equally well cultivated, the land which produces corn, wine and oil, should have afforded a rent far superior.

Chateauvieux concludes his account of Tuscany, or rather of the Val d'Arno, with the following eulogy.

‘ I have now finished my journey through the charming Valley of the Arno, the most delicious, perhaps, which exists on the face of the earth. In no country is property more divided, and in none has man added more to nature; he has not left a single rivulet, but he has constructed a thousand canals. There is not a single spot retaining of natural turf, nor a meadow where the husbandman, in collecting the produce, receives only the spontaneous gifts of nature. We do not find a single thicket of natural wood, nor a tree planted by the hand of Nature. All is planted out and dressed by the hand of Man; his presence and his works are seen everywhere; and it is only in the hills which bound the horizon, that you discover a portion of those great domains over which Nature still preserves her empire. This artificial culture, by covering the surface with regular plantations, and shading it with the leaves of the vine, has proscribed all that native vegetation, all those picturesque forms and those graduated tints, which give so much harmony and variety to Nature. Here the tints, though lively, are all uniform, and the outlines similar to one another; the landscape appears as if it were seen in the *camera obscura*, and Poussin never would have taken from it the subject of any of his pictures. It is the spot most improved by civilization, and that where man has best turned to his own use the native powers of creation.’

With some part of this character of the Val d'Arno, we are disposed entirely to agree; but, from some parts of it, we are inclined no less positively to dissent. The observations on the uniformity and artificial character of the Tuscan landscape, we believe to be perfectly correct; and certainly neither POUSSIN nor CLAUDE, nor a painter who is perhaps superior to them both, MILTON, ever drew from the Val d'Arno, either the colours or the forms which have given such force to their

representations. But that which we find it difficult to admit in CHATEAUVIEUX'S eulogy, is, that the Vale of Tuscany is the place where the art of man has made the most valuable additions to the works of nature. Let us see how the account stands. Man received from nature a magnificent valley, or rather a system of vallies, traversed by fine rivers, and enriched by the spoils of a vast body of calcareous mountains, which those rivers had for ages carried down, to form into the soil of those fertile plains. Now, from these precious gifts, what is it that man has extracted, or what addition has he made to them? He has, indeed, by a system of irrigation, most skilfully constructed, and most laboriously carried into effect, transported the fertility of the valley to the heights and declivities to which it had not been imparted by nature. This is certainly a great improvement; but is not to be compared to those instances in which man has delivered whole countries from the dominion of the sea, and rendered them the abodes of culture and civilization. The Val d'Arno, to the advantages of a rich soil, added those of a climate placed almost in the centre of the temperate zone; and yet, with all these advantages, with a soil and climate adapted to the vine and the olive, the earth does not here produce more for the food and sustenance of man, than it does in countries under the parallel of  $36^{\circ}$ ; countries labouring under all the disadvantages of a long and severe winter, a spring which hardly deserves the name, and a summer and autumn, where the inconstancy of a northern climate still cause themselves to be severely felt. The country which deserves the praise of being the theatre on which art has most triumphed over nature, must either be placed in circumstances originally far less favourable than the Val d'Arno, or must be raised by art to a height far exceeding what cultivation reaches in any part of Italy.

We must not take leave of Tuscany without mentioning the great agricultural improvement of the *Colmata*, which are mentioned by CHATEAUVIEUX, and more particularly treated of by SISMONDI. The advantages which Italy derives from the magnitude of its rivers, and from the facility with which water is distributed over its surface, is counterbalanced in some places by the great depredations which are owing to the same cause. The violent rains, acting on the soft calcareous or marly schistus of the Apennines, carry down a vast quantity of mud or sand into the plain, by which the courses of the rivers are frequently obstructed. The earth brought down in floods is so immense in quantity, that the discharge of the rivers into the sea is impeded; and great marshes are formed not only at the

mouths of these rivers, but, in their courses, when they are passing from one level to another. It was a happy idea that the river itself might be employed to correct this evil, and that a remedy might be derived from the same cause which produced the disorder. TORRICELLI, we believe, to whose inventive genius the mathematical and physical sciences are under so great obligations, was the person to whom this idea first occurred, and who taught his countrymen to enclose the marsh with a dyke or embankment,—to admit into this enclosure the water of the river,—to force this water, by means of sluices, to remain stagnant as in a lake, so as to deposit its mud, and, by the sediment so produced, to raise the level of the bottom. In this way have been often deposited at one time 3 or 4 inches of earth: This operation is repeated several times in the year; and, after 3 or 4 years, the level is so much raised, that the ground is no longer liable to be overflowed by the river. The soil thus acquired is also of the richest kind, and of the highest fertility. Sismondi mentions an instance where a piece of ground which had been treated in this manner, yielded, in the first crop, twenty-five measures of wheat from one. It is to this operation that the name of *Colmata* is given: and it is evident that a great deal of skill, and also considerable capital, are necessary to the accomplishment of the work, when undertaken on a large scale. Tuscany affords several very remarkable examples of it. One of the greatest is in the *Val di Chiana*, performed by the Knights of the order of St Stephen; another is in the plain of Pisa, the work of a monastery of Carthusians; and the third by the Marquis FERRONI, in the *Val di Nievole*.

The *Colmata* have also begun to be employed in several parts of Italy, for a purpose more important, if possible, than the preceding. From the tendency of the rivers which descend from the Apennines to swell suddenly, to overflow the adjacent country, and to spread over it a bed of sand and gravel, the embankment of those rivers by strong dykes or mounds, was necessarily resorted to. But the same dykes that retained the water within bounds, retained also the stones and gravel which the rivers brought down in such abundance. Hence the bed of the river itself was raised somewhat by every flood; and in a short time became so much elevated, that, to keep in the water, it became necessary to raise the embankment still higher. Thus the level of the river was continually raised; and the end of this process seemed to be at a distance to which it was impossible to look forward. The Po itself is of all others the most remarkable, and the most formidable example of this artificial elevation. That river, as is well known, is subject to the most sudden and excessive floods; insomuch that, in many parts, every

family living on its banks is provided with a boat, in which they embark with their most valuable effects at the time of an inundation, and continue to float in the dead water till the deluge has subsided. The means employed to restrain these inundations, have raised the bed of the river to the frightful height of no less than 30 feet above the plain, as is exemplified in the vicinity of Ferrara; and the danger to which the whole country is thus subjected may be easily conceived. It is not only the main river itself that is thus carried along upon the ridge of a high terrace, but all the smaller rivers that run into it must necessarily be brought into the same condition; and thus the whole country is intersected by a multitude of lofty aqueducts, each of which is ready to break out, when the falling of the rain, or the melting of the snow, shall enable it to overcome all restraint, and to force its way into the plains. It has, therefore, been proposed to lay the country, at least partially, under water, and thus to heighten the surface by the mud deposited. For an evil, however, which has already reached to so great a height, it is not certain that the *Colmata*, or any expedient within the power of man, is able to provide a remedy. The contrary indeed seems probable; and there is reason to fear, that the whole country known by the name of the *Polesino*, or the Delta of the Po, is destined to become a marsh at no distant period.

From the valley of the Arno, our author proceeds to give an account of *Maremma*, which forms the third division of the Italian territory. This singular tract extends along the shore of the Mediterranean from Leghorn to Terracina, and reaches inland as far as the first chain of the Apennines. Its length is therefore 192 geographical miles; its breadth is various; and in the *Agro Romana*, where it is greatest, is between 30 and 40 of those miles. The term *Maremma* signifies, literally, as was already remarked, nothing more than the land on the sea-coast; but is now exclusively applied to the tract just mentioned, unfortunately distinguished by the characteristic of *Mal' Aria*, an unhealthy constitution of the atmosphere, or of the soil, during the summer season. In that season, but more especially in the autumn, the few inhabitants that remain in this desolate country are seized with fevers, for which there appears to be no remedy but a timely escape from the parts where the infection prevails. The general opinion is, that the more these countries are depopulated, the greater is the power of the malaria, and the more mortal the disease which it communicates. That disease, however, is no other, we believe, than an intermittent, or an ague, of the worst kind; such as will be long remembered in

England by the name of the *Walcheren* fever. It must not, however, be supposed, that, like this last, the fever of the *Maremma* is produced by the miasmata of marshes, or the other known causes of a similar disorder. In some instances, such causes do indeed appear to exist; but, in the greater number, the places where this evil prevails are dry, airy, and elevated. Thus *VOLTERRA*, which is involved in the contagion of the *Maremma*, near to its western extremity, is situated on a high ground, and is open to every blast.

The Italian writers fix the depopulation of their country, and the introduction of the malaria, about the time of the plague in the 16th century; and, since that period, the population has never been strong enough, they allege, to resist the influence of the bad air which increases every year in proportion as population and agriculture diminish. Several attempts have been made to establish colonies in the Tuscan *Maremma*; which have all failed, by the colonists being cut off before the establishment gained any strength. The soil in that tract, *Chateauxvieux* informs us, has become sterile, and seems to consist of nothing but pure argil; the whiteness of which is only altered by a mixture of the sulphur abounding in that region. The existence of sulphur, however, in the soil of the *Maremma*, is peculiar to the western part of it, and can only belong to the accidental causes which exasperate, but do not produce the evil complained of.

The country thus depopulated having fallen into the hands of a few great proprietors, there remained nothing to be done, but to take advantage of the spontaneous production of the soil, to let the land run to grass, and to introduce a sort of wandering tribes, who should dwell here only in the winter. During that season, the *Maremma* is not unhealthy; and men, as well as cattle, may roam through the wilderness with impunity. It did not, however, suit the metayer of the interior country, to leave his home, and take up his abode in the *Maremma*. There came, therefore, necessarily to be interposed between the proprietors of the lands in the interior, and those of the sea-coast, a race of wandering shepherds, possessing nothing but their cattle, and emigrating with them, according to the seasons, from the hilly to the level country. Under the conduct of these men, 400,000 sheep, 30,000 horses, with a vast number of cows and goats, are annually reared, for the supply of the *Valdarno*, and the other vales of Tuscany, where no cattle are bred.

The cause of the insalubrity of the *Maremma* is a mystery into which science has not yet been able to penetrate. It has often been supposed, that the pestilential air which has depopu-

lated the shores of the Mediterranean over so great an extent, arises from marshy ground and stagnant water. In such places as the Pontine Marshes, which are at the eastern extremity of the Maremma, this supposition may be well founded; but in the greater part of the Maremma, in the Tuscan and in the Roman territory, it is certain, as already observed, that the soil is dry, and the ground in many places elevated high above the plain. 'No visible sign,' says Chateauvieux, 'marks the existence or the approach of this pestiferous air. The sky is as pure, the verdure as fresh, the air as tranquil, as in the most healthy region. The aspect of all the elements is such as should inspire the most perfect confidence; and it is impossible to express the horror which one experiences on discovering that this is all deception; that he is in the midst of dangers of which no indication exists; and that, with the soft air that he is breathing, he may be inhaling a poison destructive of life.'

The only inhabitants of these wretched countries, are those who occupy them during the seasons when the labours of cultivation require their immediate presence. Even during their short stay, they never fail to suffer severely. Their complexions become sallow and livid; their strength diminishes daily; many perish before the end of the season; and those whom Providence reserves for another trial, have hardly the courage to wish for a prolongation of their existence.

The vegetable productions of this wilderness are luxuriant and rich. In that which surrounds Rome, and extends almost from the walls of that celebrated metropolis to the sea, on the one hand, or the foot of the Apennines on the other, the lands are allowed to rest in pasturage for six successive years; on the seventh they are ploughed, and the crop produced is usually fine. The land is afterwards left to itself, and is immediately covered with verdure, which continues for five or six years—being pastured all that time by herds of cattle, horses and sheep. It is at the foot of the mountains of VITERBO that the Maremma of Rome begins—forming what is called the *Agro Romano*, or the *CAMPAGNA DI ROMA*. The surface of the Campagna is not altogether level, but full of small undulations, or low ridges, which do not follow any constant direction, but give a very pleasing variety to the surface. According to Mr Chateauvieux, the mere aspect of these undulations refers their origin more to the operation of fire than of water; but we confess that, if the *Agro Romano* afforded no other evidence but this, of the action of fire, we should remain very sceptical about the truth of the conclusion. The fact is, that the general basis of the soil is a calcareous sandstone, more or less consolidated, and abounding in sea shells; over which is superinduced, in many

places, a covering of volcanic origin, consisting of thick beds of *Tufa*, and sometimes with *Lava* underneath. In other places, the soil of the Campagna has for its base the *Travertine*, produced from the *stalactiferous* waters of the Tevere, and other streams. In this great plain there are but few trees, except in some spots distinguished by the growth of the *Ilex* and the variety of evergreens which are so beautiful and luxuriant in this climate. A few pines, by their spreading tops, here and there afford a shade to the cattle. It is divided, by dead hedges, into enclosures of 30 or 40 acres each, depending on a *Casale*, or farm-house, which appears at a distance; and these, by the thinness with which they are scattered over the country, serve to add to the melancholy, rather than to the gaiety of the prospect.

During the summer season, this tract is so unhealthy, that the shepherds and their flocks come every night to take shelter within the walls of Rome, in order to avoid the disease or death which they know to be waiting them in the country. Rome itself, however, is not safe from the attacks of the same invisible enemy, who has lodged himself within the walls of the *eternal city*, and in the places seemingly best fortified against his approaches. The sanctity of the Papal residence has not exempted the Quirinal from this pestilence, any more than the departed majesty of the Cæsars has protected the Palatine from its influence. Yet the Quirinal is 207 feet above the level of the Tiber, and the Palatine<sup>181</sup>.

Our author made a visit to a farm which is within the circle of the Malaria, the sole patrimony of St Peter's church, and known by the ill-omened name of *Campo Morto*. It is an extensive farm, devoted almost entirely to pasturage: The details of it are interesting; and we should be glad to follow our author through the whole. We must, however, confine ourselves to a few particulars.

The *Fattore* or manager received him and his friend with great civility, and, both by his language and manners, appeared a man of education. He was indeed an inhabitant of Rome, where his family resided, as is the case with all the stewards or factors who manage the farms of the Maremma. In the whole of the *Agro Romano*, there is indeed no indigenous population; except a few families domiciliated among the ruins of the small towns, once so numerous in this territory. At present, the shepherds and workmen are almost all from the mountains of Salerno and Abruzzo. The house of the *fattore* was large but comfortless; the lower story consisted of a great kitchen, with three or four great halls, all without furniture or windows. In

the second story was the same number of rooms, all used for magazines of corn, except one which was reserved for lodging. There was nothing that looked like care or cleanliness, either without or within.

They got on horseback, however, and set out to inspect the farm. They first stopped at a small thicket of oaks in the middle of one of the fields. It was now harvest; the people were cutting down the corn; and, on a signal given, they all quitted their work, and defiled in order before the fattore and his guests. There were about as many men as women, mostly from ABRUZZO. They were all bathed in sweat; for the heat of the sun was dreadful. The men were good figures; but the women were frightful. They had already been some days at work in the Maremma; and the fatal breath of the Malaria had blown on them. Two were already ill of the fever; and from that moment it was expected that a number would be attacked every day; so that, at the end of the harvest, they would be reduced to one half. What becomes of these unhappy people, said Mr Chateauvieux, who are obliged to leave off working? They receive a piece of bread, and are sent away. But where do they go? They take the road to the mountains. Many die by the way; and those who reach home, if they recover from their sufferings, generally fall a sacrifice to them in another year.

These reapers, it is added, have three meals a day, and are permitted to sleep two hours about noon. They do this at that time without danger; but when the dews of the evening have fallen down upon the earth, which then serves them for their bed, it is then that the fever makes its most successful attacks. One is mortified to find men everywhere estimating the lives of their fellows by the money which may be lost or gained by their continuance. The reapers would probably be saved from the fever if they were to sleep under cover during the night; but their master's interest would suffer by the time lost in coming and going across his extensive domains. To this consideration the men's lives are sacrificed.

From the reapers they went to look at the cattle. Here they saw several hundred wild cows, who, on first discovering them, collected together, as if doubtful whether to attack the travellers, or make their escape into the woods. They at last decided upon this last; and the whole herd galloped off with the swiftness of so many deer. These cows are never milked, but suckle their calves; and are usually valued about forty francs a head. On many farms there are more than a thousand.

On proceeding farther, they came to a vast herd of swine, of which there were about 2000 belonging to the farm. They

wander about the whole year in the part of the Campo Morto which is nearest to the sea; and might very well pass for wild boars, though they are only domestic swine of the black breed, of which, as they are fattened on the nuts of the forest, the flesh is greatly valued.

A country which is annually desolated by a mortal disorder, cannot be cultivated in the manner that is elsewhere practised. It becomes naturally a pasture country, and is here divided into properties of great extent; insomuch, that the whole *Maremma* of Rome, about thirty leagues in length by ten or twelve in breadth, is in the hands of not more than twenty-four farmers. These are called *MERCANTI DI TENUTI*, traders in land; and, in effect, they are rather merchants than farmers. They all live in Rome, take their measures in concert, and manage the land by *FATTORI* who live on the spot. They do not seek to improve their farms by introducing better modes of culture; but think it sufficient to secure their present gains: and the gradual ruin of most of the great and hereditary proprietors, has singularly favoured their views. Their trade has become a sort of monopoly, so advantageous, that the *Mercanti* flatter themselves with the hopes of getting the whole of the Roman territory into their hands. *Chateauneuf* has, with considerable ingenuity, traced the origin of this extraordinary condition of things, to the destruction of the Roman empire, and the abolition of slavery by the introduction of Christianity. During the prosperity of the Roman empire, the estates round the metropolis belonged to rich proprietors, who no doubt laid out a great part of them in villas, parks, and pleasure-grounds. At this time, none of the land was cultivated by its own proprietors; slaves were the only husbandmen, and had the whole charge of the agriculture. But the slave having no root in the land, is overthrown by the least disturbance; so that the ruin of the empire, by the translation of the seat of government to Constantinople, and the invasions of the Barbarians, destroyed in a short time the proprietors, their capital and their slaves. There was no peasantry bred to labour who could replace the slaves; and the new proprietors had therefore no means but by throwing it into pasture, and dividing it into large portions. In a country with few inhabitants, the effects of the malaria began to be severely felt; and the part of Europe formerly the most flourishing and most populous, was reduced almost to the condition of a desert.

The revenue actually obtained from these lands is thus estimated. The farm above described contained about 6000 arpents of arable land, or land that was occasionally in tillage.

The uncultivated was nearly of the same extent; and was stocked, as has been said, with cows and swine. The 6000 arpents which are arable, are divided into nine portions nearly equal, one of which is always in fallow, another in wheat, and the remaining seven in pasture. On these seven were maintained 4000 sheep, 400 horses, 200 oxen; and a part was, besides, cut for hay. In the remaining part were 700 cows, and sometimes 2000 swine; and the general rent, yielded by the whole, might be estimated at 18 francs the arpent, or about 15s. an acre. The whole rent of the farm is accordingly calculated at 5000 piastres, besides an interest of 5 per cent. on the whole capital employed in the farm.

This is a profit altogether inconsiderable to arise from so large an extent of ground, in its own nature fertile, and capable of high cultivation. We shall have occasion to consider afterwards, how far the malaria can be considered as an insuperable objection to such cultivation.

Our author dedicates an entire letter to an account of the Pontine Marshes, which he had a good opportunity of examining, as he accompanied the Inspector-general of the French engineers in a visit which he made to them. This opportunity was of great value, not only by the means it afforded of seeing the works, but because of the protection which was given by the escort which accompanied the officer; for the banditti who infested the road through the marshes, were still more dangerous than the bad air.

This race of banditti has existed from time immemorial in the mountains of Sabino and Abruzzo; and being rooted in the population of the country, is almost impossible to be extirpated. We have not here to do with associations of robbers, without house or property; wandering under a thousand disguises; always flying, even at the moment when they are preparing for new attacks. The hordes of banditti which infest these frontiers, are no other than the inhabitants of the villages in the neighbouring mountains. They have their properties and their families, and are employed in the labour of the field for a part of the year; but as that labour is not sufficient for their sustenance, they are instigated, by want, to pillage and murder. The men thus enlisted under the banners of a few chiefs, are quickly united, and quickly dispersed. After making an attack, they instantly return home, and resume their usual dress and occupations; they are then peaceable peasants, united under the protection of their Curate and their Mayor, whose indulgence is without bounds, and that for good reasons, as is generally asserted. A few of the chiefs, however, are generally known, and are exposed to the continual search of the

gens-d'armes. During the last five years (from 1808) though several have been seized and executed, the zeal of the survivors has never been quelled for a moment; and the trial and execution of those who have been taken, have only given a little more prudence to those who remained. We may add, that, to the present time, the same atrocious insubordination continues unrepressed; and it may be easily supposed, that crimes which the vigour of the French Government was not able to exterminate, have acquired new force under the feeble administration of the Papal authority. Within the Neapolitan territory, these evils are only repressed by the presence of an Austrian army.

VELLETRI, situated on the south side of Monte Albano, is the last town which you pass before entering the Marshes. As far as CISTERNA, the road traverses a rough and uneven country, formed by currents of lava, but containing some farms in which corn is cultivated. A great property here belongs to the Prince of *Cajetano*, and extends to TOR TRE PONTI, distant from Cisterna more than three posts. This space, however, does not belong to the actual Marsh: it is picturesque, and wooded; and in the glades of the forest, you alternately see luxuriant pastures, and rich crops of corn. The Marsh begins a little before you come to TOR TRE PONTI; and the road, rejoining the Appian Way, which it had left near ALBANO, goes in a straight line to TERRACINA. On the right hand, begins a canal, the *Nasighi Grande*, the same on which Horace sailed in going to Brundisium, and which Pius VI. repaired at the same time with the road. It was proposed to take advantage of an inclination of 7 feet, by which the Marsh falls toward the sea, in order to open parallels from distance to distance, for carrying off the water. These parallels were to be intersected by secondary canals, cutting them at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ ; and by this construction, it was supposed that the benefit of the declivity would be communicated to the whole surface of the Marsh. Only two of the great parallels have been finished with the secondary canals belonging to them; and the complete success of the work has convinced the French engineers, that it was only necessary to finish the whole on the same plan, in order to bring all the surface of the Marsh to be capable of cultivation.

Where the grounds have been drained, are the finest crops of maize, hemp, and legumes. One sees everywhere a vegetable life, the energy of which appears to increase in proportion to the destruction of human life; though it seems to offer to man every thing that he could wish for. The surface is extended before him in a

perfect level : in the heavens, the sun shines with the purest splendour, while the leaves afford a shelter from his rays. But all this luxury of Nature serves only to adorn a wilderness ; and here the wild animals alone have the power of appropriating to themselves the riches of Creation. Herds of wild boars turn up the earth for the roots of vegetables ; and buffaloes wander through the meadows, or lie under the shadow of the trees. In the midst of these, a man appears here and there at a distance ; but in this situation of danger, only shows himself under a hostile aspect. Sometimes he is a shepherd, pursuing an angry buffalo with his lance ; sometimes he is a robber from the mountain, hiding himself behind the leaves of a fig-tree, to take his aim at the traveller as he passes. If the unhappy stranger escape this danger, who knows but this air, so soft and so mortal, is to carry its secret poison into his veins ? I cannot, says our author, express the singular impression which the perpetual contrast between vegetable and animal nature produced on me, while I was traversing this extraordinary plain.'

He goes on to observe, that the report of the engineers whom he had accompanied, was highly favourable ; and that the success of the part of the plan, then executed, left no doubt about the result of the whole. He says, that he could not but reflect with admiration on the skill of the engineer (*M. Prony*), who, from the distance of Paris, could plan and direct so great and so delicate an undertaking. This was in the year 1813. We have to add, that the unforeseen events which have since arisen, put an entire stop to the work, and that the complete drainage of the Pontine Marshes is one of the advantages which Italy has lost by the downfall of Napoleon. It is, indeed, but one out of many ; and though some countries have profited by that event, it is certain that the country just named is not of the number.

We are sorry that we cannot accompany our author in his visit to the Neapolitan territory ; but, before we take leave of him entirely, we must return for a moment to the subject of the Malaria, which presents one of the most curious problems to be found in the natural history of any country. What is the cause of this great calamity ? Was it known in ancient times ? Is the evil on the increase ? Is there any particular constitution of the soil with which it appears connected ? Has experience ascertained any of the circumstances which tend to mitigate or to exasperate its fatal effects ?—Answers to these questions would not merely serve to gratify curiosity, but might turn out of the greatest practical utility.

To the first question concerning the cause, we certainly are not prepared to attempt an answer : To a few of the subordinate questions, something more satisfactory may be offered. It ap-

pears certain, that this evil was felt in ancient times, though the slight manner in which the facts of natural history are treated by the writers of antiquity has not allowed us to receive any very precise information. One of the oldest remarks relative to it is to be found in the 7th Book of Livy, where mention is made of the unhealthy constitution of the country round R<sup>ome</sup>. In a sedition of the Roman troops stationed near *Capua*, they contrast the country where they were encamped with that round Rome; and are made to say, *Se militando fessos in pestilenti atque arido circa urbem (Romam) solo luctari...* caput 38. This answers to the year of Rome 413.

Strabo, in his description of Italy, observes, that the plains between Albanum and the sea were somewhat unhealthy...*liber V. caput 12*. Of Latium, he says, that it was a fine country and fertile, except in a few places near the sea, which were marshy, as about Ardea, and in the territory between Antium and Lavinium; as also near Terracina...*ibid. caput 5*. He makes mention also of Pæstum as an unhealthy country, which it continues to be at the present time.

If, from those passages, we may venture to draw any general conclusion, it is, that the unhealthiness of the *Campagna* was felt in the time of the Roman republic, but that its effects were inconsiderable and partial, compared with what is now experienced.

Concerning the question, whether there be any constitution of the soil with which the Malaria is connected, we have heard it observed, that it appeared to be confined to the volcanic countries, that is, to those portions of ground which have been covered by tufa and other volcanic productions. We are not sure, however, that this can be considered as a general fact, though it is certainly true, that many of the countries subject to this calamity are covered, to a considerable depth, by a thick coat of those substances which are thrown out from volcanoes in a detached state, but are afterwards consolidated into stone. Beds of this kind, often of an indefinite thickness, seem to cover the greater part of the *Campagna* of Rome. It must further be observed, that, even supposing this connexion to exist in its full extent, it must not be supposed that the same line will bound the Malaria that bounds the volcanic nature of the soil. The pestilential emanation from the soil, whatever it may be, must have the air for its vehicle; and therefore, before its force is exhausted, it may be carried to a great distance from the source where it originated.

That there are circumstances which tend to increase or to diminish the effects of the Malaria, is quite certain; and they are such as it is of great importance to remark. The following pas-

sage from BONSTELLEN's *Voyage dans le Latium*, affords a valuable instance, in which a proper regimen had entirely counteracted the pestilential effects of one of the worst situations of the whole Campagna of Rome. *Ardea* was already mentioned as unhealthy; and the same is stated by other writers of antiquity.

' Seneca,' says Bonstellen, declaiming against the vices of his countrymen, says, ' that one might as well preach virtue to the Romans, as health to the inhabitants of *Ardea*. I was curious to see a place where the effects of the bad air were known, with certainty, to be of high antiquity; and I determined to visit it. When I approached *Ardea*, the country appeared charming, and the meadows were everywhere of the greatest beauty. The nearer I approached the town, the meadows were still richer, intersected by fine streams, but without any stagnant water. I saw before me a castle placed on the edge of a rock, and close to it the gate of a town, to which I ascended by a steep path. This was *Ardea*, where, instead of streets. I found only about a dozen houses, placed without order in a sort of circular meadow, surrounded by precipices, and ancient walls built in the intervals between the rocks. The appearance all round was rich and beautiful. How deceitful, said I, are these appearances!—Is it possible that pestilence dwells in so charming an abode? Next day I met with a man 30 or 40 years old, with a fresh and ruddy complexion, and every appearance of health. You, said I, accosting him, are surely not of *Ardea*, a town so unhealthy that hardly any body can live in it? He fell a-laughing;—for sixteen years I have never been out of it. And have you never been ill?—Never. Tell me, I entreat you, what is your secret?—If every body did as I do, they would all be perfectly well. In summer there prevails in these vallies a suffocating heat during the day, which is suddenly succeeded by a sharp and intolerable cold when the sun goes down. The poor labourers, ill clothed, ill fed, and still worse advised, lie down on the grass to refresh themselves, where they catch their death. For me, I go into my house, wrap myself up in my cloak, or warm myself at the fire. He told me also, that in August and September, the deadly months, the course of the winds was quite regular;—that in the morning the wind was east; at mid-day west; in the evening north, and very cold. It is no wonder that in a desert, without any shelter, but that which a few caverns or miserable ruins afford, a labourer, covered all over with sweat, without a mantle to throw over him, without warm food to continue the perspiration, should catch a deadly disorder.'

From this fact it would appear, that by avoiding the quick transition which is made in this country from heat to cold, the effects of the Malaria may be in a great measure prevented. This agrees well with another fact, already mentioned, in the account given of the reapers in the farms of the Campo Morto. In the day, they were accustomed to lie down on the ground,

and sleep for two hours, without feeling any inconvenience; but, by sleeping on the ground in the night, when the dews were falling, and the cold wind blowing from the mountains, they caught a fever which was often mortal. One would be almost tempted to think, from these facts, that what is called Malaria, is no other than the quick transition from heat to cold, which accompanies the going down of the sun, and the blowing of the winds from the mountains which surround the Campagna. It would seem to add something to the probability of this account, that the disorder caught in such situations, is always an intermittent or an ague, a disorder which a sudden check to perspiration is well known to produce. If the ground were cultivated in the ordinary way, by men who lived on the spot—the labourers, being better sheltered, and probably better fed, would be better prepared to resist the insalubrity of the Maremma, from whatever cause it may proceed. If it proceed from the mere change of temperature from the day to the night, the evil might be entirely removed.

Another fact seems undeniable, that whatever be the cause of this evil, its effects have increased, and are increasing at this moment. In the times of the Roman power, the insalubrity was confined to a few spots; and the country round Rome was extremely populous, though it be now a wilderness almost without inhabitants. During the summer, it is so unhealthy, that the shepherds and their flocks come every night to take shelter within the walls of Rome, as the only means of avoiding the danger to which they would be exposed by passing the night in the country. The population of Rome itself appears to be diminishing. In 1791, the inhabitants were estimated at 166,000; in 1813, when our author visited Rome again, the number did not exceed 100,000, of whom 10,000 might be counted as *vignerons*, gardeners and shepherds. This extraordinary diminution in twenty-one years, is no doubt to be in part attributed to the political revolutions which Rome had experienced during that period; but the greater part, in the opinion of Chateaubieux, is to be ascribed to the increased action of the Malaria, which appears to be investing the city on every side. The hills and elevated grounds within the walls of the city, where this insalubrity in former times was never felt, nor even suspected, are now affected by it in the summer. The Quirinal, the Perician, the Palatine, are all visited by a calamity which was formerly unknown to them. If you look at the environs of the city, the beautiful Borghese villa, the summit of Monte Mario, the Villa Pamfili, though the two latter are in such dry and elevated situations, have begun to suffer from the same cause. When

the desolation kept at a certain distance from the walls, the indifference with which men view the calamities of their neighbours, might prevent the citizens of Rome from sympathizing deeply with the inhabitants of the country; and the orthodoxy, or the weakness of Eustace, might see, in the desolation of the Campagna, an accompaniment which the wisdom of Providence had ordained to harmonize with the City of fallen greatness, a power that is only spiritual, and a kingdom which is not of this world. Had the writer just named seen the matter in its true light, and considered that it was advancing so as now to involve St Peter's and the Vatican itself, we believe that he would hardly have been satisfied with the final cause that has just been mentioned. That the inhabitants of Rome should be under no alarm—that the government should be taking no steps to discover the cause or the remedy for this great calamity—is not easily explained. Is it, that an enemy, who approaches slowly and invisibly, does not affect the imagination, even when the reason is convinced of the greatness and the reality of the danger? Or is it, that men feel themselves overwhelmed by the magnitude of the evil, and think no more of providing a remedy against it, than they would against anything that was to change or abolish the present laws of Nature, and involve the world itself in ruins? For this last view of the subject, there is certainly no good reason that can be assigned. To restore inhabitants to the *Maremma*, is undoubtedly difficult; but, could the property of that great plain be sufficiently subdivided, and were Liberty to restore to Italy that activity and exertion which once prevailed in it, there is reason to think, that the same effects would result from it which took place in former ages; and that the insalubrity of the Campagna would either be exterminated, or reduced within very narrow bounds. If measures of this kind are not pursued, the consequences must be fatal: The great City, which has arrogated to itself the name of Eternal—which has already experienced the extremes of good and bad fortune—which, after being reared by Heroes, has suffered itself to be ravaged by Barbarians, and finally to be governed by Priests—which, in the days of its prosperity, conquered the world by its arms, and, in the days of its weakness, enslaved mankind by its opinions;—that City is about to fall a prey to an invisible enemy, which a vigilant and wise administration would have enabled it to resist.

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ART. III. *Speech of the Right Honourable George Canning in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, January 29th, 1817, on the Motion for an Address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on his most gracious Speech from the Throne. Accurately taken in Short-hand, and containing all the Passages which were omitted in the Daily Papers. London, Hatchard. 1817.*

WE do not purpose to call the attention of our readers to this Speech, upon the score of its literary merits: nothing being, in our opinion, more unfair than to judge of any oration by the reports of it given in the daily papers, or even by those more ample, but equally incorrect representations, which frequently appear under the name of short-hand accounts separately published. Unless, therefore, we have some reasonable assurance that the orator himself corrected the report, we do not feel ourselves at liberty, by commenting upon it, to make him answerable for words, or even for arguments, thus put into his mouth. The publication before us, we should have considered, from internal evidence, as proceeding from Mr Canning himself, had we not been informed, by the title-page, that it is given from a short-hand writer's notes, and still more by the motto, which can only be meant to negative the speaker's having published it, — '*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.*' The truth may possibly be, that he did correct some passages, and that the rest were reported in the usual way. In this state of uncertainty, we shall abstain from viewing the work critically, any further than to say, that the body of the speech, relating to the question itself, is by no means successful; and that the concluding part, in which the subject-matter of debate is kept out of view, and an elaborate attack upon Reform is introduced for the purpose of creating alarm, possesses very great merit as a piece of declamation. It is quite clear, from this specimen, and from what is known of Mr Canning's former speeches of a more argumentative nature, particularly his admirable ones upon the Bullion question, that were his taste a little more chastened; were he less solicitous about turning sentences, and doing always, what he certainly does well, indulging in rich and even gaudy diction; were he to apply his mind more to the *business parts of speech*, if we may so speak, and not hurry through these as well as he can, in order to reach the passages of effect, that is, of effect with the vulgar, he would become a much better speaker than he has yet shown himself. We are very far indeed from underrating his present importance and merits; they are very great in the line of rhe-

toric he has chosen; but we mean, that he might, if he pleased, be a speaker of a higher order—perhaps we should say of the highest—for we know not that there is any intermediate class between that to which he belongs and the highest of all. It should seem, however, as if he were afraid of incurring the censures bestowed by the illustrious Roman upon the Attic style, or rather the excess and caricature of the Attic; as if he dreaded a dry, jejune manner of speech—a ‘*tenue genus dicendi*.’ But he ought to reflect, that Cicero himself has exhibited the purest models of abstinence and simplicity, if he has not attained the mingled plainness, elegance and strength of the Father of eloquence; and that the extreme of the Attic is far better adapted to modern times, than even a slight degree of the Asiatic, towards which (as far as we can judge of it) the ornate and self-indulgent style we are speaking of must be allowed to approach—a style which, if it does not wholly consist in the imagery and diction, consists much more in these than in argumentation.\* We throw out this single remark with no unfriendly meaning; and shall only add, that we should be glad of a better opportunity of recurring to the subject, and handling it more at large, and that we should at present have said nothing critically, for the reason already assigned, had we not been apprehensive, that passing over the merits of the composition before us, might have been construed into a want of the respect which we very unfeignedly entertain for the talents and accomplishments of Mr Canning,—however widely we may

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\* We shall be glad of an opportunity to discuss a subject which has never been examined with attention by any writer at all qualified to undertake the task—we mean the qualities of modern eloquence, more especially that of the Senate. The oratory of the ancients has been studied and explained by their own critics, and, after them, by those of modern times: But when our writers upon Rhetoric come to descant upon modern eloquence, they are singularly deficient. The rules laid down, are chiefly drawn from the ancient critics, who were of necessity entirely ignorant of what is meant by ‘*debating* ;’ and when they speak of the modern eloquence of the Senate, they plainly show that they never heard, probably never read, a single Parliamentary speech. They think, it is true, that they have read speeches; and they suppose that Lord Chatham spoke what every one knows was written almost from fancy by Johnson, in his own very peculiar style. But even if they had read an accurate account of Parliamentary debates, the probability is, that men writing in their closets upon such a subject, would fall into constant blunders. The extreme confidence of these authors forms an amazing contrast with their entire ignorance.

differ with him in principles, and how deeply soever we may lament the political life by which, more especially in the later periods of it, he has chosen to throw so many endowments and advantages almost entirely away, with a view to the first objects of every considerable man's ambition.

It is not then as a matter of critical disquisition, nor with any reference to the individual, that we are now induced to notice the Speech before us. But we observe by the price, the time of publication; the careful advertising, and many other symptoms pretty well known in these times, that this tract is intended to aid the Ministers in sounding an alarm over the country; and for this reason we deem it peculiarly worthy of attention. They seem to be circulating it as they used to do very superior productions in other times; and, forgetting at once the difference in the circumstances, and in the instruments they have to work with, they appear to expect, that by such means they can revive the golden days when all jobs were sheltered, and all opposition disarmed, if not silenced, by the cry of danger to the Church and the State from Jacobin principles and French philosophy. The Reports of the Secret Committees have been amply discussed in Parliament; and we hardly feel at liberty to inquire formally into the merits of performances sanctioned by such high authority, further than to express our belief that they have failed very signally in producing the effects which were expected. But the tract now under consideration is to be viewed as a common pamphlet, published and circulated, if not originally spoken, for effect out of doors; and it must be taken as the address of the Ministers to the community in behalf of their plot; and the argument, by which they would identify their own safety with that of the Constitution, after the example of a former period. Regarded in this point of view, it obviously merits very particular attention.

If the Ministers had been satisfied with alleging, that an unparalleled pressure of distress had prepared the minds of the lower orders for pursuing seditious courses; that, in this state of things, extraordinary vigilance of police was rendered necessary; and that even some slight changes in the law might be required, in order to counteract the efforts likely to be made by restless and designing men, who always exist in every free country, and whom periods of public calamity raise to more than their natural influence—there would have been nothing unfair in the proposition, and rational men would probably have entertained it favourably. But every part of the conduct of the Ministers, and their supporters, has been marked by an unprincipled disregard of their duty to the Constitution, and an extreme anxiety to

turn the general distress to their own advantage, by exciting an alarm,—confounding all opposition to their measures with disaffection to the cause of good order,—and creating such a diversion in the public mind as might prevent their own failures and malversations from being severely scrutinized, and stifle the voice of the community, raised generally for reform, universally for retrenchment. It is of the utmost importance, both with a view to the measures already adopted under the influence of this alarm, and with respect to the probable attempts at further encroachments upon the Constitution, that we should stop to examine how far the conduct of the Government disproves the good faith and sincerity of its professions,—how far it stands convicted of having acted treacherously towards the country, and towards those whom it has deluded, without themselves really believing the existence of the danger in any thing of a formidable extent. This inquiry is of the highest importance, both with a view to the present state of the country, and the Constitutional questions lately discussed.

We can only judge of men's motives by their conduct: But if we find them acting in a way in which no one could possibly act under the influence of certain opinions or feelings, we may fairly conclude, that their pretensions are false, when they affect to entertain those sentiments. There is no other rule, by which we can safely form a judgment upon such matters; and we proceed to its application.

The Government have taken great pains to state, that the alarm which they professed to feel, was quite independent of any occurrences at the commencement of the Session of Parliament. They have uniformly alleged that a system, of long standing and great extent, had been discovered by them months before the meeting; and that these measures were directed to counteract its effects—if possible to put it down. According to their story, the indecent and most reprehensible outrage which took place the first day of the Session, had no share in determining their councils; they were resolved, long before, to propose the same measures to Parliament. Let us see how far the facts tally with this statement.

In the *first* place, it is certain that Parliament was not assembled one day earlier on account of the pretended alarm into which the Government had thus been thrown. It met only four days earlier than the year before; and that was the latest meeting ever known. Nay, the last prorogation took place after the meeting at Spasfields, when those acts of violence were committed, which gave the only colour that has as yet been given to the statement of seditious designs. If the Ministers really knew

of plots, combinations, secret societies, and all the rest of the apparatus since described so fully, why did they not call together the Great Council of the nation? They do not pretend, that any one tittle of evidence, upon these subjects, has come to their knowledge since the Spafelds meeting; and yet, at the period when that assembly was most in their minds, they prolonged the vacation by six weeks.

But, *secondly*, The Speech at the opening of the Session says not one word of new laws, or the necessity of any deviation from the old usages and constitution of the realm. On the contrary, the Sovereign merely states his regret at the disposition manifested by a few turbulent persons; expresses his satisfaction at the general good order that prevailed, and the great patience of the people under their misfortunes; and professes his intention to maintain the publick tranquillity, by the means with which the Constitution armed his hands. Can any man read these things and suppose it possible, that the Ministers who put them together had resolved to call upon Parliament for a suspension of the Constitution, and a creation of an almost dictatorial power? Is it to be believed that those strong measures had ever entered into their minds, or, if they had, that they were for a moment seriously entertained? As the Regent returned from delivering that speech, a stone was thrown at his carriage; and the alarm naturally excited by so indecent an act, seems to have given a new light to his Ministers. They then, for the first time, bethought them of secret committees, and violent measures; or they began to conceive hopes that such engines of alarm might be played off upon the publick, having previously wished to try them, and dreaded their failure.

*Thirdly*, This is still further proved by their attempts to magnify the accident just now alluded to. At first it was confidently alleged, that a bullet had been fired. No smoke, it is true, had been seen, nor any report heard, by the thousands standing close round the spot:—but then an air gun had been used. The size of this implement of treason was objected to, and therefore it dwindled into an air pistol—a weapon invented, we suppose, for the occasion, by some ingenious traitor. The laws of projectiles, however, presented several difficulties, not so easily got over. The glass was broken in two places, the holes being small and definite. This was explained by the instantaneous discovery of a new law of motion; the bullet, it seems, struck in a slanting direction, made a hole, and rebounded—then struck again, and made another hole—just, we were glibly told, as a stone does when thrown upon a surface of water to make what is called ducks and drakes; as if this could possibly take

place on a *vertical* plane, and did not entirely depend on the *gravitation* which brings the stone back to the horizontal surface from which it had rebounded. Besides, the bullet was not found to have entered the carriage at all; so that the laws of motion must have been a second time suspended; and the public were actually desired to believe (as they valued their character for loyalty), that a bullet had been fired by an air pistol, from a tree, in open day, among thousands of people, so as to hit the pane of glass, make a clean hole, then rebound and hit the glass again, make a second hole, and then fly off, without penetrating the glass either time, though both times it made a hole clean through. The impossibility of making the public believe this extravagant nonsense, speedily put an end to the story of the bullet:—But it was not a little disgusting to see the children of corruption ready to persecute every one who refused his assent to such absurdities, and roaring out the hackneyed charges of disaffection against all who retained the possession of their reason when the interests of speculation required them for the season to surrender it.

As soon as the Ministers found that they could not maintain the high ground which they had at first assumed, when they expected to persuade the country that a direct treason had been attempted, they also perceived that the incident was too flimsy to bear the weight of the measures they intended to ground upon it. They therefore discovered that there was a wide-spread and deeprooted system of conspiracy in the country,—and that they had known it long before. They now tried to disconnect it with the outrage against the Regent's carriage—and they induced Committees of both Houses to concur in vague and indefinite reports of a danger, not very easily understood, threatening the Constitution and the property of the country. We have already said, that we cannot enter upon the discussion of these reports, for reasons which must immediately present themselves to the mind of the reader. But we must state with the distinctness which the importance of the subject demands, and the notoriety of the fact warrants, that these reports omit one most essential consideration, and that they are liable to suspicions of inaccuracy, when we compare them with the report of 1812.

They omit the essential consideration of the Distress universally prevailing, in a degree wholly unprecedented in the former history of the country. It has been clearly proved, that at no former period were so many hands wholly out of employment,—or so much misery among those having work from wages extremely reduced. All parties have concurred in admitting this; and in also allowing that the people have generally behaved in a peaceful manner under their sufferings. Now, it is very

much to be lamented, that the Committees should not have reflected how naturally all the symptoms detailed to them might be accounted for by the existence of this distress. The outrages against machinery have been carried on for some years. They began in 1811; and, in 1812, the distresses being great, though nothing in comparison with the present calamity, these disorders increased considerably, so as to require legislative interposition. Since that period they have varied in their extent and violence, according as the cause varied in which they originated—the want of employment in the manufacturing districts where machinery comes most in competition with human labour. That the present state of things should have somewhat increased them, is nothing wonderful; yet it really does not appear that there is much more of this mischief than in 1812—A number of disbanded sailors are also to be found everywhere, but chiefly in the great towns, wholly destitute of the means of subsistence.—A vigilant police is, no doubt, requisite for repressing the disorders likely to arise from hence; but no extraordinary appearance of riot has hitherto been observed,—nothing beyond what the universal misery, the number of idle and starving people everywhere abounding must of necessity occasion.

We cannot, indeed, doubt that a few mischievous persons will always be ready to avail themselves of such a state of things, in order to excite disturbance. But what symptoms are there of their succeeding? What proofs of their even having formed any regular system for promoting any such schemes of revolution as are imputed to them? As often as they have attempted to excite riot, the good sense, or the indifference of the multitude has preserved the public peace. At the first meeting in Spafields, the metropolis was entirely at their mercy; there were no precautions taken to defend it, and no force was in its neighbourhood; yet nothing was even attempted beyond breaking a few bakers' windows. At the second meeting, an attempt indeed was made, but it failed entirely:—It was nothing more than the ordinary police of the city could cope with; and it was in fact put down by two aldermen and a few constables. The Lord Mayor is admitted to have furnished much of the evidence—we may say the chief evidence, to the Committees; yet he has openly avowed his opinion, that there exists no danger of an extraordinary nature. The Ministers, to be sure, say he is prejudiced, because he is a friend of the liberty of the subject, and satisfied with the existing securities which the laws afford to the public peace. They, therefore, deny his competency to judge of a danger which he describes from his personal knowledge—as

he repelled it by his courage, and by his constitutional exertions. But the other Alderman, Sir J. Shaw, has no such party bias as they complain of in the Chief Magistrate: He has been the steady supporter of all administrations; and is the man personally opposed to the Lord Mayor in the politics of the city; but he has behaved like an honest man, and declared openly, in Parliament, his disbelief of any such dangers as to require new laws.

The transactions in 1812 throw great suspicions upon the grounds of the alarm thus anxiously sought to be spread. The Ministers at that period were sorely pressed by their opponents; the publick distress was great; the discontent at their measures had risen high; they had sustained a signal defeat in the overthrow of their commercial system of war; they were as weak, and almost as much divided as they now are among themselves; a general election approached; and it was highly expedient to raise a clamour by all means—because their adversaries are rendered unpopular by every successful alarm, and the fainthearted naturally rally round whatever Government is actually in office, as often as they are stricken with fear of some danger, they know not of what nature, and are not interested to know.—In these circumstances, nearly the same course was pursued, in working up this alarm, that the Ministers have recently followed. All that had happened for six months, was carefully collected, and the prominent parts culled out for the Committees. The worst of the outrages had taken place two or three months before any Secret Committees were ever thought of; and undoubtedly, if Mr Percival's murder had happened in the country, as Mr Horsefall's did, it would have been used to swell the account. We must now beg leave to lay before the reader some particulars of the Reports which the Committee then made, and some facts afterwards brought to light connected with the subject. We deem the importance of the inquiry an ample justification of these details. It is no light matter to have the Constitution suspended during a season of peace, because a number of silly people chuse to take fright, and a few more designing ones would turn their fears to their own profit. The present alarm, we are aware, will pass away like its predecessors; but probably not before it has answered some of the purposes for which it has been raised. Yet when we see how repeatedly the same expedients can be resorted to by designing men with success, it becomes necessary that endeavours should be made to open the eyes of the country, in order to prevent the imposture from being once more attempted; and the most effectual way of doing this, seems to be the demonstration, that the last time the thing was tried,

not only was the same kind of plot described, which is now so much talked of, but that in a few months it had not only ceased to be credited, but had entirely vanished from our recollection. We should think, too, that there is no such positive enjoyment in a state of panic, as to make men desirous of its continuance, and averse to all topics of encouragement and comfort. Now, we do think that it must be difficult for the most alarmed of man or woman kind, to look back at the proceedings in 1812, with their ultimate results, and not feel in better heart and spirits at the present hour.

The Report of the Lords is the fullest in the former, as it is in the present period. \* In 1812, then, their Lordships begin by describing the prevailing disposition to be one of 'combined and disciplined riot and disturbance.' They then traced it through Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire, into Cheshire. As a specimen of the animated picture, drawn by those Noble historians, of the state of their country, we shall give the following masterly sketch of part of Cheshire.—'The spirit of disorder then *rapidly* spread through the neighbourhood; inflammatory placards, inviting the people to a general rising, were dispersed; illegal oaths were administered; riots were produced in various places; houses were plundered by persons in disguise; and a report was industriously circulated, that a general rising would take place on the first of May, or early in that month. This spirit of riot and disturbance was extended to many other places,' &c. It is to be remarked, that all this preparation, or rather actual commencement, of rebellion, had taken place four or five months before the date of the Report:—however, let us proceed. In the middle of April (three months before the Report), in the night, a meeting was held 'for the purpose, as supposed, of being trained for military exercise'—'contributions were levied in the neighbourhood at the houses of gentlemen and farmers.' A singular arrival also happened at Manchester. On the 26th and 27th April, the people were alarmed by the appearance of *some thousands of strangers* in their town—the greater part of them, however, disappeared on the 28th.—'Part of the Local Militia had been then called out, and a large military force had arrived, which it was supposed had overawed those who were disposed to disturbance. An apprehension, however, prevailed of a more general rising in

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\* The Commons have not stated, as a ground of alarm, 'the systematic attempts to undermine the chastity of young females,' mentioned in the Lords' Report.

‘ May ; and in the neighbourhood of the town many houses were plundered. Nocturnal meetings, for the purpose of military exercise, were frequent ; arms were seized in various places by the disaffected ; the house of a farmer, near Manchester, was plundered ; and a labourer, coming to his assistance was shot. The manner in which the disaffected have carried on their proceedings, is represented as demonstrating *an extraordinary degree of concert, secrecy and organization. Their signals were well contrived and well established ;* and any attempt to detect and lay hold of the offenders was generally defeated.’ After detailing, in the same warm and impressive style, the attacks upon many manufactories, the Report states the murder of Mr Horsefall ‘ in broad daylight ;’ and adds a particular, well calculated to increase the alarm, though happily proved a short time afterwards to be a mere fiction of the imagination. ‘ When he fell, the *populace surrounded and reviled him*, instead of offering him assistance ; and no attempt was made to secure the assassins, who were seen to retire to an adjoining wood.’ It is likewise said, that a reward of 2000*l.* was offered for the discovery of the murderers ; but no discovery has yet been made, though it appears that he was shot by four persons, each of whom lodged a ball in his body.’

Let us pause over this frightful story for a moment. Some time after the report, and without any means of discovery but the vigilance of the Magistrates acting under the old law, and the temptation of the reward, the murderers *were* discovered. They were tried by a special commission at York ; the Solicitor for the Treasury, who conducted the proceedings, published officially a report of the trials ; and from this it appears, that there were *no populace* near at the time ; that Mr Horsefall was not insulted or reviled ; but that the only persons who saw or knew any thing of his misfortune, were two who passed after it happened, and who carried him to a neighbouring inn for medical aid ! That these two should not have been able to secure the four murderers, is not surprising ; but is it possible that the Committee could have made any inquiries of persons in the neighbourhood of those who helped Mr Horsefall ? Indeed, it is a rule in such secret investigations, only to receive such evidence, almost always written, as the Ministers chuse to produce. They consist almost entirely of reports from active Magistrates, a class of the community highly meritorious, but peculiarly liable to the influence of alarm, and not unfrequently desirous of displaying their zeal and activity to the Government.

The next statement shows such a disposition to magnify

the grounds of alarm, as speaks volumes. ‘ Some time after, a young woman was attacked in the streets of Leeds, and nearly murdered, her skull being fractured; and the supposed reason for this violence was an apprehension that she had been near the spot when Mr Horstall was murdered, and might therefore be able to give evidence which might lead to the detection of the murderers.’ It is not pretended that she was near the spot; then how could any one guess that the murderers had such an apprehension? Here is a mere vague fancy of some gossip or busy person wishing to connect together two events which had no relation to one another; yet their Lordships record this solemnly in their alarming Report. The same degree of courtesy is not indeed shown towards suppositions of another nature. The riots at Manchester having been in fact meal mobs, their Lordships allude to this circumstance in a tone of authoritative disbelief—‘ the general pretence was the high price of provisions.’ Now, at least, there was a ground for this pretence; provisions were high, and the lower people were starving. But supposing, what has never appeared in any thing like evidence, that a young woman at Leeds really was seriously hurt, what ground is that for pretending that it was because the murderers supposed that she might have been near the spot, and therefore apprehended that she might have given some evidence which might have led to their detection?

After describing, in the same glowing and energetic style of reporting, that all the inhabitants near Huddersfield and Bristol had ‘ their arms swept away by bands of armed robbers,’ and that ‘ in one hundred depositions there was only one as to the perpetrator of the crime,’ their Lordships proceed as follows—‘ It is represented, that nightly robberies of arms, lead, and ammunition, were prevalent in the districts bounded by the rivers Air and Calder, and that the patrols which went along both banks of the Calder, found the people in the ill-affected villages up at midnight; and heard the firing of small arms at short distances from them, through the whole night, to a very great extent, which they imagined proceeded from parties at drill.’ They then deliver an opinion as to the real object and nature of the conspiracy which they assume to have been formed; after negativing the opinion, that want of employment could have any connexion with the outrages—‘ the views, their Lordships state, of some of the persons engaged, have extended to revolutionary measures of the most dangerous description. Their proceedings manifest a degree of caution and organization, which appears to flow from the direction of

' some persons under whose influence they act; but it is the  
 ' opinion of a person, whose situation gives him great oppor-  
 ' tunities of information, that their leaders, although they may  
 ' possess considerable influence, are still of the lowest orders;  
 ' men of desperate fortunes, who have taken advantage of the  
 ' pressure of the moment, to work upon the inferior class,  
 ' through the medium of the associations in the manufacturing  
 ' parts of the country. The general persuasion of the persons en-  
 ' gaged in these transactions appears however to be, that all the  
 ' societies in the country are directed in their motions by a secret  
 ' committee, and that this secret committee is, therefore, the  
 ' great mover of the whole machine; and it is established, by  
 ' the various information to which the committee has before  
 ' alluded, that societies are formed in different parts of the  
 ' country; that these societies are governed by their respective  
 ' secret committees; that delegates are continually despatched  
 ' from one place to another, for the purpose of concerting  
 ' their plans; and that secret signs are arranged, by which the  
 ' persons engaged in these conspiracies are known to each o-  
 ' ther.' Their Lordships proceed to show, that the members  
 of this universal association (as it seems to be) are bound to-  
 gether by oaths; that these are the same, or nearly so, in all  
 parts of the country; and that, from this similarity, ' the sys-  
 tematic nature of the concert ' is proved. They give a copy  
 of this oath, and it is to the full as solemn and formidable as  
 any that has recently been disclosed. It binds him who takes  
 it, ' never to reveal to any person or persons, under the canopy  
 ' of Heaven,' any thing relating to the association, ' under  
 ' the penalty of being sent out of the world by the first brother  
 ' who shall meet him, and his name and character blotted out  
 ' of existence, and never to be remembered, but with contempt  
 ' and abhorrence.' It also binds him ' to use his best endea-  
 ' vour to punish, by death, any traitor or traitors, wherever  
 ' they may be found, and to pursue them, with increasing ven-  
 ' geance, though they should fly to the verge of nature.' Their  
 Lordships next state the sort of discipline subsisting among  
 the persons thus bound together. ' Their *military organiza-*  
 ' *tion,*' they say, ' has proceeded to an *alarming length*; they  
 ' assemble in large numbers, in general by night, upon heaths  
 ' or commons, which are numerous and extensive in some of  
 ' the districts where the disturbances have been most serious.  
 ' So assembled, they take the *usual military precautions* of pa-  
 ' roles and countersigns; their muster rolls are called over by  
 ' numbers, not by names; they are directed by leaders, some-  
 ' times in disguise; they place sentries, to give alarm at the

approach of any persons whom they may suspect, and they disperse instantly at the firing of a gun, or other signal agreed upon, and so disperse as to avoid detection. They have, in some instances, used *signals by rockets or blue lights*, by which they communicate intelligence to their parties.' Their Lordships proceed to show how they collect lead for balls, and 'make seizures of gunpowder;' and how they levy contributions of money, both to form a treasure, and to induce persons to join them; and conclude, as usual, with asserting the insufficiency of the existing laws, and the necessity of stronger measures to destroy such a system!—Yet upon this report, so abounding in facts of a serious complexion, be it observed, the Government of 1812 only proposed the trifling measure of police known by the name of the Arms bill, which was never once acted upon, and the bill making certain unlawful oaths a capital felony.—A general suspension of the Constitution, or even the Gagging bills, never was thought of.

We have already stated a very remarkable instance, in which their Lordships were as completely deceived by their informants, as it was possible for men to be. They had believed and reported a very striking circumstance, the most striking indeed of any in their Report; and it afterwards turned out, that this was a mere invention from beginning to end, without even the shadow of a foundation. But we must go a step further, and ask, whether the whole of the organized system now described from the Report, has not been proved to be an invention? The lapse of five years, without more coming of it, is quite decisive of this point. A country cannot possibly remain as many months in the dreadful state painted by the Report, and be quiet. No such instance can be given in the history of man. The country is represented as organized for immediate revolt, and there comes an open trade and a good harvest, and we hear no more of the organization—the system—the 'usual military precautions'—the parole and countersigns—the muster-rolls, in which men are called over by numbers, not by names—the leaders in disguise. There are no more guns fired as signals; even the rockets no longer rise, and the blue lights all go out. To suppose that such a system existed, and that the restoration of prosperity suddenly put it down, is ridiculous. When men have gone so far as the Report describes, they do not return to their peaceful avocations because the quartern loaf has fallen a fifth in price. In truth, no such system ever did exist: But busy men, and timid men, deceived the Committees; for we have no right to suspect those distinguished bodies of making the most of the facts sent to them, in order to

suit a party purpose. In less than two months after the Reports were presented, the conspiracy was wholly forgotten; and scarcely any one recollected that there had ever been a Secret Committee, or a Report in 1812, until it was deemed expedient once more to pursue the same course, to assemble new Committers, and obtain new Reports. Can any reasonable man look back upon the proceedings which we have been relating, without some feeling of shame for those distinguished persons who were so misled? Can any one avoid suspecting, that we are running over again the same course of delusion?

The alarmists of the present day have by no means the same materials to work with, that enabled their predecessors, in 1812, to compile the Reports now alluded to. Instead of outrages in various parts of the country, one only breach of the peace has been committed. The cruel murders, the systematic attacks upon manufactories, the attempts to prevent justice from taking its course, are now wholly wanting. The training, the organization, the connected system moved by central committees, could not easily be revived, because it would recall the failure upon those points of learning in 1812; and, therefore, a more vague and general account is given, of designs to overthrow the government and spread revolution through the country. As no specific acts of violence have been observed, with the single exception of Spasfields, the exaggerated story of the outrage in the Park has been reinforced with allegations of designs to attack the Tower, burn the metropolis, and destroy the bridges. Much has been made of a seditious handbill, and of some most indecent parodies upon the Liturgy, which, though more offensive to the ears of our brethren in the South than to those which have heard the language of the *Solemn League and Covenant*, must nevertheless be reprobated by men of all persuasions, as highly indecorous and criminal. Those papers, however, were confined to the metropolis, and were liable to severe punishment by the existing laws. Something more, therefore, was wanting, to make the alarm-cauldron 'boil and bubble.' Accordingly, the Ministers appear to have agreed, that the gentleman, whose speech is now before us, should fling into it a forgotten pamphlet, whose author has been many years dead, and who was only known in his life as a harmless and ignorant enthusiast. The following passage will show the manner in which this piece of conjuration was performed.

'But these men, it seems, are "visionary and fanciful theorists!" Why, Sir, let us hope that they are no more: let us hope that their whole object is to mould and square the Constitution to some ideal model of perfectibility; and that, though (as is the nature of theo-

rists) they would not, perhaps, suffer any consideration for established institutions, for property, or for life, to stand in the way of their experiments,—such hazards are merely incidental to their plan,—that their only aim is theoretical perfection. But I confess I have my apprehensions that there is something much more *substantial* in these theories; that not only this House and the Government furnish matter for their fanciful speculation, but that, in some of their waking visions, even the solid *Land* presents itself as an object of desire.

‘I know how easy it is to despise, or to affect to despise, daring and extravagant projects, announced and supported by comparative impotence and imbecility; but I know also, how dangerous it is to do so. France is the standing example of perils too lightly estimated in their beginning, and not resisted until they had grown to a strength which at once alarmed and overpowered resistance. The projects of innovation do not stop with Parliaments and Governments; the projectors would, in the end, shear property to the quick. This is no conjecture of mine; nor is it merely the day-dream of ignorant and illiterate men. The purpose is avowed: it is detailed and reasoned upon, in a pamphlet which I hold in my hand, with no contemptible degree of intelligence and dexterity. There is nothing in the style which betrays an absence of literary acquirements. This pamphlet, as I have been informed, has been circulated with astonishing industry through the country. It contains the dogmas of a considerable Sect; considerable, I mean, from those circumstances which make sects formidable,—its numbers and its enthusiasm. Hear, then, the ingenious Creed of these Patrons of the Soil! The great and crying evil of the time is, the ‘*usurpation of the Land, the gift of God, from the people.*’—‘*Landlords,*’ it is stated, ‘*are the only oppressors of the people.*’—‘*All the land, the waters, the houses, the mines, &c. &c. must return to the people, the whole people:—without the restoration of this property. Reforms and Revolutions are unavailing.*’—Such is the substance: the matter is treated much at large, and, as I have said, with no inconsiderable ability; and the doctrine is disseminated with proselytizing zeal. Let then the Property of the Country be aware of the danger of countenancing the first breach in our Civil Institutions. It is not only against us, the corrupt House of Commons: it is not only against us, corrupter Ministers, that the wrath of Heaven is kindled, and the vengeance of the people denounced. The corruption of Parliaments and Ministers may be cured. Reform will dispose of the one, and Revolution of the other: but all in vain,—all to no beneficial purpose,—while the Land continues in ‘*usurpation,*’ and the ‘*property of the people*’ is undivided and unrestored.’

Mr Canning does not here give *much* of the tract which he cites; he mentions as its substance, and as the leading doctrine of the sect, an hostility to all property.—That was sufficient, he

conceived, to alarm all proprietors ; and he judiciously enough omits the rest, suppressing even the title of the book, because it would have shown that the author was a poor deluded fanatic. It is given, indeed, in a note to the publication before us, but was, of course, not spoken.

Thus far Mr Canning ; but the reader may be desirous of seeing a little of Mr Spence, the founder of the sect—who kept a bookseller's stall during his life ; and of his commentator and expositor Mr Evans, a reputable brace and breeches-maker, in New Castle Street, Strand. We have a copy before us of this delectable performance, from which the following passages are taken almost at random.

‘ Fellow Countrymen,

‘ These nations are arrived at a crisis the most tremendously awful to contemplate ; brought upon us by the mistaken policy of our rulers, the avarice of our landholders and merchants, the influence of a corrupted press, hired, terrified, and induced, by all manner of means, to deceive the great body of the people ; while they have been drained, by taxation, of their rightful share of national property, the only source of power. By want of foresight in our rulers, they have allowed themselves to be flattered by needy courts to squander among them unsparingly our wealth, not perceiving that wealth is power, in a nation as well as in an individual ; and that when they were transferring our wealth to foreigners, they were actually transferring our power to them also. It was thus that Napoleon, *by gathering our wealth*, raised himself to power ; and now, by the same means, we have raised Alexander in his place, fearfully gigantic !

‘ Such has been the effect of the impolicy of putting down Napoleon, to elevate Alexander. What have we gained ? *Napoleon was a mere pigmy to Alexander ; his boasting served to talk about, but he could have been managed and guarded against. Alexander is a still, steady man of business, laying firm hold of all he can get, and relinquishing nothing ; nor is there any power now that can compel him.*

‘ What has Russia gained by the war ? The whole of the Caspian Sea and ten provinces of Persia ; the best half of Sweden, viz. Finland, nearly the whole of Poland. Yes, Poland is conceded ! *Poland,—that country from whence we have these twenty years drawn such a mine of wealth,*’ &c.

The mysteries of the sect then are unfolded, as it were, historically.

‘ There have already been three great cras from which to date the liberty of the world, that of Moses, that of the Christian, and that of Alfred,—and a new one has arrived.

‘ From the date of the first, when Moses established his agrarian republic, to this hour, the struggle of despotism has never ceas-

ed in endeavouring to reduce mankind again to universal slavery ; but now it cannot succeed ; it is so well understood. universally, public opinion rejects it ; and that is the lever with which the world is moved. The divine laws promulgated through the interposition of Moses, command the establishment of an agrarian commonwealth, a republic. The Israelites were every one of them to have a possession in land for ever—not to have kings like the people they displaced, as they were the cause of all manner of wickedness—nor lords like the Philistines, for, if not quite so bad, they were much too bad, God is said to have declared. But they were to live on a footing of *equality*, every one under his own vine, and under his own figtree, brothers and equals, pledged to each other for the fulfilment of this law, which if it be the revealed will of God, why is it not done?—And the Christian epoch was ushered into the world on the broadest republican principles ;—the church has all along, and everywhere been administered on the principal of a republic. The Roman-catholic church, the Greek church, the Reformed church. and all others emanating from them, more or less retain the principles and policy of the first Christians. God, in all his commands, has been most explicit in declaring, whoever shall oppose this his just system of policy, are his enemies ; from whence it follows, that all the land and all the buildings in a Christian community, should be the declared property of all the people (who are equally members of the Church, brothers and equals in the sight of God), and should be let on their account, and the rents equally divided among them, to every man, woman and child. I ask the present pretended proprietors of the world, how came it their's? Did they make it, and the people they call their subjects? If not, did the Maker of it give it to them, with the people it contains? Judaism and Christianity assure us to the contrary. Courts and kings, and lords and landlords, and slaves and oppression. and war and priests, and ignorance, are the produce of paganism—they were pagan in their origin, and they remain pagan still. Idolatry was their parent, and it is observable with what pertinacity they adhere to it, even now. In which of their dwellings will not be found the pictures, the statues, the busts, of their Jupiters, Junos, Apollos, Dianas, Venuses, &c. &c.? Tyrants and pomp, and monopoly and cruelty, and all and every proceeding for ages, and at the present day, are the direct reverse of Christianity. There is but one sect of Christians extant, viz. the Moravians, who make common stock of what they possess. And what is the cause we find things so different to what they were ordained to be? The question is easily solved,—corruption and paganism.

‘ Turn, O turn, to the page of history, and judge from thence if that good and virtuous man, Jesus Christ, did any thing more than endeavour to enforce an observance of the laws of Moses as a divine system of policy, to reproduce that harmony and brotherhood so necessary for the wellbeing of society. Was it not the

pagan Greeks that made this man a divinity, and not his first followers, the Jews?' p. 8—10.

That reason merely is the weapon which these enthusiasts intend to use—that they are a well-meaning, a deluded, and, whether we regard the weakness of their weapon or the strength of the interests opposed to them, a very innocent people, needs no proof.

'Such national partnership,' they proceed, 'is the natural, the indefeasible, the inalienable rights of all mankind, and is what makes Christianity so much superior to Judaism, viz. the more just and equitable mode of dividing the rent or produce of land, than that of dividing land itself. The great philosopher and lawgiver, Moses, as the projector of a system to put mankind in possession of the land Nature intended for their use, is venerated as the servant of God; but Joshua, the son of Joseph and Mary, who is said to have established this division of the rents of the land (which the Church practise) as an improvement in the world more equitable, and easy of practice, as well as more natural, is esteemed a Divinity, as the Son of God himself, sent down from heaven for that purpose.\* And my intent in writing this book, is to inspire my countrymen, and all mankind if possible, with the consideration of this system of policy; which, viewed in whatever light it may, is strictly just, is justice itself; would render the world a paradise, a heaven upon earth; would destroy war, oppression, and misery. For how many ages, from the elevated temple of Justice, have we viewed with delight, on shining pedestals of immortality, the images of Moses, Lycurgus, the founders of the Christian Church, and the greatest of monarchs, Alfred! If, then, these characters in the practice of justice, under all manner of disadvantages, have gained such immortality, how happy, great, and glorious, must be the nation, that shall adopt and establish this plan of pure and unallayed justice, on a permanent basis of practice—how immortal will be that king, or legislature, under whose auspices it shall be established!'

The work concludes with a hymn against exclusive property, appointed, we suppose, to be sung in all the churches of this communion; and we shall not trouble our readers with any specimens of a piece, which is as distant from rhyme as the prose which precedes it is from reason:

Absurd and contemptible as all this may even already appear to every sober-minded man, its effects were complete for the moment.—Parliament was induced to adopt the measures recommended by the authors of the alarm; the writ of Habeas Corpus for England, and the benefits of the Wrongous Imprisonment Act for Scotland, were taken away from the subject during a limited period, and severe restrictions imposed upon public meetings. Such a suspension of the Constitution had never taken place at any former period of peace, unless when a pretender to the

Crown was threatening the realm with invasion, was supported by a party of the principal nobility, and numbered among his adherents the majority of the proprietors in the country. Even in time of war, it had only been attempted under circumstances of peculiar danger; and it had never been tried in so complete a manner. This matter deserves a little further attention, as indicative of the extraordinary circumstances which have characterized the present alarm, and the thoughtless zeal with which it has made men act.

The Reports of the Committees in 1794, detail, at much length, and with a great deal of documentary evidence, the proceedings of the disaffected. Their clubs, and other affiliated societies, were openly holden, in defiance of the civil power. No difficulty of tracing their numbers seems to have existed; and instead of describing, in general, ill-defined terms, certain combinations, schemes, systems, machines, organizations, and the rest of the imagery of the present Reports, those documents furnished ample and precise accounts of the associations formed for changing the frame of the Government. They dwelt principally upon the correspondence of the disaffected with the Jacobins of Paris, and the missions of their delegates to the Convention; the encouragement held out by the French Revolutionary Government to all who in other countries should embark in rebellious designs; the threatened invasion of this realm to be attempted in concert with the seditious at home; and, above all, upon the marked disinclination of the latter to look for redress to Parliament, and their steady and avowed determination to seek it from other quarters. In the present day, every one of these perils is wanting:—there are neither Jacobins, foreign correspondence, nor threats of invasion; and, instead of a disinclination to petition Parliament, the multitude of petitions impedes the progress of business in a degree wholly unprecedented.

But, even in this time of serious apprehension, when, from the circumstances just now stated, it might seem more reasonable to take alarm, Parliament did not proceed so far as it has recently done. In 1794, upon the reports being presented, the Habeas Corpus act was suspended; \* but no bills were brought in to prevent and restrain public meetings. In the summer of the following year, the Suspension act was suffered to expire; and, during its expiration, in consequence of some violent proceed-

\* The vulgar and inaccurate phrase is here employed for the sake of brevity. The act known by the name of the *Habeas Corpus Suspension Act*, is in truth an act to enable the Crown to detain suspected persons without trial.

ings which took place, what are commonly called the *Gagging Bills* were passed. It was not for about two years afterwards, and under circumstances of an aggravated nature, that the Suspension act was once more passed. The present alarm about the Spencean sect (which, though not at all a secret society, but openly avowing its delusions, is found so trifling in numbers that hardly any members can be discovered) has so far swayed the Parliament, that, without any one of the dangers existing in 1794 and 1795, they have at one and the same moment passed *all* the bills, then passed separately, and the one set after the other had ceased to exist; and they have, moreover, enforced by new enactments, the act passed in 1799, beside utterly putting down the Spenceans by name, and all *such* sects, by a sweeping description.

The great difference in the mode of proceeding now and in former periods, when men of real talents had sway in the publick councils, and when extraordinary dangers did in truth press upon the government, may be still further illustrated, by referring to the preambles of the statutes then made to meet the emergency of the times. The Suspension act of 1794 (34. *Geo. III* c. 54.), states the existence of ‘a traitorous and detestable conspiracy for subverting the laws and constitution, and for introducing the system of anarchy and confusion so fatally prevalent in France.’ This act was continued to 1st July 1795; and then it expired. It was renewed in 1798, by an act, which stated, ‘That his Majesty’s enemies were making preparations for invasion with considerable and increasing activity, and that their designs were encouraged by the traitorous practices of wicked and disaffected persons within the realm.’

But if we go a little farther back, to times more nearly resembling the present, or rather exceeding them in the amount of danger, but before the habits of alarm, engendered by the French Revolution, had spread so widely among the people, we shall find more constitutional methods practised of warding off the attempts of disaffection. Not to mention the disturbed state of the country in 1767 and 1768, when the speeches from the throne lament the apparent ‘tendency to disaffection loosing the bonds of constitutional subordination;’ in 1780 the excesses of sedition were heightened by fanaticism; a war, generally unsuccessful, raging, and invasion was apprehended from more quarters than one. His Majesty, in his Speech from the Throne, describes the prevailing outrages as ‘overbearing all civil authority, and threatening the immediate subversion of all legal power, the destruction of property, and confusion of every order in the State.’ He adds, that he has therefore ‘provid-

‘ ed for the public safety, by the most effectual and immediate application of the *force* entrusted to him by Parliament;’ and that he has given directions ‘ for bringing the guilty to speedy trial, that they may receive such condign punishment as the laws of the country prescribe.’ Thus, resting satisfied with the existing laws, and the powers already given to the executive Magistrate, the King adds these memorable expressions— ‘ Though I trust it is not necessary, yet I think it right, at this time, to renew to you my solemn assurances, that I have no other object, but to make the laws of the realm, and the principles of our excellent constitution, the rule and measure of my conduct; and I shall ever consider it as the first duty of my station, and the chief glory of my reign, to maintain and preserve the established religion of my kingdoms, and, as far as in me lies, to secure and to perpetuate the rights and liberties of my people.’

During the earlier periods of the French Revolution, these promises, so truly worthy of an English Prince, were not forgotten. In May 1792, when the country was inundated with seditious publications, and practices of a dangerous nature to the peace of the realm began to prevail, a Proclamation was issued, warning the people against such a contagion, and especially against ‘ correspondence with persons abroad for wicked purposes.’ In December, when the danger had increased, the militia was called out; and the ground of this measure was stated to be, the ‘ correspondence with foreigners, for the purpose of subverting the Constitution.’ When in January 1793, Chauvelin had been dismissed, and hostilities impended, the King’s message states the connexion between the efforts of the disaffected, and the ‘ subversion of social order.’ Yet no innovations were attempted on the Constitution. On the contrary, the King’s speech at the close of the Session commends the ‘ firmness of Parliament in *supporting the Constitution*;’ and asserts that this ‘ had checked every attempt to disturb the public repose.’ Alarm then had not become so easily catching. At present it is epidemic; and we seek to allay it instantly by performing the most violent operations as mere matters of course. We give the Constitution no kind of credit for its power of resistance; we listen to wordy, mouthing, ranting declaimers, who prate about its containing within itself the means of extending and adapting itself to emergencies; and those means turn out to be (that the metaphor may suddenly vanish) the suspension of the Constitution while the panic lasts,—or until the turn is served for which it was raised!

Nothing, in our apprehension, can be more evident than the

OBJECT of all these proceedings. The prevalence of distrust in their measures almost universally ; the loud and unanimous cries of the people for retrenchment ; the extraordinary accession of popularity recently acquired by the cause of Parliamentary Reform ; the great and increasing strength of the Opposition in Parliament, a party wholly unparalleled in numerical force at any former period of our history—all these unquestionable facts rendered the situation of the Ministers nearly desperate at the beginning of the Session. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to divide the strength of their opponents, and to raise an alarm in the country, which should produce the same benefits to the rulers of the present day that Mr Pitt had derived from it in 1793. That they have failed signally in this plan, we believe few of their adherents are now sanguine enough to deny: But it is equally impossible for their adversaries to doubt, that a temporary success has attended the scheme. The Opposition was found, contrary to all the expectations of the Ministers, resolved to hold its course steadily and constitutionally, without the smallest disposition to form any connexion with the hairbrained zealots of universal suffrage out of doors. It showed as great contempt for the nonsense of these men as the ministerial leaders themselves. Moreover, it was found incapable of any serious divisions ; \* many, who had warmly approved the measures of 1794, now, under the total change of circumstances, with the plain evidence of the contrivance before their eyes, refused to lend themselves to promote its success ; and a much larger number divided upon the Habeas Corpus question, than can usually be induced to concur in opposing the ministerial questions of the day.—In the mean time, the evidence of facts served to convince the country at large, that there was in reality no danger beyond the casual disturbances arising from disbanded troops, and from the extraordinary distresses of the times, of which scarcity formed a part. But one object was gained by the promoters of the measures. The attention both of Parliament and the Country was drawn away from the proper business of the session.—Retrenchment was no longer the principal, nay, the sole object of discussion, as it must have been but for the plot ; and a few troublesome mouths, and still more galling pens, were stopt out of doors. The breathing time thus obtained for corruption and

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\* Three respectable members of the Opposition, who had been unfortunately prevailed upon to concur in the Report, under circumstances of a very peculiar nature, opposed the principal measures founded upon it ; and they did not find any support in the party generally, when the merits of the Report were considered.

extravagance, is, however, only a respite: The sentence has gone forth against them; it may in part be executed during the remaining portion even of this session; and the axe, now uplifted, must fall with its full force, at all events, in the next. The present Administration is, indeed, one of shifts and expedients; it tries to live over the passing hour; it trusts to the chapter of accidents; and having now hardly a possibility of relief from any chance, may perchance be consoled with the reflexion, that at least it has prolonged for one season its puny and pernicious existence.

But attempts will, in all likelihood, be made during the approaching recess, and at the probable dissolution of Parliament, to lay the foundation of measures which may, contrary to all considerations of right as well as expedience, prolong still further the mischievous system which has well nigh destroyed this once rich and happy country. If the alarm can be made subservient to the election of a Parliament more submissive to the Court, and so regardless of the publick interest, and the declared sense of the community, as to adopt, under whatever modifications or disguise, the abominable *impost upon Income*, and to sanction its continuance as a permanent branch of revenue—there is little doubt that all retrenchment is at an end, and the perpetuity of abuse is secured. Should the country either be frightened into the choice of a Parliament capable of this enormity, or lulled into security by the vain notion that no such attempt will be made, after the signal defeat sustained by the government last year;—nay, if members are returned to the new Parliament, without express and distinct pledges given to oppose every thing like an Income tax—the measure will be carried.—The design has never for a moment been dropt. All the proceedings of the Ministers demonstrate this. They never come near the subject without lamenting the loss of that favourite tax—they never propose any new and odious duty—any duty pressing upon the lower orders, and repugnant to every sound principle of taxation—as, for instance, the Soap tax—without ostentatiously stating it to be rendered necessary by the unfortunate decision of Parliament against the Income-tax. This tax, they insidiously and most falsely represent as pressing only upon the rich; and its repeal is described as a selfish triumph of the wealthy over the poor. Their other schemes of finance are evidently all temporary. A deficit of many millions is already avowed. By that amount they declare it to be impossible they should make the two ends meet. Yet they adopt no measures for reducing the expenditure; and they supply the defect, in the mean time, by aids from the Bank, which must be confined to a single year, and

by increasing the unfunded debt, which could not be even attempted beyond the present amount, but for the stagnation of all trade, and the consequent superabundance of unemployed capital. All their speeches, all their proceedings, manifestly prove that they are waiting for *better times*; that they still cling to their favourite resource; and that they expect, at the commencement of a new Parliament, to obtain that unlimited control over the property and industry of the country, with which the present Parliament peremptorily refused to entrust them.

Against this design, the country cannot be too watchfully upon its guard. They must not be lulled by any audacious falsehoods which the minions of the Treasury may put about, respecting the intentions of their masters. Those stories are easily told; they do not commit the principals; and the agents have no character to lose. Neither must the people be deceived by the plausible shape in which the measure will certainly be proposed. It will probably be only partial at first; perhaps it will be more strictly a Property than an Income tax; perhaps the more odious parts of the former impost will be left out; so that the professional, and even the mercantile classes, may be conciliated, that is, bribed to neutrality by exemptions. It is not improbable, that other taxes may be repealed at the same time, and that those others may be of an unpopular nature. The Ministers will give up any thing for the Income-tax; they will take it back on any terms; they will be satisfied with the lowest scale—with the most partial renewal of it. All they desire, is to have the machinery; and when they have once gotten that, they will screw it to the pitch they please. Give them but one per cent. upon land; and, by units and by fractions, they will speedily get the same control over the whole revenue of land, trade and labour, which they formerly had; nay, they will possess themselves of the whole disposable means of each individual, as well as of his entire secrets, and run anew the career of profligate expense, in peace and in war, which has left us in the state of exhaustion we all now feel and deplore.

Nor is it impossible, that the distresses of the times should themselves assist a little in the accomplishment of this scheme; and followed, as they probably will be, by a considerable improvement in our circumstances, from a good harvest and a large American-fall shipment, the people will be animated with new hope, after the sort of despair they have been sunk in; a partial relief will be overrated; and far more trade will be expected to follow, than there is any chance of in the present state of the world. That will be the moment for the Ministers to make their attempt;—first, at obtaining a favourable

Parliament; next, at passing the Tax Bill. And, against the exhilarating effects of such a gleam of prosperity, as much as against the influence of the alarm which it seems to relieve, we earnestly and solemnly warn all our countrymen to be upon their guard, if they have any regard left, either for the Liberty or for the Property which they have received from their ancestors, and which their children have a right to expect at their hands.

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ART. IV. *Aus Meinem Leben.* VON GOETHE. Zweiter Abtheilung, Erster Theil, Stuttgart & Tübingen. 1816.

WHEN we last parted with our friend, he appeared to be making all the regular preparations for becoming the father of a family. His mother had brought down the old substantial family cradle of 'walnut-tree wood, inlaid with ivory, 'and ebony,' in which all the Von Goethes had been rocked from generation to generation, time out of mind; and the prospect of his union with the object of his affections, 'shed a joy over our house and its inhabitants, which had long been 'a stranger there.' At this critical juncture, the third volume of his Memoirs was brought to a close. We are now presented with the 'Second Division' (so says the title-page) of these Memoirs; but we are a little disappointed to find, that the learned author has taken a flying leap over some fifteen years of his eventful life; and in this, the first volume of the Second Division, he introduces himself again to our notice, on the 3d September 1786; on which day he 'stole out of Carlsbad,' in order to escape the loving imprisonment which his friends were inclined to inflict upon him, 'packed up his travelling bag and port-manteau,' and threw himself into the postchaise which was to carry him to Munich, on his way to Italy.

Goethe's recollections of Italy—of the journey which fills the present volume, are so frequently interspersed in his productions, that we opened the book with a certain degree of curiosity. We were anxious to accompany him in his pilgrimage through the country which he has painted with such luxuriant enthusiasm, in those 'charming lines' which, as we learn from Madame de Staël, 'every body in Germany knows by heart;' and it is but fair to say, that these pleasing anticipations have not been wholly disappointed. We have found many pages exceedingly pleasing. The dramatist, we think, has taught some good lessons to the traveller. The stage has instructed him in the method of producing clear and distinct ideas of vi-

sible objects in the mind of the reader : he is graphical in his descriptions. The receding perspective of a portico, the shadow and depth of a vaulted interior, the wide view gained from the summit of a lofty tower, are often touched by him with magical truth. It seems as if he had considered the effect to be produced in the spectator at the rising of the curtain ; and the skill which has enabled him to delineate the scene with liveliness and fidelity, has also assisted him in peopling it to advantage. We believe that he endeavoured to be a diligent observer of men and manners ; and his characters are often well selected, and grouped with judgment. He was by no means deficient, indeed, in the qualifications which are supposed to be requisite in an Italian tourist. The fine arts had long engaged his attention, not only in theory but even in practice ; and, generally speaking, his opinions on subjects connected with the arts, are ingenious. It is true, that our northern intellects are too dull to allow us to enter, so thoroughly as we could wish, into the poetico-metaphysical speculations, which are now and then elicited at the sight of a Madonna or a capital ; yet he has none of the cant of the mere picture-dealing connoisseur, and seems really to speak from his own impressions. He was well prepared for the enjoyment of his journey, by reading and study ; and, above all, he possessed the great requisite of cheerfulness ; he seems to have always been on perfect good terms with himself, and consequently with all about him.

We are compelled, however, to say, that, in our apprehension, this volume of the *Memoirs* will be judged, by most readers, to be almost as doting as the preceding ones, without being equally entertaining. It abounds with characteristics which, we fear, will be considered as detracting from the respectability of the work, and of the author. Goethe invariably composes, in a peculiar taste, which we will not presume to arraign, but which differs most essentially from the taste which is displayed by the authors whom we have been taught to consider as most worthy of imitation. It may be perfectly decorous in M. Goethe to be perpetually sounding his own praises, although an absurd prejudice has led others to allege that ' self-praise is no commendation.' It may be thoroughly conformable to the dictates of good taste and good sense, to repeat a ' remarkable dream ' of a boat-load of pheasants with peacocks' tails, or a story of a Tom-cat licking the beard of a plaster Jupiter ; only we cannot, at present, recollect an instance of similar embellishments, and think we cannot fully appreciate their beauty, until we have divested ourselves of the influence which precedent exercises over our minds. Neither will we assert that Goethe is deficient in refinement, although we meet with many things which ' go against us,' if

we may use this colloquial phrase:—But, with every respect for his talents, we must be allowed to say, that he frequently seems to us like a sculptor who carves in bad marble. He tries to polish his work; but the grain is coarse, and that coarseness cannot be concealed by the labours of the artist.

We are unwilling to speak in harsh terms of the vanity of authors; indeed we hardly like to touch on such a delicate subject at all; for we are not quite certain whether the grey goose-quill which we now hold, does not force us to consider ourselves as attached at least to the guild: And perhaps we must allow every writer to consider himself, in his own breast, as the ornament of the age. But in the present stage of civilization, no one who sits above the salt at the great literary banquet, or indeed who expects to rank higher than a kitchen guest, should ever allow himself to appear very sensible of his own celebrity, or to annex much consequence to his pursuits, however important or successful. It is not altogether consistent with good sense, either to undervalue literature in general, or to refuse to bestow upon the literature of the imagination all the honours which, in truth, it can rightly challenge: But still there are distinctions which it is not very consistent with good sense to overlook. When the boundaries of the empire of science are enlarged, we can till the territory as it is gained, step by step, and the harvest heaps itself on the floor of the granary. But the conquests of fancy are made in regions which cannot be rendered immediately productive; and hence their utility is not recognised by every one. Silly people naturally rush into the contrary extreme, and exaggerate the importance of polite literature. They have no test by which they can try its worth. They do not know that it is only one of the infinite modes in which superior intellect asserts its superiority; still less can they estimate the actual value of the scraps and morsels which have fallen to their share. The judicious antiquary can tell the real price of his Otho; whilst the old woman believes that her pocket-piece, her Queen Elizabeth's shilling, or her Queen Anne's farthing, will fetch a hundred pounds. The groundlings who imagine that they belong to the commonwealth of letters, incessantly employ themselves in making good their pretensions, and in crying up the consequence of the cast in which they think they are included. With them, a book is the sweetest, dearest thing - - - - The blue-stockings canvass the merit of the last new poem with the tea-table bard; and both are wrapt in mawkish enthusiasm. The puny author is always redolent of authorship. He is a journeyman, who always smells of the shop, and who is always showing off his wares, and advertising his trash. These poor

creatures can live only in authorship: lift them out of the medium in which they dabble, and they shrink up to nothing, like sea-blubbers taken out of the water.

This portentous concentration of love of scribbling and of scribbling vanity, distinguishes little nards,—and little minds too who move only in little circles; and it is therefore with surprise that we find that such a man as M. Goethe, should so often betray an approximation to the weaknesses which ought to be confined wholly to the *roturiers* of literature, and that he seems to retain so many of the recollections of a *parvenu*. He appears to us to be always deficient in literary good-breeding—in literary decorum—in short, he does not display a real aristocratic feeling in his mind and habits. He enjoys, indeed, a high degree of honour and celebrity; and we dare say his fame is justly due to him. But if we were to form an opinion of him from his works,—and we disclaim all other knowledge of his character, we could not help concluding, that he was so thoroughly impressed with his own consequence, that he never could forget—no, not for a moment, the means by which he acquired his dignity. He keeps his patent of nobility, broad seal, parchment and all, constantly hanging at his buttonhole:—Wrapt up in his authorial feelings, he is nothing but an author; nay, nothing but M. von Goethe the author.

We continue our analysis of these *Memoirs* because they are an important accession to our stock of knowledge respecting the *literary character*, a subject which affords much melancholy and humiliating instruction. M. D'I-raeli, in opening a new species of literary inquiry, has long taught the utility of 'deducing the individual character and feelings of authors from their own confessions;' and in this work striking instances may be found, of the facility with which genius may become the dupe of egotism, and of the egregious absurdities into which an author may be led, as soon as he is once well convinced that everything which he utters will be sure to command the approbation of his readers.—In this point of view, even the follies of the work, which we trust our readers will tolerate—may be perused with advantage, and we hope with profit, by them. Considered simply as a *Tour*, it has its merits, of which we have already spoken. And we are exceedingly happy to be able to add, in the words of the old book-licensors, 'that it contains nothing contrary to good morals.' When M. Goethe's works deserve this commendation, it is too creditable to be passed over in silence.

At Trent—for we shall omit our author's progress through Bavaria and the Tyrol—he began his philosophical researches, by inquiring after the principal curiosities of the town. His cicerone

showed him what he esteemed as such. It was a house built by the Devil in the course of a night; and is, moreover, the only dwelling in the town built in a correct taste. He then has a romantic encounter in the Church of the Jesuits. This edifice, it seems, is ornamented on the exterior with pilasters of red marble, and exhibits a sumptuous façade. Goethe lifted up the thick heavy curtain which hung within the door, and entered into the antechapel, from which the Church is separated by a gate of iron, through which the interior of the building could be seen. All was silent and solitary, for since the expulsion of the fathers, divine service had never been celebrated there.—While he was thus peeping through the grate, and considering the architecture of the church, an old man came in: his threadbare black coat and general appearance, bespoke his condition; he was evidently a poor ecclesiastic. He took off his hat and knelted down before the gate. After he had finished his prayer, he stood up, and then began to talk to himself in a low tone of voice. ‘They have driven the Jesuits out of their church—’ ‘They ought first to have repaid them what the church cost them; I know how much it cost—and the college too; I know how many thousands.’ He went out of the church, and sat down on the topmost of the steps. Goethe remained behind the curtain and listened—he continued his soliloquy. ‘The Emperor did not do it—The pope did it—First the Spaniards, then we, then the French—The blood of Abel cries out against his brother Cain.’—And thus murmuring, he walked away, leaving our author to conjecture that he was a Jesuit whose brain had been deranged by grief on the suppression of the order.

Goethe next attempted to sail across the Lago di Garda from Torbole; but the wind changed, and the boat was forced to enter the harbour of Malsesine. He was not much mortified with the delay. ‘When we are on the water, no one can say with certainty, to-day I shall be here or there. I shall make the best use of my time, and, first of all, I will make a drawing of that castle which stands by the water side, and forms a picturesque object.’

Next morning, accordingly, he proceeded to the old castle. Though fated to work much woe to our knight-errant, he entered it without opposition; for the gates were destroyed, and it was ungarrisoned and unsentinelled. Accordingly, he placed himself on a stone seat opposite to the keep, and began his operations. At first a few persons only passed to and fro, but a crowd soon collected round him; and, after a short dialogue, ‘one of them, with true Italian coolness,’ took up the drawing

and tore it in two. The stranger found partisans in the crowd. 'I heard them express their dissatisfaction; and, in particular, an elderly woman said, that was not right, it would be better to send for the Podesta. I stood on the stone seat with my back against the door, and contemplated the crowd which gathered faster and faster; some stared—in others there was an expression of benevolence; and the whole scene produced such an amusing impression, that it put him in the best possible humour.' When the magistrate arrived, Goethe saluted him boldly. The Podesta accused him of taking a drawing of the fortress. Goethe answered, that the fortress was a ruin; and, as his auditors could not understand that a ruin should be worthy of being drawn, he made a speech, of which he favours us with the chief heads, to convince them that it was mainly for the sake of ruins that travellers visited Italy. He was, he assures us, exceedingly eloquent. 'They appeared to hear me willingly; and when I turned towards some benevolent female countenances, I thought they denoted conviction and applause.' The Magistrate's clerk, however, was not to be convinced so easily.—'As to the amphitheatre of Verona,' answered this patriotic functionary, 'that is a well known Roman monument; but this fortress is only remarkable, by being situated on the frontiers, between the states of the Republic of Venice, and those of the Emperor.' Our artist began another speech, to explain the picturesque beauties of the ruin; and luckily the morning sun illuminated the rocks, and the walls and the towers, in the happiest manner, as I began to describe the picture to them with enthusiasm.—The Secretary, however, remained unmoved.—'All that may be very true; but the Emperor Joseph is a restless gentleman, who certainly bears no good-will towards the Republic.'—And he maintained his opinion, that Goethe was an Austrian spy. Our author repelled this accusation, by stating, that he was not an Austrian subject, but the citizen of a free state—of Frankfort on the Maine. It happened, luckily for Goethe, who might otherwise have been condemned to 'three plucks of the cord,' that one of his auditors had lived at Frankfort;—he was immediately summoned, in order to examine the stranger's pretensions. Goethe satisfied Gregorio of the truth of his assertions, by giving him a particular account of the Italian families who were settled at Frankfort,—some of which particulars are again 'repeated and set forth,' for the reader's better satisfaction; and no doubt it is a pleasure to be told, that the maiden name of Signor Alisissno's wife was Brentano, &c. &c.—Gregorio having certified, that he was convinced

that Goethe was a 'worthy, honest man, who travelled for his improvement,' the Podesta and his Secretary dismissed the prisoner. Our author passed the rest of the day in comfort, with Gregorio; and, 'at midnight, quitted the shores which had threatened to give him a Lestrygonian reception.'

His account of the Amphitheatre of Verona offers nothing peculiarly interesting. In the gallery of Antiquities, he saw the tombs and inscriptions described by Maffei in his *Verona Illustrata*, and meditated among them in a very edifying manner. 'I found the immediate presence of these stones excessively moving. Here is no kneeling warrior in armour, awaiting a joyful resurrection. The artist has represented the simple presence of human beings. They do not clasp their hands; they do not look towards heaven, but they are what they were, and what they are. They stand by each other,' &c. &c. The lower classes of people at Verona, we are then told, swing both their arms in walking; the higher orders 'swing one arm only,' and that for the most satisfactory reason imaginable, 'because they are accustomed to keep the left arm quiet!'

The Veronese are very observant of every thing strange; 'although they are negligent of their own concerns.'—'When I first arrived—every body looked at my boots;' and, strange to say, 'nobody takes any notice of me, now I wear shoes and stockings.' The uncouth manners of the Veronese excited some surprise in our author. 'It appeared very remarkable to me, that, early this morning, whilst they were all running up and down, loaded with flowers, greens, garlick and other articles from the market, they took notice of the cypress branch which I bore in my hand, besides which I held some caper twigs in flower. Great and small, they all looked at me, and seemed to have strange ideas.' The other extraordinary appearances at Verona are thus summed up.—'On market days, the squares are very full of people'—'there is an amazing quantity of greens and fruit'—and 'plenty of onions and garlick.' At Vicenza, our author had an opportunity of studying the works of Palladio. The Olympic Theatre, he considers as 'inexpressibly beautiful; but, compared with one of our modern theatres, it appeared to me like a rich, noble, well-educated child, compared to an acute man of the world, who is neither so rich nor so noble, nor so well educated, but who knows better what he can produce with his means.' The Vicentine women pleased him greatly. 'He will not find fault with the Veronese ladies; but at Vicenza he found 'uncommonly pretty creatures'—'There is a black-haired kind, which inspires me with peculiar interest. There are also blondes; but they do not please me nearly as well.'

Our author sailed down the Brenta in the great passage-boat; and had a very pleasant voyage. 'The Italians,' it seems, 'are on their guard in mixed companies;' so that he found his companions 'well behaved and agreeable.' The banks of the river are covered with villas, and casinos, and gardens. Sometimes it passes by little hamlets which reach to the water's edge. At others the high road runs along the banks. Every now and then the boat stops, and then the passengers land 'and look about them,' and 'eat fruit;' and then they get on board again; and then the boat moves through scenes of rich variety. By great good luck, there were two pilgrims on board, in full costume. Goethe had never seen a pilgrim before, 'except at a masquerade.' Here, every part of their picturesque dress, —the slouched hat, the staff, and even the cockle shell, was seen to have its use, and consequently its beauty. Besides the usual insignia, each had a 'little box of tin-plate' which contained his passport, and also a pouch of red tammy, filled with all sorts of useful articles. These pouches of red tammy, which were 'very remarkable,' were now, together with their contents, exposed to public view, the pilgrims being 'occupied in patching their clothes.' In spite of their picturesque appearance and laudable industry, these venerable persons were not treated with much respect: Piety was on the decline in Italy. The rest of the company kept carefully aloof from them; and as they had a right to demand a gratuitous passage, they received little civility from the crew. Goethe soon discovered that they were Germans, who were wayfaring with all the simplicity and earnestness of the early ages. The good men had come from Paderborn. First they had visited the graves of the three Kings of Cologne; then they trudged on all through Germany, and so on unto Rome; and from thence they had travelled to most of the holy places in Italy. One of them was now contented with the sanctity which he had acquired, and intended to return to Westphalia; but the other thought it would be as well to pay his devotions at the tomb of St Jago at Compostella, before he revisited his home. There is a great deal of prising between them and their learned countryman.

'It was written,' says Goethe, 'in my page of the book of fate, that at 5 o'clock of the afternoon, on the twenty-eighth day of September, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, I was to see Venice for the first time, on entering the Lagunes from the Brenta.'—On the following day he explored every part of the city. The general appearance of Venice is well known, from the numerous prints and paintings of its principal buildings; but an eyewitness only can

form an idea of the narrowness of the streets. ‘In most of the streets you may touch the wall on both sides with each hand; in the smaller ones, you cannot go through them with your arms akimbo, as your elbows then meet the houses.’ He came to the Rialto just as mass was about to begin in the churches. There were numerous gondolas in the great canal, filled with little parties of women in their holiday clothes, who landed at the different stairs. They were all on their way to St Michael’s church. Our author wished to have a nearer view of these fair devotees. ‘I quitted the bridge, and placed myself at one of these landing places, in order to get a nearer sight of them, and I found that many of them had very handsome countenances, and fine shapes—much the same as in less remote parts of the world.’

Amongst the other curiosities which old Goethe brought from Italy, there was a model of a Venetian gondola, which was highly prized by him. And when our Goethe was little, it was a great treat to him to be allowed to have that model in his own hands. The first real gondola, therefore, which he saw, ‘appeared like an old acquaintance. The carved rostrum, and the black cabin, were quite familiar to him.’

After he was tired with walking, he got on board a gondola, and took a row up the canal, and then to the island of St Clara, out into the Lagunes, and then back again through the canal of the Gindecca, as far as the place of St Mark. ‘And now,’ says he, in his own inimitable style, ‘I became at once one of the sovereigns of the Adriatic sea’—*because* ‘every Venetian has this feeling when he sits in his gondola.’ ‘And I thought on my father with respect, who had no greater enjoyment than in describing these things to me.—Will not the same happen to me also?’

Goethe continued his perambulation on the day after Michaelmas day. Venice is a labyrinthical city; but at length he was able to find his way through every part of it. He noted ‘the manners, customs, pursuits, and way of living of the inhabitants,’ as he traversed the different quarters of the city, ‘and in every quarter I found them different;’ to which observation he subjoins this profound and pathetic ejaculation—‘*Du Lieber Gott!*’ ‘What a poor good animal man is!’

The view of Venice from the Campanile of St Mark, is singular in its kind. Goethe’s panoramic descriptions are always pleasing and intelligible. He first enjoyed the prospect in the splendid sunshine of noon. In this clear light the distances were as distinct as the fore-grounds. The tide was up, the Lagunes were under water—and beyond the ‘Lido,’ the narrow bank of

beach which bounds the Lagunes, he saw the sea dotted with sails. In the Lagunes themselves there were galleys and frigates lying-to. These vessels were to join the expedition against Algiers, under the command of the Cavaliere Emo. On the west and north were distant ranges of hills and mountains, which formed an admirable boundary to the picture. Another time he saw the same scene under different circumstances. It was evening, and the tide had ebbed. The watery mirrors of the Lagunes had disappeared. Venice, and its adjoining islands seemed like rising grounds situated in the midst of immense marshes, which were covered with greyish vegetation, and intersected by numerous canals.

At the theatre of St Moses, Goethe saw a comic opera—the composition was indifferent, and so was the performance; but on the next day, he says, ‘I was present at a comedy which pleased me better.’ This comedy was the hearing of an important trial in the Ducal palace, ‘I call it a comedy, because the greater part of what passes is probably premeditated. When this public spectacle takes place, the judges know what they have to say, and the parties what they shall hear. One of the advocates, who was very fat, and very short, and full of gesture and fury, would have made an excellent primo buffo.’

The trial was one of considerable importance; the defendant being no less a person than the Duchess of Venice herself, who was sued for the restitution of some property possessed by her, and which had been alienated contrary to a trust under which it had been held. At this hearing they were principally occupied in reading the documents relating to the title. These were read to the court by the clerk, a haggard creature in a thread-bare coat, upon whom the advocates are accustomed to exercise their wit.

The wise regulations of the Venetian bar, equally tender of the ears of the judge, and the lungs of the advocate, only allow the expenditure of a given quantity of oratory, which is measured out by an hour glass. When the glass has run out, the advocate must hold his tongue. But the time occupied in reading the pleadings and the evidence, not being counted, the glass, during this operation, is laid on its side; but the instant the advocate opens his mouth, the time teller raises it, and begins to count, and down the hour glass goes as soon as the advocate ceases. A Venetian advocate is therefore put to great shifts to make the most of his allowance; his skill is principally shown by interrupting the clerk when a passage is read, to which he wishes that the Court should attend; and then, introducing some opposite remark, so as to rouse the judges from the *coma* into

which Venetian judges sometimes fall during a protracted trial. And, besides, he is by no means ignorant of the good effects produced by making 'my Lords the judges laugh,' when they are more disposed to yawn.

There is much ingenuity in Goethe's remarks on the causes of the transparent colouring of the Venetian painters. The eye, he says with truth, is formed by the objects to which it is accustomed; and here every thing is brilliant. When he saw the Gondoliers dressed in gay colours, set off by the vivid green surface of the water, and by the clear sky, he perceived in these objects the character of the pictures of the Venetian school. The sun-shine brought out the colouring with dazzling brilliancy, and the shadows were illuminated by the light reflected from the water; all was light in light.

The sixth of October is the anniversary of a victory gained over the Turks. On this day the Duke and the Senate hear high mass at the church of St Justina. The procession to the church is well described by Goethe. The banners taken from the Infidels were hung out in the portal. The bridge was decked with arras. At the edge of the water, the Duke and the Senators, who landed from their gilded barges, were met by the Clergy, bearing lighted tapers in massy silver candlesticks. The Savi and the Senators walked first, their long robes touching the pavement; they were followed by the old Duke in full array. The train of his robe, of cloth of gold, was borne by three attendants; under the ducal cap he wore another of thin lawn, beneath which his grey hair started forth. The whole appeared 'like a piece of antient tapestry put in motion.'

The song, or rather the recitation of the poetry of Ariosto and Tasso by the Gondoliers, is going fast out of use. Goethe was forced to bespeak this entertainment. It is best heard at a distance; therefore he placed himself midway between the singers. 'The melody is exceedingly affecting.' Goethe was ready to cry; 'which he attributed to his peculiar temperament.' The old Gondolier was not surprised at his sensibility: it is wonderful, he said, how affecting these songs are, and still more so when they are better sung—'e singolare come quel canto interisce, e molto piu quando e piu ben cantato.' He wished that Goethe could have heard the women at Malamorio and Palestrina, who sing on the shore whilst their husbands and relations are out at sea, and who are answered by the fishermen; thus conversing, as it were, across the waves. We must add, that the custom of singing portions of Tasso prevails in many other places in Italy. The peasants in Tuscany prefer the beginning of the seventh Canto.

In tanto Erminia infra l'ombrese piante,  
D' antica selva dal cavallo e scorta.

They find greater charms in the sorrows of Erminia, and the beautiful picture of the cottage of the compassionate shepherd, where she takes refuge, than in the warlike fictions of the Epic.

English heretics are buried on the 'Lido,' or beach—there Goethe saw the grave of Mr Smith the Consul and of his first wife. 'I owe him my copy of Palladio, and therefore I thanked him in his unconsecrated grave.' By this fine turn, he means merely to say, that Mr Smith published the edition of Palladio, in which he, Goethe, studied.

Our author was, of course, a diligent visitor of the theatres. One night, he says, I came home laughing, after seeing a tragedy. It is by no means inconceivable, that one may come home laughing after seeing a tragedy; but in this instance it was not the tragedy, but the spectators, that excited his laughter. The tragedy was quite deep enough. There were two fathers, who hated each other mortally,—and of course had each a son and a daughter who were passionately in love with their hereditary enemy. The lovers were naturally involved in all kinds of miseries, from which they were extricated in the luckiest manner. The two fathers are kind enough to kill each other, and the curtain drops amidst a tumult of applause. The clapping became louder, and the audience called out '*fuora, fuora,*' till the lovers appeared, and made their bows. This, however, would not satisfy a Venetian public; and they continued to clap and stamp, and cry out, '*i morti, i morti,*' until the dead men also appeared! and some time elapsed before the tumult of applause subsided, when they were at last allowed to go to their suppers. In another piece, a tyrant was introduced, who presented his sword to his son, commanding him to kill his consort. At this, the people became indignant, and insisted aloud that the king should take his sword back again, and that the young prince should not kill his wife. The young prince stepped forward to the Orchestra to pacify them; and he assured them with great humility, that if they would only have patience during a few minutes, every thing would turn out happily, and his wife would be saved.

Goethe was greatly pleased with Goldoni's comedy '*le baruffa Chiozotte,*' which he 'could make out very well on the whole, though the meaning of particular passages escaped him,' it being written in the Venetian dialect. He says the play ought to be translated. This, we think, is rather a hasty remark. If he had considered the matter, he would have found

that the play, although it has great merit, would become utterly vapid if translated;—it is a most faithful delineation of the manners of the Venetians in the smaller towns. But its national humour would instantly evaporate, if transfused even into the common dialect of Italy. The features of the original portrait would be lost in the copy. The Venetian comedies of Goldoni should be more read than they generally are. *Sar Todon Brintolon*, for instance, is an exquisite family piece, a *comédie bourgeoise* of the happiest description. The peculiarities of the Venetian dialect, its elisions, and apocopes, the recurrence of the letter *x*, a stranger in the modern Tuscan alphabet, and the seeming novelty of the vocabulary, give it a most formidable appearance; but a few hours study will make it perfectly intelligible.

Goethe proceeded to Ferrara by the passage-boat. ‘The rest of the passengers went to sleep in the cabin, but I——’ I remained on deck, wrapt up in my mantle, during the whole night.’ The mildness of the temperature enchanted him—‘Now,’ he exclaims, ‘I have entered the 45th degree of latitude, and I repeat the old burthen of my song, that I should not envy the people of this country, if, like Dido, I could only surround as much of the climate within thongs of leather, as would be sufficient to surround our dwellings,’ &c. &c.

Ferrara is soon despatched. The town is thinly peopled and melancholy. Our author visited the tomb of Ariosto, which is composed, he says, of ‘much marble badly employed.’ The place which is shown as the dungeon of Tasso, is ‘a coal cellar,’ in which he certainly was never confined. The inpositure, indeed, put him quite out of humour, ‘so that I took little pleasure in viewing the noble academical institution founded by a Ferrarese Cardinal. Yet he was ‘refreshed’ by the sight of some ancient paintings at the palace; and especially by ‘a clever idea in one of these paintings.’ In this piece, King Herod himself looks calmly and coolly at ‘the enthusiast,’—a decent appellation, by the way, for St John the Baptist. But a white dog, of a middling size, is standing before the King, and a little Bolognese lap-dog is seen under the petticoats of Herodias; and the white dog and the little dog are both represented as barking at the ‘prophet.’—‘I think this,’ says our author, ‘a very happy thought.’

Goethe travelled with great rapidity; as soon as he arrived at Bologna, he placed himself under the guidance of an active ‘conducteur,’ who drove him ‘through so many streets, palaces and churches,’ that he feared he should not be able to retain very distinct recollections of the different objects. His observations on the celebrated St Cecilia of Raphael are good;

but we must omit them to make room for his description of the prospect from the top of the principal steeple. This, again, is a specimen of his panoramic ability. On the North are seen the ranges of the Paduan Hills—then the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps, enveloped in mist. On the West, the evenness of the horizon was only interrupted by the towers of Modena. On the East were also discovered immeasurable plains; they were terminated by the Adriatic Sea, which can be discerned at sunrise. On the South are the hills which advance in front of the Apennines, covered to their summits with groves, and churches, and villas, and palaces. The sky was perfectly clear, and without a stain, except the mists on the verge of the horizon. The Warden assured him, that, during the last six years, the mists had remained fixed in the horizon: With the help of his telescope, he used formerly to be able to distinguish the mountains of Vicenza, with the churches and buildings upon them, though he could then scarcely discern them in the clearest days. ‘These mists, hanging on the Northern chains of the mountains, gave my dear native land a complete Cimmerian aspect.’ The Warden praised the salubrity of the city; and told Goethe to look down upon the roofs of the houses, which would give a visible proof of the dryness of the air. They all appeared as if they had been newly covered, the tiles being perfectly clear of moss and mouldiness.

Under date of October 19th, we have a number of remarks on painting and painters. Goethe is dissatisfied with the subjects on which the pencils of the great masters have been usually employed. ‘The saints of the popish mythology are often insipid, and the circumstances under which they are represented revolting to taste and feeling. ‘If religion gave a new existence to art, it is no less true that superstition, by gaining the mastery, has degraded it in its turn.’ ‘The art claims all our admiration; the objects which it represents are often insupportable.’ This is sensible enough; but then he must exclaim, in his usual tasty way, ‘And so I am like Balaam the blundering prophet, who blessed, when he ought to have pronounced a malediction.’ He discovered a St Agatha by Raphael, which exhibited all the beauties of virginity,—timid and reserved, yet not repulsive. This picture he intended to treat with ‘a mental reading of his Iphigenia in Tauris.—My heroine shall say nothing which would misbecome St Agatha. ‘But now I think,’ proceeds he, ‘on this delicious burthen,’ *i. e.* the Iphigenia, ‘which I bear with me in all my wanderings, I cannot conceal the extraordinary series of poetical images which overwhelm me.’ And then he gives us the ar-

gument of 'Iphigenia in Delphi, as shortly as possible.' Having finished this, he again resumes his complaints of the excessive vivacity of his poetical imagination, and proceeds as follows—'And so I must remind my friends of a *dream* which I dreamt about a year ago, and which then seemed *very remarkable*.'—'I dreamt I landed in a tolerably large boat on the shore of a rich and fruitful island, where I knew that I could procure the finest *pheasants* in the world. I therefore immediately began to bargain with the inhabitants for the purchase of this kind of game, which they brought to me in great quantities.'—'The vision becomes more glorious as it proceeds.—The game so presented was ready killed. The birds were pheasants; but, as all things are altered in dreams, these pheasants had long tails, of all sorts of colours,—like peacocks or birds of paradise. They brought these pheasants and laid them in my boat in heaps; and they piled them neatly, so that the heads of the pheasants were inside, and the long coloured tails hung over the edge of the boat, forming the most brilliant sheaves of feathers which it is possible to conceive! So we cut through the calm river; and I named to myself the friends amongst whom I intended to distribute my gay treasures. At last we arrived in a great harbour, when I lost myself amongst immense masted vessels!' &c. &c.—As we do not happen to have the learned treatises of Mother Bunch, or Artemidorus at hand, we must leave the exposition of this remarkable vision to better Oneiro-critics than we are, and content ourselves with admiring it as a golden dream, and one which finely elucidates the structure of our author's brain. What passed in Homer's mind when he nodded, we know not,—the ravages of time having deprived us of his noctuary; but, as to Goethe, this 'remarkable' dream shows most incontestably, that he is no ordinary being when he snores.

On his way to Rome, we next learn that he fell in with an officer belonging to the Papal army, at a village in the Apennines. The officer was returning to his native town, Perugia. It does not appear whether the officer was invited to take a seat in the 'calasse' by Goethe, or by the vetturino. However, there we find them comfortably seated. 'In order to have something to say, I began by complimenting him. I told, him, that as I, a German, was accustomed to military men, I was very happy in finding myself in company with an officer in the service of his Holiness.' This compliment, it seems, was lost on the worthy and pacific person to whom it was addressed, who had no taste for military glory. 'You,' answered he,

' may possibly like the profession of a soldier ; for, as I hear,  
 ' every thing is *à la militaire* in Germany ; but my way of think-  
 ' ing is different. Our duty is by no means fatiguing ; and I  
 ' live very peaceably at Bologna, to the garrison of which I  
 ' belong ; yet I heartily wish I could get rid of this uniform,  
 ' and employ myself on my father's farm ; but unluckily I am a  
 ' cadet, and therefore I must submit to my lot.' This officer  
 was a most entertaining specimen of Italian character. Goethe  
 was of an silent and thoughtful. The Captain, who had con-  
 tracted a great affection for him, could not abide to see him in  
 this melancholy mood. '*Che pensa,*' said he, '*Che pensa non*  
 '*deve mai pensar ;—l' uomo, pensando s' invecchia :*' And after o-  
 ther pertinent conversation, he added, '*non deve mai fermarsi*  
 '*l' uomo in una sola cosa, perche allora divien matto,—bisogna*  
 '*aver mille cose, una confessione nella testa.*' Goethe observes  
 that the worthy captain could not perceive that it was precisely  
 on account of the confusion of old and new objects which were  
 working in his head, that he was so thoughtful and silent. Af-  
 ter several apologies, he next asked permission to put a few  
 questions to Goethe relative to the Protestant religion, because,  
 as he said, ' I have heard such strange accounts of you Protest-  
 ' ants, that I should like much to know the truth. For exam-  
 ' ple, I understand that your priests give you permission to live  
 ' with a favourite lass, without being married to her.' Goethe  
 answered—' Our priests are prudent people, who do not often in-  
 ' quire into these trifles, although I believe they would not grant  
 ' us an express permission to amuse ourselves in that way.'—  
 ' Then, with respect to confession,' said he, ' how do you ma-  
 ' nage ? We are told that all men feel the necessity of this sa-  
 ' crament, even though they are not Catholics ; but, as their  
 ' infatuation does not allow them to take the right way, they  
 ' confess their sins to an old hollow tree. This practice is cer-  
 ' tainly wicked and foolish ; yet it shows that they recognise the  
 ' utility of confession.' Goethe explained the mode of confes-  
 sion amongst the Lutherans. Our Captain allowed that it  
 was very convenient ; but that it had about as much sacra-  
 mental virtue in it as if it were made in fact to an hollow  
 tree. The Captain now put on a very serious look. There  
 was one point more upon which he hoped that Goethe would  
 satisfy him. ' One of our priests, who is a man of great ve-  
 ' racity, assures me that you are allowed to marry your own  
 ' sisters.' After receiving such answers from Goethe as gave  
 him a rational idea of Protestantism, he ventured on another  
 interrogation. ' We are told,' he said, ' that your Frederick  
 ' the Great, whom every body in your part of the world con-

‘siders as a heretic, is in fact a *real Catholic*, and that he has a ‘*dispensation from the Pope* to keep his religion a secret. He ‘never enters any one of your heretical churches; but has a ‘chapel under ground, where he hears mass every day with ‘a broken heart, because he must not venture to profess our ‘holy religion in public; for, if he did, the Prussians are such ‘a savage race, and such furious heretics, that they would kill ‘him on the spot. For this reason, his Hohneis has given him ‘leave to keep his faith in secret, but upon condition, that he ‘shall do his utmost to protect and extend the only true religion.’ Goethe did not contradict this circumstantial account of Frederick’s piety; but he answered, that as it was a great secret, no one could say much about it. The Captain and Goethe parted at Perugia;—and then our author ‘again felt the bliss of ‘being alone.’

He next made a pedestrian excursion to Assisi, whilst his Vetturino proceeded to Foligno. He ‘would not even enter ‘the immense Cathedral’ in which the scraphic father is entombed, but ‘turned away from it with aversion.’ The object of his pilgrimage was an ancient temple of Minerva, now converted into a church, and of which he had seen the design in his Palladio. Goethe was rapt in ecstasy at the sight of this monument, and discovered innumerable mysterious merits and beauties in the architecture of the temple, which the architect certainly never dreamt of; but his musings received a most unseasonable interruption from four or five sturdy fellows who surrounded him, and began to make him give an account of himself. They suspected, or pretended to suspect, that he was a smuggler. Goethe assured them that he was an architect,—and with some difficulty contrived to get out of their clutches. One of these ruffians, however, followed him, and succeeded in extorting some money, for which he testified his gratitude, by promising to pray for Goethe’s welfare at the tomb of St Francis.—‘So we parted, and I felt happy to be left alone to myself and nature.’

Goethe remarks, like every other traveller in Italy, the **common** ignorance of all the arts of social life which prevails **there**. The ‘carriage of the vetturino is nothing more than ‘the ancient lectica; a pair of wheels has been substituted for ‘the hindmost mule,—and so they jog on from century to century.’ At Foligno, the poetical idea, ‘that men originally ‘lived in the open air, and occasionally retired to caverns for ‘shelter, seemed to be realized. With incredible negligence, ‘they neglect to prepare themselves for the winter season, and

‘ thus they live like dogs during great part of the year.’ At this period of his journey, Goethe was discomposed by cold and starvation, and the impositions of the innkeepers and the vetturini—‘ yet I shall not complain, if they do but roll me on to Rome, even though it be on Ixion’s wheel.’

We shall allow him to pursue his way through Terni, Città Castiliana, and rejoin him at the goal which he was so anxious to reach. Goethe says, that his desire to visit Italy, had ‘ increased to a kind of sickness.’ It was a new kind of *maladie du pays*. He ‘ could not bear to open a ‘ Latin book,’ or to ‘ look at an Italian drawing.’ But all his wishes were now satisfied, when he arrived at the ancient capital of the world.—He expected, indeed, that Allhallows would be celebrated with peculiar solemnity; and in this he was disappointed. All-Souls day, however, was kept with greater ceremony. The Pope officiated in the chapel of the Quirinal palace; and our author attended the service in company with Tischbien, a celebrated German painter. ‘ The festival of All-Souls is also a festival for all the artists of Rome,’—at least for those who abound more in talent than in money; for on that day the palace and the chapel are open to all comers, and ‘ they may view every room, and the contents of every room,’ without paying the usual tribute to the attendants.

In the chapel, Goethe met with what he calls an ‘ amusing ‘ adventure.’ Every body is acquainted with the custom on the Continent, which enables kings and princes to rid themselves of the troubles of greatness, by travelling ‘ incognito,’ as it is ingeniously termed. At the same time, it would be a sad mortification to the complacent masquer, if he were to be effectually encumbered by his disguise, and if he was not assured that every body is well aware that *Count Felkenstein* is a much greater gentleman than he seems to be. The travelling cloak is always carefully put on in such a way as to allow the stars and decorations to be seen beneath it. The *Count* amuses himself with the bustle of the innkeeper, and the suppressed curiosity of the chambermaids and scullions, who strive to gain a glance at the guest when the door of his room is opened: And now and then he will come to the window by chance, wholly unconscious of the crowd that is gathering before it. Such are the pastimes of those who lead the subject world: And for the same reasons, our author, who was fearful lest his celebrity should awe the beholders, and deprive him of the pleasures of free and equal intercourse, appeared in what he calls ‘ a half incognito,’ which certainly answered the purposes he had in view, and disguised him full as much as he

wished. We must return to the 'adventure' which Goethe considers as so 'amusing.'—'I remarked, that several German artists came up to Tischbien, and spoke to him with an air of acquaintance, while they kept looking at me.' Tischbien left them to rejoin Goethe; and from him he learnt 'the excellent joke' that was going forward.—'The report of your arrival has already spread itself;' and the artists therefore rationally concluded, that the 'unknown stranger' was Goethe *in propria personâ*. Now, one of these artists—a vain empty fellow, had assured his companions, 'that he was intimately acquainted with you;' and 'he maintains,' Tischbien proceeded, 'that it is not you who are here present, and that the stranger does not bear the slightest resemblance to you. So far your incognito is preserved, and we shall afterwards have *something to laugh at*.'—Happy Tischbien, who could be thus amused; and happier Goethe, who, thirty years afterwards, bath thus furnished his admirers with 'something to laugh at!'

'My unusual, and perhaps fanciful, half incognito,' he proceeds, produced 'advantages which I did not expect.' 'Every one is bound to appear ignorant of my real name, and therefore no one dares to talk to me about myself.' This fertile theme of me and myself being excluded, 'the people have no alternative except to speak about themselves, or about such subjects as are interesting to them; and therefore I learn circumstantially what it is the world is busied about; I hear what is going forward, and whatever is worthy of notice.' There is a simple honesty in this passage, which is worthy of attention, as it gives an accurate idea of the nature of Goethe's conversation, when he is not 'half incognito,' and when those who are around him are not 'bound' to appear in ignorance of him, and when they dare to talk to 'him about himself.' For his own sake, as well as that of his friends, we have to regret that he did not enjoy the 'advantages' arising from his half incognito when he returned to Frankfort on the Maine. In Italy, however, he maintained his 'half incognito' strictly. 'I have my way, and I escape the insufferable inconvenience of giving an account of myself and my works.' He was sometimes, however, compelled to put off his disguise, and to allow himself to be treated with the honours which were due to the author of Werther. He paid his respects to Prince Lichtenstein, and dined with him once or twice—'I soon found that my compliance would lead me further.' His forebodings were verified—his compliance 'had important consequences. At the Prince's house they had often talked to me about the Abbate

'Monti, and his tragedy, which was shortly to be brought on the stage.' They gave our author to understand also, that the Abbate wished greatly to read 'Aristodemo' to him, in order to obtain his opinion on the piece. Goethe was willing to be excused; but 'he did not absolutely decline' the treat. So one day he met the Abbate, and several of his friends at the Prince's house, and the piece was read. 'The hero is, as is well known, a King of Sparta, who is urged to self-destruction by his conscientious scruples.' Our readers will already begin to anticipate, that the Abbate, a man of extensive reading, might possibly have gained a sight of 'gli affari del Giovane Werter,' translated from the French translation; or, mayhap, of the French translation itself. This was actually the case. 'They gave me to understand, in the handsomest manner, that it was hoped that the *author of Werther* would not be offended on finding that several passages of his *excellent work* had been imitated in this tragedy.' 'And so,' exclaims the excellent author, 'I could not escape the offended manes of the unfortunate youth (young Jerusalem), even within the walls of Sparta.'

The tragedy 'displayed much talent;' but Goethe appears to have been rather sparing of his applause. The Abbate and his friends were tolerably contented; but, with Southern impetuosity, they wished for something more; in particular, they wished him 'to prognosticate the effect which the tragedy would have on the audience.' Goethe declined giving a definite answer to this difficult question; but hinted, that he feared 'that suicide was quite out of the circle of Italian Ideas.' 'On the whole,' he concludes, 'I had every reason to be satisfied with my compliance on this occasion.' Such accommodating 'compliance,' however, was only to be reserved for Prince Lichtenstein and his circle.—'For, on the other hand, my good temper completely forsook me, when the daughter of the Pretender also expressed a wish to see the strange marmot—(das fiende Marmelbier).' 'This I absolutely refused,' says our modest author; 'and I resolutely dived again beneath the surface.' Goethe, ever dignified and consistent, knew when to renew his 'incognito;'—it was not to be expected, that the 'strange marmot' would come out of his box, and dance to please the ladies. It is really difficult sufficiently to admire the philosophical resolution which enabled Goethe to leave the young princess in all the tortures of unsatisfied curiosity, whilst he sternly eluded her embraces, by '*drawing beneath the surface*' of the transparent waves which displayed his graceful form to such unspeakable advantage.

‘ Ille cavis velox applauso corpore palmis,  
Desilit in latices : Alteraque brachia ducens  
In liquidis transluet aquis : ut ebrietas si quas  
Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia vitæ.’

The happy success of the Abbate Monti encouraged others. ‘ Many attempts were made to draw me out of my obscurity, by poets who wished to read their works to me ;’ but Goethe was resolved ‘ not to belong to any party ;’ the endeavours did not ‘ seduce him ;’ and he remained steady to his purpose. He had no objection, however, to read to others, though he would not hear readings : and accordingly we find, that either as M. Goethe, or as the mysterious unknown, for it does not appear in which character he then figured, he occasionally gratified the young German artists with a reading of his *Iphigenia*. These ‘ young men’ expected a ‘ Berliochian tragedy ;’ and were rather disappointed by the calm elegance of *Iphigenia*. ‘ But, for all that,’ as Goethe records, ‘ the pure and noble passages of the play did not fail to produce a proper effect !’

*Iphigenia* was finished during this journey—‘ Herewith you will receive my child of pain—for *Iphigenia* deserves this name in more than one sense of the word.’ It is thus he expresses himself, when he sends a ‘ fair transcript’ of the drama to the friend to whom his letters are addressed. The throes which he experienced when his brain was delivered of the ‘ child of pain,’ were of less importance than the inconveniences which he naturally experienced whilst he was in a family way—he had ‘ *mal au cœur* ;’ he could not enjoy himself ; he could not travel comfortably ; it appears, also, that he was a great deal too modest to reveal the cause of his quairiness—‘ You often complain,’ he says, ‘ of obscure passages in my letters, which allude to an oppression of spirits under which I labour.’ And this oppression was ‘ occasioned by *Iphigenia*.’

Our author favours his readers with a detail of the progress of this drama, which, as usual, when his compositions are on the carpet, leaves nothing to be wished for. This detail is amusingly enriched with similes and parables, and comparisons, in the true Goethian style ; such, for instance, as the following. ‘ I recollected that excellent friend of ours, who had long been putting himself in readiness for such a distant journey, that it might have been termed a voyage of discovery. After he had studied and economized during several years, he at last also managed to carry off a young lady belonging to a distinguished family, because he thought that one trouble might as well

‘serve for all.’ The adaptation of this story to his own situation is peculiarly happy. Though he did not ‘carry off a young lady,’ yet he thinks he was full as adventurous as his ‘valiant friend;’ for ‘with *equal audacity* I determined to take Iphigenia with me to Carlsbad!’

Goethe then shortly notices the places where he occupied himself ‘with his Grecian companion.’ The towns and territories enumerated in this poetical itinerary, will thus be enabled, in all future ages; to assert their rights to a proportional part of the glory resulting from the composition of Iphigenia, in the most satisfactory manner.—‘The Brenner,’ ‘where I took Iphigenia out of the great bundle,’ and, *mirabile dictu*, ‘poked her in my pocket’—the banks of the Lake of Garda, ‘where I was as solitary as my heroine on the shores of Tauris,’ and where ‘I penned the first lines of the drama in its improved shape’—Verona—Vicenza—Padua—Venice—Rome;—there is not one which will be defrauded of its dividend, however small—happier than the seven cities of Greece, both in the certainty and worth of their claims!—for what is the credit of having given birth to a poet, compared to that of inspiring his immortal verse!

The accounts which he gives of the antiquities and buildings, and works of art of ancient and modern Rome, are accompanied with observations which are sometimes distinguished by good taste—and sometimes in his usual style.

‘On the second of February, we heard high mass in the ‘Sistine chapel.’ I found myself much out of humour, and soon quitted it; he was urged to do so by the following melancholy reflections. ‘These are the tapers which, during three hundred years, have tarnished these admirable paintings. And this is the incense whose *holy impudence* not only clouds the unique sun of art, but even obscures it from year to year, and will at last cause it to set in darkness.’—‘This, it must be admitted, is sufficiently melancholy; but we can fortunately relieve ourselves by the *merriest little story*, ‘das lustigete geschichtchen,’ which immediately follows. Our author purchased a colossal head of Jupiter; ‘it stands opposite my bed, so that I pay my devotions to it every morning;’ but, notwithstanding its dignity, it has occasioned the merry little story which we are about to repeat after Goethe, who is amazingly merry when he tells it; and, we must confess, with some reason. His landlady went into his room one morning to make his bed; but all at once the door opened, and called out to him to ‘come and see the miracle.’ It seems that the old woman imagined that the bust represented a real holy being; and when

Goethe inquired into the cause of her astonishment, she answered, that 'her cat was worshipping it! She knew that her puss had as much sense as a Christian;—' but this was really a miracle. I hurried in, and the sight was really strange enough—The cat had jumped on the table, and rested her paws on the breast of the god; she was just able, by stretching herself out, to reach his holy beard, which she kept licking with the greatest nicety, without allowing herself to be disturbed either by the exclamations of my landlady, or by my approach.'—Goethe left the good woman in her astonishment, though he conjectured, with considerable sagacity, that this singular piece of feline devotion had as little real devotion as his own morning devotion; and that 'some of the grease of the mould had attached itself to the beard of the bust, which puss (by the acuteness of her sense of smelling) had discovered, and was licking off.' Thus ends the merriest little story imaginable.

A statue of Minerva, in the Custinian palace, had 'his entire veneration' Winkelman scarcely notices it. 'I scarce think myself worthy of describing it.' The wife of the Custode of the palace told Goethe, that 'this statue was formerly a saint, and that the Inglesi, who are of that religion, pay their worship to it, by kissing its hand, which is, in fact, quite 'white' from English kisses.' The wife of the Custode told him further, how an English lady had been there lately, who had fallen on her knees before the statue, and said her prayers to it; and Goethe is good enough to believe, that the Custode's wife believed the stories which she told him.

Goethe's residence at Rome, received a lasting memorial from his friend Tischbien, by whom his picture was painted; he describes the portrait *con amore*. 'The sketch is finished; the canvas is already prepared. I am to be represented as large as life, dressed like a traveller, wrapped up in a white travelling cloak, sitting in the open air, on a prostrated obelisk, and contemplating the ruins of the Campagna di Roma. It will make a fine picture,' &c. Of this there can be no doubt. Yet, although the pencil of Tischbien might strive with nature, he could not represent the author's Mind: Could he have done so, the picture

————— 'would then surpass

All that was ever writ in brass;

But, since he cannot—Reader, look

Not on his picture, but his book'—

—in which book, we can answer for it, that the reader will always see him as large as life, and as natural as life, and without a bit of ignominy about him.

ART. V. *Interesting Facts relating to the Fall and Death of Joachim Murat, King of Naples—the Capitulation of Paris in 1815—and the second Restoration of the Bourbons—Original Letters from King Joachim to the Author, and of his Persecution by the French Government. Second Edition. By FRANCIS MACRONE, late Aide-de-Camp to King Joachim, Knight of the Order of the Two Sicilies, &c. pp. 136. London. Ridgway, 1817..*

BEFORE proceeding to give an account of this very interesting tract, we wish to call to the reader's recollection the kind of policy which the Government of Great Britain has, since the overthrow of Buonaparte, been pursuing in every corner of Europe, to which its influence extends. Upon a former occasion, we entered largely into the question of Norway; but in truth there is no one part of the changes effected by the Congress of Vienna, in which the same principles have not been openly acted upon. To consider the Courts, and their interests and caprices only; to sacrifice the People, and disregard their rights and their wishes—these are the cardinal points upon which the conduct of the Government seems to have hinged; and it becomes every one who desires that the character of the nation should be maintained, to express, in the face of the world, how little the people of England participate in the feelings of their rulers. Let the universal odium excited by their measures be confined to themselves; and let the Continent be assured, that if any portion of our countrymen feel indifferent to the stains which the character of the nation has received, it is only because the facts are not sufficiently known amongst a people naturally averse from discussions of foreign policy.

As striking specimens of the want of principle which was evinced by our representatives at Vienna, we might dwell upon the arrangements in Germany, especially those which regarded Saxony. But we deem it better to confine our attention to the affairs of Italy, because the English Government was there more directly engaged, having borne an active part in the operations that led to the final settlement of the territorial division. We shall begin with Genoa; and shall state nothing that the official documents do not prove.

In the year 1813, when the prodigious reverses which the French armies experienced in the north of Europe had shaken the power of Buonaparte through every part of Italy, the well-grounded expectation was formed by our Government, that the cooperation

of the people might succeed, if aided by our forces, in finally throwing off his yoke. Information to this effect had been received more particularly respecting the Genoese. Lord William Bentinck was our Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean, and to him instructions were despatched, bearing date December 28th, that ‘if any circumstances should occur to encourage the inhabitants of Genoa to rise against the Government of France, he should lose no time in giving every possible assistance.’—He landed, accordingly, at Leghorn, and issued a proclamation on the 11th March 1814, addressed to all the Italians, and inviting them to rise against their French masters. The principles upon which he made this appeal, were distinctly stated by a reference to the conduct of England towards Portugal, Spain, and Sicily, where she had restored, or aided the people in restoring the ancient government. Liberty is inserted in every paragraph; not merely freedom from foreign yoke, but ‘*civil liberty*.’ Nay, it is promised to Italy. After stating, that Spain, by the assistance of England, had ‘secured her independence, and re-established her civil liberty; that Sicily, safe under our protection, was passing, through the beneficence of our Sovereign, from slavery to freedom;’ and that Holland would speedily attain the same object; his Lordship adds—‘Warriors of Italy! you are not invited to join us, but you are invited to vindicate your own rights, and to be free. Only call, and we will hasten to your relief; and then Italy, by our united efforts, shall become what she was in her most prosperous periods, and what Spain now is.’

There was at this time a French garrison of 1600 men in Genoa; and the works of that place are known to be of a strength that defied the combined attacks of the British fleets and the Austrian army, after the discomfiture of the French in 1799. The English General marched towards it with 3000 English troops; and about 5000 more assembled from all parts of Italy, most of whom had never heard a shot fired. It may safely be asserted, that the place might have mocked an attack from an army ten times as strong; and that, even without assistance from the inhabitants, the garrison itself could have triumphantly defied a far greater force, if it could only have reckoned upon the neutrality of the citizens. But the Genoese did not remain neutral; they answered the call which England had made upon them; and the garrison was obliged to surrender. With the trifling force which we have just mentioned, Lord William Bentinck entered the city upon the 26th of April, and issued another proclamation as remarkable as the former. ‘Considering,’ said his Lordship, ‘that the general desire of the Genoese nation seems to be, to return to that ancient form of govern-

‘ment under which it enjoyed liberty, prosperity and independence; and considering likewise, that this desire seems to be conformable to the principles recognised by the high Allied Powers, of restoring them to all their ancient rights and privileges, I declare, that when the Genoese State, such as it existed in 1797, with such modifications as the general wish, the public good, and the spirit of the original constitution of 1576 seem to require, is re-established, that a provisional government, consisting of thirteen individuals, and formed into two colleges, as heretofore, shall immediately be appointed, and shall continue in office until the 1st of January 1815, when the two colleges shall be filled up in the manner required by the Constitution; that the two colleges shall propose to the lesser and greater councils all the measures which they shall judge necessary for the entire re-establishment of the ancient form of Government.’ Lord W. Bentinck, with a copy of this proclamation, transmitted to Lord Castlereagh two addresses from the inhabitants, representing what he calls their ‘*justly stated*’ unanimous desire to be a return to their ancient state, and their prayer for the support of the British Government. His Lordship, in the same despatch, states ‘the necessity, that the provisional Government should be entirely Genoese—that it should be conformable to the wishes of the people, so as to receive their support, and thus to render unnecessary the interference of a British authority, or the presence of a British force.’ He adds, ‘The Genoese universally desire the restoration of their ancient republic—they dread, above all other arrangements, their annexation to Piedmont, to the inhabitants of which there has always existed a particular aversion.’ The reason for stating this to his Government may be found in a previous despatch, which only instructed him to take possession of Genoa on behalf of the King of Sardinia, ‘provided it were charily with the entire concurrence of the Genoese.’ From what followed, we have a right to infer, that the British Ministers wished Lord W. Bentinck to seize Genoa for Sardinia at all events,—not to trouble himself with any nice inquiries as to the ‘concurrence of the Genoese;’—and that they intended to avail themselves of this proviso, in their despatch for their own justification, at his expense, either if he should fail in his attempt against the wishes of the people, or if blame should be thrown upon them in consequence of its succeeding. The honest and truly English spirit of Lord W. Bentinck appears to have defeated this miserable contrivance; and the blame now rests where it is due.

In the course of the ensuing summer, the Genoese made *various* most urgent applications to our Government, and to the Ministers assembled at Vienna in a council general of partition

and spoliation. The Minister plenipotentiary of the Genoese Government at Paris stated, in a formal memorial, their earnest desire to return to independence, and ‘their invincible repugnance to a foreign domination;’ their reliance on the assurances of the British commander, and their expectations of support from our Government. The Genoese Envoy to the Congress made the most solemn and formal protest against any resolution inimical to their independence. In the mean while, our Ministers neither notified to Lord W. Bentinck any opinion that he had, in his proclamations and subsequent proceedings, gone beyond his instructions, nor disavowed those transactions by any declaration, or any kind of notice whatever to the Genoese. They seem, indeed, not to have made up their minds one way or another; but to have intended, that should they have no occasion to use Genoa in the course of the truck and barter they were carrying on in popular rights and national independence, then they might avail themselves of what had been done by their agent; but in case they wanted Genoa to fling into the scales, then they could tacitly disavow their agent, and disregard or annul all his proceedings. It was not till December, that the final resolution of the Congress was taken, and announced to the Genoese by the proper officer, the Lord Viscount Castlereagh, who directed the British commander, Sir John Dalrymple, (not Lord W. Bentinck, as may well be supposed), ‘to deliver over Genoa to the King of Sardinia, or to such persons as his Sardinian Majesty should appoint to take charge thereof, continuing himself to act with the troops under his command, as an auxiliary corps, at the disposal of his Sardinian Majesty, until further orders.’ We know not precisely how long the English army was employed on this truly humiliating service; but they continued there during six months at the least.

That the reader may be enabled to figure the sensations excited by this abominable transaction, in the breasts of the Genoese, we pray him to make their case his own, by reflecting what would be the feelings of the natives of an English county, if, after exerting itself to shake off a foreign yoke, comparatively light, at least in their estimation, they were suddenly transferred to the dominion of France at the time when national hatred rose the highest between the two countries, and when the system and the persons of the French rulers were the most odious. Between Piedmont and Genoa there has always existed this feeling of natural antipathy; and it never was stronger than at the moment of the surrender. But what have been the fruits of this crime? The commerce of Genoa is cramped, to favour Piedmont; and it is more interrupted with England than with any other state. The English in Piedmont enjoy no

commercial advantages; nay, they can neither write nor receive letters in safety from their own country; because tyrants know, by a kind of instinct, that such transactions as we have been contemplating, are the works of the Court, and are abhorred by the people of this free country. All the restrictions laid upon the Genoese trade, are as contrary to the plain interest as to the feelings of the Genoese; and they are compelled by their new masters to submit, for the supposed benefit of their old rivals and enemies the Piedmontese. All over the Sardinian dominions priestcraft and monkery are revived; convents, recently filled with industrious manufacturers, are restored to the tenancy of their ancient drones; torture is everywhere reestablished; and only so much of the great improvements introduced by the French are retained, as relates to the levying of contributions and of troops. Of this system England is held up as the patron; and she suffers at least in her trade, if she does not in her character, by the crimes of her rulers. Upon this subject, however, it is impossible to resist the temptation of borrowing the words of Mr Brougham, who, in his late eloquent Speech, has so powerfully exposed the consequences of this policy, both as it regards Genoa and Ragusa, where it was pursued to an equal extent.

‘ I would now call the attention of the noble Lord in the blue ribbon (Lord Castlereagh) to some things which, though within his department, it is very possible he may not be aware of: because it is quite possible, that those military gentlemen whom he has planted as ministers and consuls in different places, how skilled soever in their own profession, may have failed to make any reports upon commercial arrangements, as things very much out of their line, if not below their notice. Does the noble Lord now hear, for the first time, and, if he does, I am sure it should make a deep impression on his mind, that punishment has so swiftly followed guilt? Does he for the first time hear, that the fruits have already been gathered of the two worst acts in that system of wicked policy, of which the noble Lord is the advocate in this House, as he was the adviser elsewhere—that the very persons, in whose behalf those deeds were done, have even now set themselves in direct hostility to the interests of this country? If he has not before heard this, it may prove a useful lesson to him, and, I trust, it will not be thrown away upon public men generally, if I make known how those very individuals, for whose sake the noble Lord sacrificed the honour of his country, and abandoned its soundest policy towards foreign states; those with whom, after pulling down the usurper, he plunged into the deepest of all the public crimes that stained his course, and gave the ground for resisting him—that they now execrate or condemn the man who made himself the accomplice of their infamous projects? I suspect the noble Lord’s conscience already whispers to what I allude. I guess he is

aware that I am going to name Ragusa and Genoa—Ragusa and Genoa! where the name of England received a stain, that all the victories of Lord Wellington cannot wipe away, nor the services of the longest life of the greatest minister that ever lived could atone for. I will speak of Ragusa first: it is the smaller state, and, for that reason, I dwell upon it the most; because, if there be such a thing as political morality and political justice—if those words have any sense—they can only mean, that the rights and the liberties of the weaker states are to be protected by the more powerful; because, in the nature of things, public crime, the offence of one nation against another, must always consist of the strong trampling down the feeble. Therefore, if the spot in question were San Marino instead of Ragusa, I should the rather cite the example, and deem the oppression of that smaller community a still more flagrant outrage upon justice—a baser dereliction of public principle. Ragusa had flourished for centuries under the protection of the Ottoman Porte, and nominally, at least, under its dominion. The Porte was the ally of England. Often had we blazoned Buonaparte's attack upon Egypt as among the worst of his atrocities, because France was in amity with the Turk, and there could be no motive for the enterprise but the love of gain, or the lust of power. Nay, his sending Sebastiani to Egypt after the peace of Amiens, was one of the principal grounds alleged by us for so suddenly renewing the war. Then I demand, were we at war with the Ottoman Porte during the black transactions of Vienna? Were we not in friendship and alliance with it? Did we once consult it about the cession of Ragusa to Austria? What is more important, did we ever consult the Ragusans upon that cession? Have we not, without the least regard to the rights of a free people, parcelled out their country at our own discretion; and, from the liberty they were enjoying, and the independence they were proud of, delivered them over to what they deemed subjugation and tyranny? Had they, the Ragusans, the people of Ragusa, the smallest share in the deliberations of the famous congress? They had no minister there—they had made no communication to the assembled negotiators—they had received none from thence. Their existence was hardly known, except by the gallant example they had set of shaking off, without any aid, the hated empire of France. And how did we requite them for this noble effort—nay, this brilliant service in what we cantingly termed “the common cause of nations?” We, who had sounded to the uttermost corners of the earth the alarm of Buonaparte's ambition—we, who could never be satiated with invective against his despotism and injustice—we, who, in the name of Freedom and Independence, had called on the people of the whole globe, and on the Ragusans among the rest, and they at least had answered the summons, to rise up against him and overthrow his usurped dominion—we requited them by handing them over, in the way of barter, as slaves to a power of which they detested the yoke!—But let the noble lord, and let this House, and let the world mark the re-

tribution which has followed this flagitious act. Austria, extending her commercial regulations to all her new acquisitions, has absolutely shut our trade out of that very Ragusa, which we had betrayed into her hands; and thus has the noble lord received his punishment upon the spot on which he had so shamefully sacrificed the honour of his country!

‘ Sir, if any page in the history of the late congress be blacker than another, it is that which records the deeds of the noble lord against Genoa. When I approach this subject, and reflect on the powerful oratory, the force of argument as well as of language, backed by the high authority of virtue, a sanction ever deeply felt in this House, once displayed in the cause of that ill-fated republic, by tongues now silent, but which used to be ever eloquent where public justice was to be asserted, or useful truth fearlessly inculcated, I feel hardly capable of going on. My lasting sorrow for the loss we have sustained is made deeper by the regret, that those lamented friends\* live not to witness the punishment of that foul conduct which they solemnly denounced. The petty tyrant, to whom the noble lord delivered over that ancient and gallant people, almost as soon as they had at his call joined the standard of national independence, has since subjected them to the most rigorous provisions of his absurd code; a code directed especially against the commerce of this country, and actually less unfavourable to France.

‘ Thus, then, it appears, that, after all, in public as well as in private, in state affairs as in the concerns of the most humble individuals, the old maxim cannot safely be forgotten, that “honesty” is the best policy.” In vain did the noble lord flatter himself, that his subserviency to the unrighteous system of the Congress would secure him the adherence of the Courts whom he made his idols. If he had abandoned that false, foreign system—if he had acted upon the principles of the nation whom he represented, and stood forward as the advocate of the rights of the people—the people would have been grateful. He preferred the interests and the wishes of the Courts; and by the Courts he is treated with their wonted neglect. To his crimes against the people all over Europe—to his invariable surrender of their cause—to his steady refusal of the protection which they had a right to expect, and which they *did* expect from the manly and generous character of England—it is owing, that if, at this moment, you traverse the Continent in any direction whatever, you may trace the noble lord’s career in the curses of the nations whom he has betrayed, and the mockery of the Courts who have inveigled him to be their dupe. It is in vain we attempt to deceive ourselves. No truth can be more evident than this, that if, instead of patronizing abuse, tyranny, and plunder, we had exhibited a noble, gallant, English spirit in behalf of

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\* Messrs Whitbread and Horner, in the debate upon Mr Lambton’s motion.

popular rights and national independence—if, instead of chiming in with and aping their narrow, wretched principles, we had done our utmost to enlighten the policy of foreign Courts—we should have had to treat with a number of constitutional governments, directed by sound views of policy, and disposed to adopt arrangements generally beneficial, instead of the capricious and spiteful regulations, which now annoy us in every quarter.’ p. 64—70.

We now come to the immediate subject of Mr Macirone’s pamphlet, which we cannot too much recommend to the reader’s attention, whether he look for entertainment, or for information with respect to the views and conduct of the LEGISLATURES.

Mr Macirone prefaces his work by a short account of himself,—very naturally drawn from him by the circumstance of his having, in consequence of his name, been imprisoned, and most harshly treated, by the restored Bourbons, (whom adversity seems not to have taught benevolence); although, in fact, he is an English subject, having been born and educated in London, and the son of an English lady, by a respectable Italian gentleman long since settled in this country. The history of the injustice and fraud by which his family were ruined, is truly edifying, as a specimen of those governments which the policy of the English ministers is restoring and protecting in every corner of the world. His grandfather, the head of a noble and wealthy house, had expended large sums, with very little return, in a mining concern, of which he held a government lease from the Papal Chamber. He had also, at a vast expense, constructed a magnificent road, which still bears his name, for which he was to be reimbursed by his contract. The profits of the mine began to be great the last years of the term; and he made a sealed offer of renewal, upon a considerable advance of rent. The minister, Bauchieri, had a favourite, to whom he wished to give this lucrative lease; he fabricated a seal from the impression of that on Macirone’s tender; he opened it, saw his offer, and made his minion outbid him by a small sum, which gave the grant in his favour. Suspicious were, however, excited, and the whole affair came before the Supreme Tribunal. Bauchieri’s secretary came forward and disclosed the fraud; the artist who made the seal was produced, to confirm this testimony; and a decree was pronounced in Macirone’s favour, both restoring him to the lease, and awarding his costs, which were enormous. The Papal government, however, interposed, to prevent the execution of the sentence; and a renewal of the litigation was the consequence. A second decree was given in his favour, and a second time the influence of the

government rendered it unavailing ; new proceedings took place, and, after fifteen years of delay and expense, a third was obtained, which the *mild and paternal* government of Pius VI. disregarded as completely as the former. Macirone was compelled to sell his large estates to pay his expenses; and he soon after died of a broken heart. His unfortunate family were scattered abroad ; the daughters retired to a convent ; and of the sons, one perished in the American war, an officer in the French service ; and the other settled in England as a merchant, the father of the author. Let Englishmen be thankful that they live under a government which dares not act thus to its subjects ; but let them, on this account, abstain from supporting such vicious systems abroad, and, above all, let them feel how inevitably the same evils will grow up in their own country, if they listen to the Court parasites who are perpetually attempting, by little and little, to deprive them of their rights. If the pernicious and degrading maxims which have of late been circulated amongst us gain ground ; if we go on from one encroachment upon liberty to another, flattering ourselves that each step is but a trifle, and that enough remains safe ; if we permit the miserable apostates from the cause of the Constitution to cant us out of a regard for it, by attempting to confound all its friends with the party of revolution and of Napoleon ; or allow ourselves to be sneered and laughed out of our old English attachment to freedom, by artists of a higher order, who treat such topics as childish and sentimental ;—then we may be well assured, that such cases as that of Macirone will become better known here than they now are abroad, where certain checks to violent outrages upon individual rights are to be found, which the destruction of our safeguards would not leave behind. We must add our conviction, that the author is well grounded in his expectations of a more favourable result to his applications for redress under the present Roman administration. We have heard from authentic sources of intelligence, such an account of the Cardinal Gonsalvi's just and enlightened policy, as leaves us no doubt what would be the issue of a renewed application to him upon the part of Mr Macirone's family. But the continuance of his power depends upon the life of the present pontiff ; and with his successor will, in all likelihood, return the times of Pius VI.

Our author having repaired to the country of his ancestors, to visit his relations, was, by various accidents, detained there for several years ; and happening to be at Naples when Lord William Bentinck concluded the arrangement with Murat, binding the latter to cooperate with the Allies for the liberation of

Italy, he accepted his offer of a place in his staff, and was engaged near his person during the transactions that followed. On the 11th of January 1814, a treaty was concluded, offensive and defensive, between Austria and Murat, with the sanction of the Allies. The English minister did not give a written concurrence to this arrangement; but it was formally acceded to by Lord William Bentinck, who gave in a note, stating, that in case the Neapolitan government should be satisfied with verbal assurances, relying on the word of a British minister, he was authorized officially to accede to the treaty on the part of his Government, and to approve of the addition of territory which it secured to Murat, both in the March of Ancona and in Romagna. Delicacy towards our ancient ally in Sicily alone prevented a written stipulation; and this was distinctly avowed by the ministers in Parliament, when the subject was afterwards mentioned...*see Debates, November 22d, 1814.* So, in the conferences at Chatillon, the French plenipotentiaries having proposed certain arrangements with respect to Italy, received for answer, from *all* the four ministers of the Allies, ‘that Italy  
‘ then formed no part of the question; the Coalition having al-  
‘ ready resolved to reestablish the ancient governments of that  
‘ country, *except at Naples*, where the title of King Joachim  
‘ had been recognised, by virtue of a treaty which Austria had  
‘ concluded, and *to which England had acceded.*’ Joachim too, had expressly told the Austrian negotiator, that ‘he never  
‘ would march beyond his frontier, or engage actively against  
‘ France, until he had made a previous treaty of peace and al-  
‘ liance with England.’ Add to all this, that Lord William Bentinck concluded a convention with him at the same time, by which free commercial intercourse was stipulated; and it was declared, that the ports of both nations should be open reciprocally to each other’s flag.

Murat immediately began to fulfil his part of the treaty, by advancing with his army to Bologna. He there learnt that the ratification was impeded by some proposed modifications; these, however, being quite unobjectionable, and being accompanied with a suggestion that England had proposed them, he instantly agreed to them; and Lord William Bentinck having soon after arrived at his head-quarters, declared anew the entire adherence of his Government to the treaty with Austria, upon the condition of immediate and active cooperation upon Murat’s part; and communicated to him a despatch from Lord Castlereagh, stating distinctly, ‘that it was only from motives of delicacy towards the King of Sicily that the English Govern-

‘ment was induced to delay for a moment the conclusion of a special and particular treaty of alliance with the King of Naples; the British government being desirous that a treaty of indemnity to the King of Sicily, which could not yet be framed, should go hand in hand with the treaty of alliance with King Joachim.’

The cooperation of Murat, by the movement towards the North, is universally admitted to have rendered the most essential service to the Allies. Without it, the Austrian commanders allowed that the invasion of France could not have been attempted; and Marshal Bellegarde, in particular, stated, in a letter to Murat, that it had caused the Viceroy to quit the line of the Adige, fall back on the Mincio, surrender Verona, leave Venice uncovered, and abandon the other strong places in advance of the Milanese. Had the Neapolitan forces joined those of the Viceroy, there is no doubt entertained, in any quarter, that the Allies must have been arrested in their progress, and compelled to fall back from the Rhine. Vienna was only covered by a force of 36,000 men, very badly composed; and the Viceroy and Murat had nearly 100,000 between them.

The operations of Murat were interrupted for a moment by some suspicious appearances on the part of the Allies, particularly the orders issued by the King of Sicily, denying that he had ceded, or ever would cede his continental territories—and the landing of Lord W. Bentinck between the Neapolitan army and Naples. All doubts were, however, speedily removed by a frank declaration on their part, which Sir Robert Wilson made in his capacity of British Commissioner to the Austrian Italian army, and specially authorized by Lord W. Bentinck and Marshal Bellegarde to negotiate with Murat. Confidence was thus restored; and he cooperated with the utmost zeal as before. His quarrel with Buonaparte had arisen from the resolution to dethrone him, taken by the latter; and his avowed object in joining the Allies was, to confine that ambitious chief within the boundaries of his own proper dominions, not to aid in the further plans formed by the Allies in the moment of unexpected success for the invasion of France, and the dethronement of his relations. This is the statement given by M. Macirone; and we see no ground for doubting it, or for blaming the conduct which it describes, considering the situation of Murat.

The events which followed in France, and the subsequent peace, are well known. The attempts afterwards made by the French minister at the Congress of Vienna, to engage Austria in designs hostile to Murat, whose dominions she had guaranteed, are stated vaguely in this work. Nor is there any evi-

dence adduced that Austria had been prevailed upon to concur in such an act of perfidy. England, however, it is well known, had, during the peace, subsidized the Court of Sicily while it was occupied in measures for expelling the family of Murat from Naples; and the excuse offered for a conduct so repugnant to good faith, is sufficiently remarkable. It will be recollected, that we had fully acceded to the Austrian guarantee; that our accession was not reduced to writing from motives of delicacy merely; and every one must readily admit, to use the language of Sir R. Wilson in his declaration already noticed, that the circumstance of the accession being verbal, made it the more binding, 'because it connected an appeal to honour, with an obligation on good faith.' We have seen what important services Murat actually rendered in fulfilment of his part of the treaty.—Now, the British Ministers did not attempt to deny, that in return for these services, and in performance of the guarantee of his States to which they had acceded, they aided with money the King of Sicily, who was engaged in recovering from him the whole kingdom of Naples. But they maintained, that when a power is at peace with two others who are at war with each other, it may assist one up to a certain point, without giving the other cause of offence...see *Debates*, Nov. 25, 1814. We shall not stop to settle this point of casuistry: but the conclusive answer, in the present case, is, that we were not merely at peace with Murat; we had become parties to a guarantee of the integrity of his dominions; and therefore, to assist with subsidy an open enemy, who sought to take from him his whole dominions, was a plain breach of that guarantee.

Into the merits of the question which subsequently arose between him and Austria, we shall not enter. Mr Macirone treats our conduct in joining the Austrians, without giving him the three months notice stipulated in Lord W. Bentinck's convention, as another violation of treaty. The terms of that convention were, 'that in case it were not ratified, this notice should be reciprocally given previous to the commission of any act of hostility.'—Possibly, however, there may be some ground for defending the cooperation now questioned, in as much as it took place in a state of things not contemplated in the stipulation referred to. The stipulation provided merely for a non-ratification of the convention; but the cooperation arose out of Murat's attack upon Austria; and, it should further be remembered, that the convention was negotiated about the same time with the Austrian guarantee, and may fairly be reckoned a part of the arrangement. It deserves, however, to be added, that at the same moment at which Murat attacked Austria, the English Government had come to a determination to conclude an alliance with him, Bro-

naparte having then placed himself at the head of the French Government, and renewed the alarms so long prevalent all over Europe.

The most interesting part of the tract before us consists of the adventures of Murat, after his ill-advised operations in the north of Italy had failed, and he had been obliged to save himself by a precipitate retreat upon Naples with the scanty remains of his army. There is nothing in ancient war, or the romance of dark ages, more entertaining than the story of his escape to France—his concealment at Marseilles—his subsequent flight to Corsica—and the wild attempt in which he lost his life. We confess that we feel much less interest in the fortunes of this man than M. Macirone, who openly and honestly avows both his esteem for one with whom he had served, and his gratitude to him as a benefactor. Regarding him as a mere soldier of the French school—a man brought up in the contempt alike of death and of civil duties—whose only merit was great courage, accompanied with the virtues of frankness and generosity, which a thoughtless spirit stamps upon characters otherwise sufficiently dark—one in short of that class of military adventurers, who have retarded the improvement of mankind, and inflicted upon their own generation incalculable evils,—it is impossible for us to feel any portion of the warmth towards his person, or the regret for his fate, which in M. Macirone may be both natural and becoming. But every one must be interested with the story of his adventures; which are here related with a great air of truth and authority. The following extract will convey to the reader part of the entertainment we have derived from the perusal of this narrative. Murat, by accident, lost the opportunity of escape from Marseilles in a vessel which he had freighted, and in which he had embarked his suite and his property, all of which, in this way, went out to sea without him.

‘ Fortunately for King Joachim, it occurred to him that it might be imprudent to return to the place of refuge which he had just quitted: had it been otherwise he would inevitably have perished; for at that moment the bloodhounds who pursued him were in the act of visiting the very spot.

‘ He bent his steps whither chance directed him; carefully avoiding the vicinity of the forts, or of any large dwelling, lest the first house he approached might prove to be the habitation of an enemy.—He wandered about the woods and vineyards for several days and nights, with scarcely any sustenance, and without shelter.—At length, compelled by weariness and hunger, he determined to enter a farm-house, where he flattered himself he might not be known.

‘ He found only an old woman in the house, and informed her that he was an officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon; that

he had been taking a long walk across the country; that he had lost his way, and had no dinner:—he, therefore, begged her to prepare him something to eat. The good old woman, in the most courteous manner, and with the greatest cheerfulness, assured him, that he was a welcome guest, and that he might depend upon being instantly provided with the best fare her dear master's house could furnish.—This mention of her “dear master,” not a little alarmed the king, who immediately inquired his name, and if she expected him soon home? She satisfied his curiosity, adding, that he was only gone out for a walk. The good woman, during this conversation, employed herself in preparing an omelet;—but before she had finished either her cooking or her story, her master returned.

‘The king disguised the uneasiness he felt in this gentleman’s company, who, however, very civilly bade him welcome, and seated himself at the table prepared for the king,—at the same time desiring the old woman to make ready another omelet for himself. The king, who, as may well be supposed, was extremely hungry, had begun his meal previous to the declaration of his host, that he would join him.

‘No one who had ever beheld the stately figure and affable countenance of King Joachim, could forget him; and our host, who, though he had never seen him, had yet seen his portrait in the Marshals’ Saloon at the Thuilleries, as well as on his own coins of the grand duchy of Berg, and the kingdom of Naples,—and had also heard of his being then in the vicinity, as well as of the persecution to which he had been subjected, soon recognised in his guest the person of the king;—when, starting from his seat with every mark of the most profound respect, with tears in his eyes, he begged the king to pardon the familiarity into which he had been betrayed; assuring him, that he would readily risk his life to preserve him, and that his house, his fortune, and his person, were all at the king’s disposal. At this moment, the old nurse, who was assiduously engaged at the fire, hearing her master’s respectful and passionate address, from which she learnt the rank of the personage for whom she had been exercising her culinary skill, was seized with an universal tremor; and in throwing herself at the king’s feet, overturned the frying pan and its contents into the fire.

‘The king remained concealed in the house of this worthy gentleman for several days, when some circumstance made it necessary that he should be removed. Another country house was provided, which was then unoccupied; and a naval officer, whose name I shall not mention, was entrusted with the secret. An old woman, whose fidelity could be depended upon, was left in the house to wait upon the king, while the naval officer, and an associate named ———, were employed in occasionally attending upon his person, in bringing him necessaries and refreshments from the neighbouring town, and in guarding against any circumstance which might menace the king’s safety.

‘ In the mean time, King Joachim’s enemies by no means relaxed in their exertions to take him. The report of his having gold and jewels to an immense amount about his person, not a little contributed to increase their activity. The good old woman, who was employed to wait on the king, was indefatigable in her attention. She constantly kept watch during the night, while the king reposed, and would never retire to rest but in the middle of the day, when there was no danger of surprise ;—his faithful companions generally slept in the town to avoid observation.

‘ It would appear, however, that something had led to a suspicion of the king’s retreat ; for, at midnight, on the 13th of August, a party of sixty men, headed by one Mocaui, son of the general of that name, repaired to the villa in which the king was concealed. The house being placed upon an eminence, it would have been difficult to approach it in the day without discovery ; but, aided as this party was, by the darkness of the night, they made quite sure of taking their victim by surprise, which must inevitably have happened, if these imprudent assassins had not provided themselves with a lantern. The old dame, who was most fortunately watching at a window that looked towards the path which the ruffians were ascending, was alarmed at the appearance of the light ; and, immediately awaking the king, who was sleeping in his clothes with his arms beside him, apprised him of his danger. He instantly covered himself with his great coat, seized his poniard and two pair of holster pistols, slipped out at a back-door, and concealed himself under the thick foliage of the vines, at about thirty yards distance from the house. The old woman fastened the door after him, whilst the gang surrounded the house. She had the presence of mind to make some delay in opening the door, under the pretence of requiring time to dress herself. In a few moments she disposed of the king’s mattress, and set all to rights. This privileged banditti examined every corner of the house, and a party extended their search to the garden and vineyards ; in doing which, the king heard several of them pass within a few paces of him, expressing their wish that they might find him, to enjoy the pleasure of cutting him to pieces, and dividing his spoils ; but after an unsuccessful search they left the house. The king afterwards informed me that it was his intention, in case he had been discovered, to kill as many of his assassins as he could ; and then, rather than suffer himself to be taken alive, to discharge his last pistol at his own head.’ p. 71—75.

It is necessary to add, that M. Macirone charges the Marquis de Riviere with instigating the search for Murat, and setting a price upon his head, during his concealment in or near Marseilles. Murat, in his letter from Ajaccio, asserts, that this man owed his life to him ; and the following are the particulars, as given in a note.

‘ It will be remembered, that the trials of the parties concerned

in the plot to assassinate the First Consul, took place at Paris, in the month of July 1804. General Moreau was sentenced to two years imprisonment; Georges Cadoudal, M. de Riviere, and sixteen others, were condemned to suffer death, with confiscation of property.

‘ It is a well-known fact, that *M. de Riviere owed the pardon which was extended to him by Napoleon, entirely to the intercession of King Joachim and his consort.* The king himself informed me, that on a particular occasion, the queen, who had been much affected at an interview which she had granted to de Riviere’s wife, passionately declared to her brother Napoleon, “*that she would not leave his presence until he had granted her supplications in de Riviere’s behalf.*”

‘ On the 25th of July, Georges and his accomplices were guillotined at the Place de Grève; and the Marquis de Riviere is at this moment His Most Christian Majesty’s ambassador at Constantinople!—owing his life to the intercession of *this murdered king and his widow, and the mercy of Napoleon!*’

Now, the Marquis, in order to clear himself from one of the blackest charges ever brought against a human being, must either show, that he did not cooperate against Murat during his concealment, or that he did not owe his life to him; for we cannot allow, that any orders of his government could justify such a conduct, if the facts stated be true;—he might have resigned his functions at Maastricht. That he had any duty to perform, of the nature here set forth, independent of express commands from his court, cannot for a moment be alleged; for Murat was actually under the protection of the Allies, by an agreement which M. Macdonald concluded with Prince Metternich; and, in virtue of which, that minister gave him full powers (to which the English ambassador acceded) to offer Murat an asylum in the Austrian states. Indeed, we cannot conceive it possible, that, under such circumstances, any order could have been sent to M. de Riviere for the destruction of Murat.

Another part of Mr Macdonald’s work, unconnected with Murat, is of great importance, as throwing much light upon the proceedings of the Allies with regard to France. The author being in Paris upon the approach of the armies after the battle of Waterloo, was sent by Fouché to the English head-quarters with propositions; and he has given a very lively account of his reception, both there and on his passage through General Blücher’s army.

‘ I soon arrived at the spot where Prince William and his staff were sleeping, in a field before a large fire, under some trees. I inquired for my friend Baron Rochow. His name was called, and I immediately had the pleasure of seeing him. After a few urgent

questions, he proposed to introduce me to Prince William, who by this time had raised himself upon his mattress. The Prince received me with the greatest politeness, and directed that I should be presented with refreshments. On my taking leave, he ordered me to be furnished with an escort to General Baron Bulow. I arrived at this general's quarters at break of day, and was soon after introduced to him. While I was at breakfast with him, he told me that he wished me to see Prince Blucher on my way to the Duke of Wellington; and added, that he would send his aide-de-camp with me. He then ordered a servant to call his aide-de-camp, Baron Echardstein, to whom I was also particularly known.

‘ On our arrival at Prince Blucher’s head-quarters, my companion, Baron Echardstein, informed him that I was going on a mission from the French government to the Duke of Wellington: this did not seem to please the Prince, who immediately retired to rest, and left me to converse with his *chef-d’état-major*. This gentleman, whose name I believe was Gneisenau, was very indignant on being informed of the desire of the French to treat with the Duke of Wellington; and he completely lost his temper, on observing the coolness with which I listened to his indiscreet and authoritative language. He desired to know the nature of my mission to the Duke. I remained silent. He then exclaimed with the greatest violence and agitation—‘ What, nobody but the Duke of Wellington? always the Duke of Wellington? Have they forgot that there is a Prince Blucher?—that there is a Prussian army? They shall feel that there is a Prussian army! They have felt it! They shall again smart under it,’ &c. ‘ But how comes it,’ added he with the greatest violence, ‘ how comes it, that you, who say you are an Englishman, should dare to remain in Paris, after the return of Buonaparte?’ I told him, ‘ that, like numbers of my countrymen, I had to consult only my own pleasure in that particular.’ On this he exclaimed, ‘ I am very much surprised, Sir, at what you say: were I the Duke of Wellington, I would make an example of you all!’ p. 40—42.

To the Duke of Wellington he delivered Fouché’s proposals, and was present at a long conference between his Grace and the Deputies from Paris. The object of all the proposals made by the French was, to obtain a fulfilment of the solemn declaration of the Allies, that ‘ they had no intention of forcing the Bourbons, or any other Government, upon the French people, having made war on Buonaparte only, and not on the nation.’ The Duke’s answer to the Deputies was, that ‘ the only thing left for the Chambers to do, was to proclaim Louis XVIII.’ Mr Macirone afterwards urged to the Duke the justice of at least awaiting the result of the mission to the allied Sovereigns, before he undertook, by force, to place Louis XVIII. upon the throne. His answer, given in the presence

of several English officers of rank, four of whom our author names, was as follows.—‘I can give no other answer than that which you know I have just given to the Deputies. Tell the Commission of Government, that they had better immediately proclaim the King. I cannot treat till then, nor upon any other condition. The King is here at hand; let them send their submission to him.’ M. Macirone returned to Paris, and found both Davoust and the troops in the utmost ferment, and threatening to defend the capital to the last extremity;—their force was 100,000 men, 500 pieces of cannon, and 25,000 cavalry. He represents Carnôt, Quinette and Gremier, as resolved upon resisting, but at first unable to believe that the Allies *could* so far depart from their declarations. Fouché and Caulincourt are described as playing into the hands of the Bourbons, Talleyrand, and the Allies. M. Macirone was despatched again with confidential propositions from Fouché to Lord Wellington; and received from the latter the following note, in his own hand, signed also by Sir C. Stuart and Pozzo di Borgo.

‘Je pense, que les alliés ayant déclaré le gouvernement de Napoléon une usurpation et non légitime, toute autorité qui émane de lui, doit être regardé comme nul et d’aucun pouvoir. Ainsi ce qui reste à faire aux Chambres et à la Commission, est, de donner de suite leur démission, et de déclarer, qu’ils n’ont pris sur eux les responsabilités du gouvernement que pour assurer la tranquillité publique, et l’intégrité du royaume de S. M. Louis XVIII.’ p. 50.

To this Talleyrand added the following memorandum.

‘Le Roi accordera toute l’ancienne charte, y compris l’abolition de la confiscation; de plus, le non renouvellement de la loi de l’année dernière sur la liberté de la presse—l’appelle immédiate des collèges électoraux pour la formation d’une nouvelle chambre—l’unité du ministère—l’initiative réciproque des lois, par message du côté du roi, et par proposition de la part des chambres—l’hérédité de la Chambre des Pairs.’ Talleyrand added, ‘vous pouvez DE NOTRE PART leur recommander la bonne foi, et la CONFIANCE LA PLUS ILLIMITÉE.’ p. 51.

And Lord Wellington desired him to write all their names under it; as also to add what follows.

‘That I might be sent back to him immediately, with further instructions and information. I was to desire Fouché to be very explicit and sincere, particularly with him, the Duke of Wellington; who, on his part, put the most implicit confidence in him (Fouché). The Duke wished to know whether Fouché desired support or assistance of any kind, or in any manner; if he did, he should immediately have it.’ p. 52.

We conceive that these documents remove all doubt as to the real history of this celebrated transaction; and prove beyond

question, that Fouché and Caulincourt being in league with Talleyrand and Lord Wellington, the latter were, by their means, enabled to prevent the capital from defending itself, and to impose, by force of arms, a dynasty upon France, before time had been allowed for appealing to the other Allies.

The rest of M. Macirone's work contains an account of what befel himself upon his return from Corsica, whither he had been sent by Prince Metternich and Sir C. Stuart, with the offer of an asylum to Murat. On his arrival at Marseilles, he was arrested by M. de Riviere, and grossly reviled by him, for having been an adherent of Murat, and having obtained for him the protection of Austria. He was then, though acting under the authority of passports and credentials exhibited to the Marquis, and admitted by him to be perfectly regular, thrown into a dungeon, and treated with the greatest harshness. In this state he was kept for about three weeks, and then sent a prisoner to Paris, where, after strict examinations, according to the truly inquisitorial forms of the French proceedings, he was finally set at liberty.

During those examinations, he was interrogated as to the circumstances of Berthier's decease; and having mentioned, that he had heard of his having been put to death by orders, he was told, that there was a connexion supposed to have been traced between that event and the mysterious death of a great personage at Paris, in October or November 1814. M. Menars, secretary of M. de Cazes, the Minister of Police, in order to obtain from him what he knew, said, that '*a great personage had died at Paris, under circumstances of the greatest mystery, privacy and suspicion. That his death, &c. had been witnessed, and, at that time, had been known only to two individuals.*' He added, that the DEATH OF THIS PERSONAGE, AND THE MURDER OF BERTHIER, WERE MOST PARTICULARLY CONNECTED, AND THAT ONE WAS THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE OTHER.' M. Macirone answered, that all he knew of Berthier's death was, the fact of its not having been accidental; but he adds, in a note, the following very extraordinary particulars, respecting the other death mentioned by M. Menars, having learnt them since his examination. We do not pretend to be in possession of the key of the mystery—and must add, that the story does not strike us as being over and above credible.

'About the month of October or November 1814, a reputable midwife was accosted in the streets of Paris, near the church of St Sulpice, by two strangers, who, it would seem, were acquainted with her profession, as they invited her to accompany them to the house of a person who was in need of her assistance. As the present case frequently occurs at Paris, and was by no means new to the midwife, she con-

sented, without opposition, to be blindfolded, and in that state to be conveyed in a coach with the two strangers. They conversed with her as the coach drove on, she knew not whither; but the motion and the sound enabled her to perceive that it made frequent turnings, and that at length it rolled through a gateway, and into a spacious court, where it stopped at the foot of a staircase, under a vestibule. She was now led out of the coach, and after having uncovered her eyes, the two strangers conducted her into a low room (*entresol*) where she beheld extended upon a bed, and apparently at the point of dissolution, a man who gave no other signs of life than those of a short and difficult respiration, interrupted by faint, but frequent hiccups. His face was pale and bloated—his lips swollen and black—on a chair near the bed was thrown an embroidered coat or uniform, decorated with a star and with several rubans of different orders of knighthood.

‘ The two strangers who had introduced the midwife to this scene, now proceeded to desire that she would bleed the unhappy man who lay before her. She excused herself on the plea of being unskilful in the operation, and unprovided with a lancet. The men persisted in their injunctions, and produced a lancet. She was thus forced to comply;—on which the dying man opened his eyes. At this moment one of the assistants left the room for some necessary application, and, before he returned, the other was led to do the like, to learn the cause of some noise which it appears alarmed him. It was then that the wretched victim, with difficulty, and in a feeble tone, pronounced the name of BERNIER. He looked as though he would proceed:—Vain effort:—His black and tumid lips in silence quivered—his inflamed and glaring eyes rolled in horrid anguish—then closed for ever.

‘ The poisoned man had no sooner expired, than the midwife, in compliance with the orders of the strangers, sewed up the body in a sheet; which, after having accomplished, and being again blindfolded, she was conveyed from this mysterious and horrid scene, in the same manner as she had been brought thither.

‘ These particulars of this mysterious death, which is undoubtedly the same to which M. Menars alludes, formed the subject of a solemn deposition upon oath, made before the minister of police, by the midwife who had been so strangely employed. I must add, that this account of hers is implicitly believed by those who are the most competent judges of her character and credibility; and who, besides, being acquainted with much more of the matter than I have related, see the connexion which this dismal paragraph holds with the rest of the story. For my part, I do not think myself warranted, at the present moment, in saying any thing further. My readers must be aware, that to dwell on a subject from which such serious allegation might be deduced, would be highly inconsistent both with prudence and with justice. ’ p. 146–148.

ART. VI. *Common Consent, the Basis of the Constitution of England; or, Parliamentary Reform considered and tried by the Tests of Law and Reason.* 8vo. London. 1817.

*The Englishman's Manual; or, a Dialogue between a Tory and a Reformer.* By WALTER FAWKES, Esq. 8vo. London. 1817.

*A Letter on the Expediency of a Reform in Parliament.* By ROBERT HARDING EVANS. 8vo. London. 1817.

BECAUSE we are friends of Reform, we lament the course lately pursued by Reformers. We can neither agree with them in their plans of Reform, nor applaud the measures they have taken for the attainment of their object. They have held up the defective state of our representation as the origin of every calamity under which we suffer, and recommended Parliamentary Reform as a certain and infallible cure for every grievance that can affect us. They have stated, that Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage are the ancient and undoubted rights of the people, and have urged their countrymen to demand the restitution of these rights, as their just and lawful inheritance. While they have estranged public men from their cause, by unmerited contumely and abuse, they have procured, with indefatigable industry, innumerable petitions for Reform, from the poorest and most distressed portions of the community; and have vainly imagined, that these petitions, when laid before Parliament, would induce the Legislature to comply with their demands. The effect has been such, as one of the wisest and most temperate of their friends foretold them at the commencement of these proceedings, ‘I do not doubt,’ said Mr Wyvill, to Major Cartwright, in 1812, ‘the success of your endeavours to obtain signatures to the new petition for reform. But when you shall have added to your London democracy, a majority of the peasantry, especially in the disturbed counties, my apprehensions of mischief, calamity and ruin, will only be increased by your success; because I apprehend the upper classes of the community will be more than ever intimidated and united with the Crown.’ Never was warning more thoroughly neglected. Never was prophecy more exactly fulfilled. The reformers proceeded in their career; and, till the moment of failure, seemed confident of success. But the meetings they called; the speeches they made; the publications they put forth; the petitions they collected; produced in their opponents, not a disposition to yield, but a determination to resist; excited in the

country, not a conviction of the necessity of reform, but a distrust of the designs of reformers ; and procured for the people, not an extension of their rights, but a suspension and abridgment of their liberties.

It is not, however, our intention, in the present article, to animadvert on the proceedings of the Reformers, or to point out the errors of conduct into which they have fallen, but to detect and expose mistakes of a different kind, by which they appear to us to have made a deep and dangerous impression on their countrymen. We allude to the assertions so frequently repeated in their writings, that Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage are undoubted rights of the people of England, of which they have been unlawfully deprived by their Government. Respect for right is a principle so deeply rooted in the minds of Englishmen, that many, we are persuaded, have become partisans of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage, for no other reason, than a conscientious and disinterested belief, that these are the constitutional rights of their countrymen ; and, as such, that they are entitled to claim and to demand them. We are of a different opinion ; and considering the question to be one of some interest as well as curiosity at the present moment, we mean to discuss it with the Reformers, at some length perhaps, but without asperity. We shall begin with annual Parliaments.

There are laws for holding Parliaments every year, as early as the reign of Edward II. That unhappy Prince, having lost the confidence of his subjects by his levity and infatuated attachment to Gaveston, was compelled, in the third year of his reign, to empower certain Lords and Prelates to make ordinances for the regulation of his household and kingdom, which were afterwards approved of and confirmed in Parliament. Among these ordinances is the following—‘ Forasmuch as many persons are  
‘ delayed in the King’s court of their demands, because that the  
‘ party alledgeth, that the demandants ought not to be answered without the King, and also many people be aggrieved by  
‘ the King’s ministers against right, in respect of which grievances no one can recover without a common Parliament: We  
‘ do ordain, that the King shall hold a Parliament once in the  
‘ year, or twice, if need be, and that in a convenient place:  
‘ And that in the same Parliament, the pleas, which are in the  
‘ aforesaid form delayed, and the pleas whereon the Justices  
‘ are of divers opinions, shall be recorded and determined:  
‘ And, in like manner, the bills shall be finished which are delivered in Parliament, in such sort as law and reason de-

‘mand.’\* The ordinances made on this occasion continued in force for near ten years, when Edward, having got the better of his opponents, had them repealed in Parliament, as derogatory from his royal dignity and prerogative. Five years afterwards, he was deposed; his son Edward raised to the throne; and the administration of affairs vested in Mortimer and his adherents. On the fall of Mortimer, Edward III, desirous to conciliate the affection of his subjects, gave his consent to the revival of the law for annual Parliaments, which was enacted in the following words; ‘Item, it is accorded, that a Parliament shall be holden every year once, and more often if need be.’†

From this time Parliaments or councils were held once or twice a year, or oftener, till the 23d of the same reign, when, in consequence of the great plague, which laid waste all the known parts of the globe about the middle of that century, there was an intermission of these assemblies for two years. This irregularity, followed by others, led to the statute of 36 Edward III, which enacts, that ‘for maintenance of the said articles and statutes, and redress of divers mischiefs and grievances that daily happen, a Parliament shall be holden every year, as another time was ordained by statute.’‡ From the passing of this act, to the end of the reign of Edward III, Parliaments continued to be held, in general, once, and sometimes twice, in every year. But so anxious were the Commons to prevent this salutary law from falling into neglect, that, in their general reform of the commonwealth, in the 50th of Edward III, they petitioned, ‘that the King would be pleased to establish, by statute in this present Parliament, that every year a Parliament should be held, to make corrections in the kingdom, of errors and frauds, if such should there be found.’ To which the King replied, ‘that with respect to Parliament every year, there were statutes and ordinances made, which should be duly kept and observed.’§

On the accession of Richard II, the Commons renewed their petition for Parliaments every year, alleging the same grievances, and praying for the same enactments that are contained in the ordinance of Edward II; to which the King replied, ‘that as to holding a Parliament every year, the statutes made on that point should be kept and observed.’|| And in

\* Statutes of the Realm, 3 Edw. II. Ordinances, ch. 29.

† Statutes, 4 Edw. III. ch. 14.    ‡ Statutes, 36 Edw. III. ch. 10.

§ Rolls of Parl. 50 Edw. III. § 186.    || Rolls, 1 Ric. 2. § 95.

the following year, the Chancellor stated, in his opening speech to the Parliament, ' that a law having been made to hold a Parliament every year, the King, who was desirous to execute all the ordinances made in his Parliament, had caused this Parliament to be summoned. ' \*

During the reigns of Richard II, and of the two first princes of the house of Lancaster, and for the first half of the reign of Henry VI, Parliaments were, in general, held once a year, or oftener. There were sometimes, though rarely, intermissions of these assemblies for a whole year: but, in no instance, was there an interruption of Parliament for two years complete. The latter part of the reign of Henry VI. was as injurious to the liberties, as it was fatal to the repose of his subjects. In the confusion of that unhappy period, amidst the struggles of favourites, and the contentions of rival families for the throne, the meetings of Parliament, for the first time, were interrupted for a course of years; and when the legitimate race prevailed, this abuse and disregard of the antient laws and constitution of the kingdom, as was natural, increased. In the short reign of Edward IV, there was one interval of four years, one of three years, and one of two years; during which, no Parliaments were held. The Tudors and Stuarts, who next succeeded, were neither of them friendly to parliamentary government. Stimulated by the example of the sovereigns on the continent, whose successful usurpations of popular rights excited their emulation, and seemed to reproach their tardiness, these princes were desirous to emancipate themselves from the control of their subjects, and to convert the mixed and limited government of England into an absolute and arbitrary monarchy. The vigour of character that distinguished the Tudors, and the peculiar circumstances of the times in which they lived, raised the princes of that family to a pitch of authority which no kings of England, before or since, have ever attained. The minority of Edward VI, the sanguinary reign of Mary, and the disputed title of Elizabeth, saved us from despotism. The infatuated race that followed, were inflated with higher notions of prerogative, and inspired with greater aversion to Parliamentary government, than even the Tudors. In the reign of Charles I, there was a settled design to lay aside Parliaments for ever, and an actual interruption of these assemblies for twelve years,—a longer course of arbitrary government than had been seen in England since the passing of the Great Charter. If we

rescued our Constitution from this perilous state, we owe our success entirely to the spirit of religion. The Reformation had deluged us with false notions of prerogative; but it gave birth to the Puritans, whose zeal and constancy saved us from destruction. The fanaticism of half a century was the price we paid for the recovery of our liberties. But the fate of Charles was unable to correct the errors, or amend the character of his family. Their vain pretensions to arbitrary authority, their incessant struggles against the civil and religious rights of their subjects, ended only with their expulsion from the throne. To get rid of our legitimate race of kings, was found the only remedy to preserve our Laws and Constitution. Since that memorable event, which placed our government on its present footing, no year has passed without a session of Parliament; and, from the dependence of the Crown for supplies on the annual votes of the Commons, it seems impossible that the laws for Annual Parliaments should in future ever be evaded.

But our parliamentary reformers are not content with this interpretation of the laws for Annual Parliaments. They maintain, that when their forefathers provided there should be Parliaments *held* every year, they meant to say there should be a new Parliament *chosen* every year. Our ancestors 'would not more have dreamed of a stale or old Parliament than of an old moon cut into stars.'—'Parliaments were fresh and fresh in those times; and antiquity knew no other.'—'So many Parliaments, so many elections.'\*—'Prorogations, or long adjournments, were then unknown.'†—'When the business of each Session was finished, the Parliament was at an end.'—'By what authority could a representative in one Parliament take his seat in the next Annual Parliament, without reelection?'—'If it could be shown that there *ever* was a Parliament in those times that *was not a new Parliament*,' the opposite opinion 'might be justified;' but records show, 'that in the reigns of Edward III, and Richard II, writs were issued to the Sheriffs for new elections almost every year; and sometimes two, three, or four times in the same year.'§ 'When in those days' (*i. e.* time of Edward III.) 'Parliaments were convened twice or thrice, or even four times, within the year, it was *invariably by a new writ;—a new*

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\* Parliaments at a Certainty. By Samuel Johnson, 1694.

† Parliamentary History, iv. Appendix, No. 7. 1675.

§ Declaration of the People's Natural Rights, &c. By Granville Sharp, 1774.

‘*speaker was invariably chosen.*’ ||—‘The two Houses knew, and the King (Richard II.) also knew, that *every* Parliament that was called was *newly chosen*: their only business was, to insist on an *Annual* Parliament, as the *new election* followed of course.’ ¶ Such are the statements we are called upon to dispute; such the assertions we must controvert as false; or, admitting them to be partly true, show them to be inconclusive.

This view of the laws concerning Annual Parliaments, appears to have originated with the celebrated Lord Shaftsbury, leader of the Cabal, and chief promoter of the Exclusion Bill. That versatile politician having formed a temporary coalition with the Duke of York and the Popish faction, attempted, in 1675, to carry a motion in the House of Lords, for an address to the King to dissolve his Parliament. The motion was lost by a majority of two; and, against this decision, Lord Shaftsbury and other Peers entered their protest, in which, among other reasons, they state, ‘that according to the ancient laws and statutes of this realm, there should be frequent *and new* Parliaments; and that the practice of several hundred years hath been accordingly.’ In an account of the debate on this motion, written by Lord Shaftsbury himself, after reciting the law of Edward III., ‘that Parliaments should be held once every year, or more often,’ it is said, ‘How this law is to be understood, whether of a new Parliament every year, or calling the old, is most manifest by the practice, not only of all the ages before, but of some hundreds of years since that law; prorogations and long adjournments being a thing unheard of until late years.’—‘Parliaments began, in the time of Henry VIII., to be longer than they ought, that Prince knowing that long Parliaments were fitted to make great changes. By the old law, the representatives of counties, cities and boroughs, were to be new chosen once a year, if not oftener.’ \* It is singular, that, after maintaining this argument in 1675, there should be no trace of it in the debate raised two years afterwards by the same Lords, on the question, whether a prorogation of Parliament for fifteen months was not, in construction of law, a dissolution. The speech of Lord Shaftsbury on that occasion, is not preserved; but the Duke of Buckingham, who concurred with him in all these measures, expressly admits, that the law of Edward III. does

|| The Englishman’s Manual. By Walter Fawkes, 1817.

¶ Letter to Lord Erskine. By R. H. Evans, 1817.

\* Parliamentary History, iv. 802—and Appendix, No. 7.

not take away the King's power of proroguing Parliaments; and only contends, that it limits a prorogation to be within a year. ‡

This opinion thrown out by Lord Shaftsbury, was taken up by various writers after the Revolution. In a pamphlet ascribed to Lord Warrington, 'annually chosen Parliaments are' said to be the antient and legal course,' which the author expected to have seen restored by King William; § and Mr Samuel Johnson, who had been chaplain to Lord Russell, wrote a pamphlet on the same side of the question, called, 'Parliament at a certainty,' which some one has thought it worth his while lately to reprint. Mr Johnson is said to have been a learned man; but he appears, from his pamphlet, to have been moderately skilled in the history of our laws and constitution. From a careless perusal of one of the spurious laws of Edward the Confessor, he contends, that, in the Saxon times, there was a *Folkmote, or assembly of the whole nation*, convened once a year, to deliberate on the general concerns of the kingdom; and, from a casual expression in a letter of Edward I. to the Pope, he hastily infers, that a Parliament *de more* was held at Easter, in the reign of that monarch; though it is certain, that the Parliament of which he speaks, was held, not *de more*, but after prorogation. ||

The authority of Mr Johnson is, therefore, of small weight in a question of this nature; but the opinion which he espoused, appears to have made an impression on the public. In the protest of Lord Nottingham and other Lords, against the Septennial act, it is alleged, 'that frequent *and new* Parliaments' are required by the fundamental constitution of the kingdom; and, in the debate on that bill, the speakers in opposition appear to have taken the same view of the laws for Annual Parliaments, that had been suggested by Lord Shaftsbury. The same topics were employed in the debate for the repeal of the Septennial act in 1734, and on the motion for annual Parliaments in 1745. The laws of Edward III, it was argued, were intended to secure annual elections of the House of Commons; and the method of prorogation, they said, was an invention of lawyers, in the time of Richard II, to defeat the operation of these laws. In 1771, Mr Alderman Sawbridge commenced his course of annual motions for shortening the duration of Parliaments, in which he maintained the same doc-

‡ Parliamentary History, iv. 820.

§ State Tracts, published in the reign of King William, ii. 331.

|| Brady's Continuation, p. 4.

trine, now become the universal creed of Parliamentary reformers; and Blackstone having expressed his dissent from it, Mr Granville Sharp, in reply to him, published a laboured argument to prove, that the laws of Edward III. obliged the King to call a new Parliament every year. Baron Maseres has lately declared himself a convert to Mr Sharp's opinion; and the authors of the pamphlets before us, in favour of Reform, have adopted the same conclusion.

But, with all deference to these later authorities, we are of opinion, with those who preceded Lord Shaftsbury, that the antient laws for annual Parliaments were intended, not to limit the continuance or duration of Parliament, nor to provide for a new election of the Commons whenever Parliament was assembled, but to obtain and secure annual sessions of Parliament, for the despatch of business and redress of grievances. This we think evident from the words of these acts, which are quite clear and explicit. They enact, not that a Parliament should be *elected* every year, but that a Parliament should be *held* every year, that is, that a Parliament should *meet, sit and do business*, or, in other words, *have a session*. In the *second* place, the preambles of these acts state, that the purposes for which Parliaments are to be held once a year, are to prevent delays in the administration of justice, to watch over the due observance of statutes, and to redress grievances for which no remedy can be obtained except in Parliament. To accomplish these purposes, it was necessary that Parliament should meet annually and hold a session; but it was not necessary that for every session a new House of Commons should be elected. In the *third* place, it is not true that prorogations were unknown in the time of Edward III. They were known before his reign, are to be found during his reign, and have existed in every reign since his time. For near 400 years they were endured without observation or complaint. No House of Commons, however jealous of the Crown, ever represented the continuance of Parliament by prorogation as a grievance, or remonstrated against it as a violation of law: When a prorogation took place, it passed without comment, as a matter of course, arising from the known and acknowledged prerogative of the Crown; and even the Parliament, that passed the first ordinance for annual Parliaments, suffered itself to be continued to another session, not considering this prorogation at all inconsistent with the law it had enacted. That it was most proper and necessary to limit this prerogative of the Crown, we are most ready to admit. What we contend for is, that this dangerous prerogative was not limited by the statutes of Edward III.; that after these

statutes were passed, the Crown might still, at its discretion, lawfully continue the same Parliament by prorogation, as long as so advised by its responsible ministers; that a demise of the Crown was in those times the only necessary term to the duration of Parliament; that the first statute, which limited in any way the duration of Parliament, was, the triennial act, as it is called, of the long Parliament; and that the first statute which limited the duration of Parliament to a fixed term of years, was the triennial act of King William. This we believe to be the true history of our Constitution, as far as relates to the duration of Parliament; and yet, such is the inconsistency of modern reformers, that, in all their comments on our past history, King William and the Long Parliament are the main objects of their censure and malediction.—But to return to the history of prorogations.

Prorogations *before* the meeting of Parliament, are coeval with the most ancient memorials of that assembly; and prorogations from one session to another, occur as early as the reign of Edward I, who may, perhaps, be justly considered as the founder of Parliament in its present form. The mode of prorogation, and the terms used to express it, have varied at different times; but the substantial fact to be considered, is, whether the same House of Commons was continued from one session to another without reelection. In the 28th of Edward I, a Parliament met at London on the second Sunday of Lent, and sat to the 20th of March, when the Commons had license to depart, and received the usual writs for their wages. On the 26th of the following September, writs were issued to the Sheriff, directing them to send the knights, citizens and burgesses of the *last* Parliament, to a Parliament to be held at Lincoln on the 21st of January; and, in case any of the said knights, citizens or burgesses were dead or infirm, to cause others to be elected in their place. The Parliament, thus constituted, met at Lincoln on the 21st, and sat to the 30th of January, when it was dissolved. In this instance the same House of Commons sat for two sessions of Parliament without reelection, and continued in existence for near a year. \*

In the 33d of Edward I, a Parliament met at Westminster on the 24th of February. The session ended on the 21st of March, when the knights, citizens and burgesses had license to go home, *issint quil reçoignent prestement et sanz delai quele heure quil soient autre foiz remandez.* It does not appear from any evidence we have seen, that this Parliament was again

assembled; but it is clear from the words of the license, that it was not dissolved at the end of the session; and that the members, if summoned again, were bound to attend without a new election.\*

The Parliament of the 5th of Edward II, which confirmed the ordinance for annual Parliaments, met at London on the Sunday after the festival of St Laurence, and sat sixty days, after which the members had leave to depart, and obtained the usual writs for levying their wages: But on the same day writs were issued to the Sheriffs, directing them to send the *same* knights, citizens and burgesses, who have served in *this present Parliament*, or other fit persons, in case they cannot attend, to be at Westminster on the 2d of November, *ad IDEM parliamentum quod ibidem durimus CONTINUANDUM*.† The Parliament thus continued or prorogued, (for the words *prorogandum* and *continuandum* were at that time used synonymously ‡), met on the 2d of November, and sat to the 18th of December, when it was dissolved.§ It appears, therefore, that the same Parliament, which passed the first law for annual Parliaments, was itself continued by prorogation, and had two sessions.—This fact alone appears to us decisive of the question. The framers of the ordinance for annual Parliaments must have understood the meaning and purport of their own act. If it had been their intention to prevent a House of Commons, which had once sat and been dismissed, from assembling again and doing business, without a fresh election, is it conceivable, that, in defiance of their own law, within a few weeks after its promulgation, they would have consented to meet again, and hold a second session? But if it was not their intention to prevent the same House of Commons from being reassembled without a fresh election, after it had sat for one session and been dismissed, then it is clear, that the ordinance for holding a Parliament once every year, or oftener if need be, did not necessarily imply that there should be annual elections of the Commons.

In the 2d of Edward III, a Parliament met at Salisbury on the 15th, and sat to the 31st of October, when it was adjourned or continued by the King and Council to Westminster, where it met on the 10th of February following; sat to the 22d, and was then dissolved. || It is unnecessary to remind

\* Pryne, Parl. Writs, iv. 8. 19. Rolls of Parliament, i. 159.

† Pryne, Parl. Wr. ii. 73.

‡ Dugdale's Summonses, 171.

§ Pryne, Parl. Wr. iv. 34.

|| Pryne, Parl. Wr. iv. 87. 101.

our readers, conversant in the language and forms of Parliament, that an adjournment *by the King* is a prorogation.

In the 6th of Edward III., within two years after the revival of the law for annual Parliaments, a Parliament met at York on the 6th, and sat to the 11th of December. It was then prorogued or continued by the King to the 21st of January, when it met a second time; sat to the 26th, and was then dissolved. ||

In the 45th of Edward III., a Parliament met at Westminster on the 22d of February, and sat to the 29th of March, and was then dismissed. On the 27th of April following, writs were issued to the Sheriffs, directing them to send to the King and Council at Winchester, on the feast of Trinity, from every county, city and borough, *one only* of the knights, citizens and burgesses, who had served in the last Parliament, *ut laboribus parcat et expensis*, in order to correct a mistake which they had made in their grant of a supply. This assembly met on the 18th, and sat to the 27th of June; and, besides rectifying their former mistake, they despatched a variety of other business. †

In the 5th of Richard II., a Parliament met at Westminster on the 4th of November, and sat to the 13th of December, when it was *adjourned* to the 24th of January *by the King*, with consent of the Prelates, Lords and Commons; the King willing and commanding, that all pleas, causes, and other matters before Parliament at the time of its adjournment, and not yet brought to a conclusion, should remain as they were, in the same condition, till the day of meeting. On the 24th of January, this Parliament met again, and sat to the 23d of February, when it was dissolved. Though this is termed an *adjournment* in the Rolls of Parliament, it was clearly a *prorogation*; because it was done by the King, and because a special order was necessary to prevent the matters before Parliament from being terminated by its rising. ‡

The Parliament that met in the 11th of Richard II. was, in like manner, continued by the King, with consent of the States, from the 20th of March to the 11th of April, when it again assembled, and sat to the 4th of June. \*

The last Parliament in which Richard II. presided, met at Westminster on the 17th of September, and sat to the 27th. It

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|| Prynce, Parl. Wr. iv. 122.

† *Ib.* ii. 107.—iv. 283. 289.—Rolls of Parliament, ii. 304.

‡ Rolls of Parliament, iii. 98—114.

\* Rolls of Parliament, iii. 245.

was then continued and prorogued *by the King*, of his sole authority, to the 27th of January following; and the place of meeting transferred to Shrewsbury, where it assembled on the day appointed, and had a second session.\*

In one of the debates for shortening the duration of Parliament, it is asserted, that the method of continuing Parliaments by prorogation was invented by Richard II, in order to elude the laws for annual Parliaments. That this assertion is utterly unfounded, appears from the examples we have given of the continuance of Parliaments by prorogation under the three first Edwards: and, that the method of prorogation was not considered at that time as a violation or evasion of these laws, may be inferred from the silence observed on that head, in the articles of charge exhibited against Richard at the time of his deposition. In these articles, he is accused of subverting the constitution of Parliament, of falsifying its records, of overawing its deliberations, and of interfering in its elections; but not a word is said of his continuing his last Parliament by prorogation, which was done entirely by his own authority; nor is he even censured for transferring the place of its meeting from Westminster to Shrewsbury. From the silence of his enemies on this topick, we may safely conclude, that the continuance of Parliament by prorogation was not considered at that time as contrary to law, or inconsistent with what were then understood to be the principles of the Constitution.

Under the House of Lancaster, the method of continuing Parliaments by prorogation became gradually more frequent, and approached nearer to the practice of modern times. In the 7th of Henry IV, the same Parliament was continued for three sessions. In the 3d of Henry V, the same Parliament sat for two sessions. In the reign of Henry VI, Parliaments, continued by prorogation for two sessions, occur very often; and in the 23d and 31st years of his reign, the same Parliaments sat for three sessions, and continued in existence for more than a year. In the 3d of Edward IV, a Parliament was convoked, which had three sessions, and sat for near two years; and in the 12th of the same Prince, a Parliament was summoned, which sat for seven sessions, and was continued by various prorogations for near three years. In the 4th of Henry VII, a Parliament met, which continued in existence for near fourteen months, and had three distinct sessions; in every one of which, acts were passed, that are entered in the statute book. It is worth remarking, that though the dates of these statutes are

\* Rolls of Parliament, iii. 355, Dugdale's Summonses, 351.

carefully noted in the Rolls of Parliament, \* there is no distinction made in the statute roll between the different sessions, all the acts of this Parliament being there dated on the 13th of January, 4th Henry VII, the day when the Parliament first assembled. We mention this circumstance, to show what little weight is due to an argument, used by the author of the pamphlet called 'Common Consent,' † founded on the general title or preamble of the statutes of Henry VIII, compared with those of Edward III. . It would be strange indeed, if the carelessness of the compilers of the statute roll, was to be admitted as a reason for doubting the existence of prorogations, which are attested by writs, and commemorated in the Rolls of Parliament. The same author mentions with scorn the position, 'that every several session of Parliament is in law a several Parliament;' and is only induced to answer it from respect and deference to the authority of Whitlocke. And yet, this is a doctrine laid down by Lord Coke, ‡ and justified by some of the most antient Rolls of Parliament extant. When the Parliament held in the 6th of Edward III. was prorogued from the 11th of December to the 21st of January, the Rolls remark, *Et issint se finist le Parlement*; and then go on to mention, that the petitions which had not been answered, were ordered to be received *au prechein Parlement*, that is, by the same Parliament, when it met after prorogation. ||

It is true, that, in the early periods of our history, Parliaments were usually of short duration, and were, in general, dissolved at the end of their first session. But this arose from regard to the wishes and convenience of members, and not from the obligations or injunctions of law. The occasional exercise of the right of prorogation, without challenge or complaint, is proof of its existence and legality; and the absence of any words to limit or restrict it, in the statutes for annual Parliaments, shows it was the intention of the Legislature, in these acts, not to interfere with this prerogative, but to leave it, as formerly, to be used and exerted at the discretion of the Crown. We must therefore look, not to the operation of laws which did not exist, but to the situation of the country and to the circumstances of the times, for an explanation, both of the short Parliaments of Edward III, and of the long Parliaments that came afterwards. But it is well known that, in early times, the House of Commons had little power or consideration, when compared with the Lords. A seat in the House of Commons was consi-

\* Rolls, vi. 418, 426, 437. † p. 39. • ‡ 4th Institute, 27.

|| Rolls, ii. 67.

dered as a burthen which no man was willing to undertake, and every one was desirous as quickly as possible to shift from himself, and transfer to his neighbour. When a member was elected, he was bound to find manucaptors or sureties, to answer for his repairing to Parliament, and attending there punctually during the continuance of its sittings. There is one instance related by Prynne, \* of a knight of the shire who did not find sureties; on which the sheriff distrained his cattle (eight oxen and four farm horses), to compel him to the discharge of his duty. There is an account also of a burgess of Lincoln, elected by the Mayor and Commonalty to represent them in Parliament, who could not by any means be persuaded to attend, or, as they express it, *ne se deggne venir pur rien que nous savons faire*, in consequence of which they were compelled to chuse another person in his place. § Men, who were thus unwilling to perform their Parliamentary service, claimed and received from their constituents a compensation for their trouble and expense. Wages were not only due to the members, but were strictly levied for their use. In the reigns of Edward III. Richard II. and many subsequent princes, frequent disputes arose about the payment of wages; and laws were made to regulate the collection of them, and to correct the oppressions and extortions to which they gave rise. Boroughs were discharged from sending members to Parliament, on account of their inability to pay the wages of their members; and estates were secured in perpetuity for the benefit of communities, in order to relieve them in future from this burthen. † As the country increased in wealth, and the House of Commons rose in credit and importance, the custom of receiving wages fell into disuse, though the right to demand them still continued. It seems to have been a practice with men of rank and fortune desirous to have a seat in Parliament, to make a bargain with the burgesses of some small borough, not to exact wages from them, if returned to represent them in the House of Commons. In a debate on releasing wages due to members in the long Parliament of Charles II, Mr Boscawen remarked, that 'it was generally promised, at elections in boroughs, to serve freely; and why an act should not be made to confirm those promises, he did not see. He thought it worth the consideration of the House to put the boroughs out of fear. For hereafter they would chuse their own burgesses, blue aprons,—and gen-

\* Parliamentary Briefs, Part 2 51.

§ Brady on Boroughs. 8vo. p. 154.

† Statute 34 & 35 Henry VIII, ch. 24.

' tlemen no more.' On the same occasion, another member observed, that for ' 80 or 100 years wages had been scarce received †

When a seat in the House of Commons became an object of ambition, dissolutions were less frequent; because, on the one hand, members were not unwilling to prolong their service, and, on the other hand, it was often inconvenient for the Crown to incur the hazard of a general election. When the country was divided into parties nearly equal in strength, the result of a general election was always uncertain; and therefore, when the Crown had obtained a Parliament favourable to its views, a dissolution was carefully avoided or postponed, till some favourable conjuncture arrived, or till some change of system in the government rendered it necessary. It was for this reason that the duration of Parliaments was gradually prolonged during the contests between the rival families of York and Lancaster; and, for the same reason, long Parliaments became still more common during the struggles for the Reformation. The House of Commons that abolished the Papal power under Henry VIII, was continued for near six years; and the Parliament of Edward VI, that established the Reformation, lasted near five years. Queen Mary, on the contrary, had five Parliaments during her short reign; one proof among many, that the prevailing interests were at that time on the side of Popery. The fourth Parliament of Elizabeth, and the first of James, were of longer duration than any Parliaments that had been then known in England.

The prerogative of continuing Parliament from one session to another had now been carried to an extent, which might justly be deemed an abuse that required correction. The only step that remained was to continue the same Parliament, as in Ireland, till a demise; and this measure Charles I. would probably have adopted, if he had ever obtained a Parliament to his mind. But, liable as this practice was to objection, no complaint was made of it as illegal, in any of the Parliaments called by James, in the latter part of his reign, or in the Parliaments called by his son, though composed of men profoundly versed in the laws and constitution of their country, and animated with the deepest indignation against the Court. In the Parliament called in the 17th of James, after an intermission of these assemblies for six years, when a long adjournment was proposed by the King, so far from considering this to be illegal, Sir Edward Coke was himself employed in drawing up a reso-

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† Parliamentary History, iv. 843.

lution respecting the privileges of the members during the adjournment; and when the same parliament was again to be adjourned, the House of Commons addressed the King 'not to *prorogue* them, but to consider what time would be fittest for their departure and *reaccess*, to perfect those beginnings which were then in preparation.' \* When the short Parliament met in 1640, one of the grievances of which they complained, was 'the not holding of Parliaments every year;' but not a word was said of the continuance of the same Parliament by prorogation. † One of the first acts of the long Parliament, that met towards the close of the same year, was to enact, that the laws and statutes for annual Parliaments, should 'from henceforth be duly kept and observed;' but, so far from supposing that these statutes limited the duration of Parliament, or took from the Crown its power of continuing Parliament by prorogation, they acknowledged and recognised the existence of that prerogative, by enacting, that in case a Parliament should be 'prorogued or adjourned, or continued by prorogation or adjournment, until the 10th of September, which shall be in the third year next after the last day of the last meeting and sitting in Parliament, every such Parliament so prorogued or adjourned, or so continued by prorogation or adjournment, shall, from the said 10th day of September,' (and not before) 'be thenceforth clearly and absolutely dissolved.' ‡

The author of the pamphlet called 'Common Consent,' observes, that 'this was the first legislative countenance given to the abuse of prorogation;' by which he probably means, that this is the first statute, which alludes, in its enactments, to prorogations from one session to another. But he cannot be ignorant, that prorogations are recorded in the Rolls of Parliament from the earliest *memoranda* of its proceedings: § And, after the argument he had attempted to found on the general titles of statutes, before the 22d of Henry VIII., he ought not to have forgotten, that Parliaments, held *after prorogation*, are mentioned in the statute book, as early at least as the reign of that monarch. He might have found them, indeed, at a much earlier period; in the times of Richard II, Henry VI, and Edward IV. || It would have been more candid, if he had remarked on the present occasion, that this is the first statute which appoints any termination by law to the duration of Parliament.—

\* Hatsell's Precedents, ii. 276.

† Ib.

‡ Scobell's Acts, p. 2.

§ Rolls, i. 159.—ii. 67.

|| Statutes of the Realm, ii. 94, 366, 403, 424.

Till then, there was no limit to the continuance of a Parliament, except a dissolution or a demise of the Crown. Parliaments were called into existence by the King's writ, and continued in existence till dissolved by his authority, or till the operation of the writ had expired by his death. The long Parliament of 1640, so strangely abused by men professing an attachment to liberty, instead of enlarging or adding to the power of prorogation, secured the subject from one abuse of that prerogative; by enacting, that, in case a Parliament was kept in existence by prorogation, but not suffered to meet and sit, that Parliament should be held, after a certain time, to be dissolved, and another Parliament convened, without the King's writ, over which the Crown should have no power of prorogation or dissolution, for the first fifty days after it was assembled.

The same author makes another observation on this celebrated statute. It establishes, he tells us, 'a distinction between Parliaments held by writ, and by prorogation, as he conceives the old laws would have done, if different Sessions of the same Parliament had then been in use.' He mistakes the matter. There is no such distinction in the act. Its provisions apply to every Parliament that by law could exist; *first*, to the Parliament then assembled; *secondly*, to Parliaments summoned afterwards, in the usual manner, by writ; and, in the *third* place, to Parliaments that might be convened by the operation of this act; and, in case any of these Parliaments should be prorogued or adjourned to the 10th of September, in the third year next after the last day of the last sitting and meeting in Parliament, such Parliament is declared to be 'clearly and absolutely dissolved.'

The authority of Prynne has been adduced, in support of the modern doctrine, that anciently there were none but Sessional Parliaments. The following is the passage in Prynne, \* which has been mutilated and perverted for this purpose. 'The elections and returns of knights, citizens, burgesses, and barons of ports, and their sitting and voting in the Commons' House, do neither create them knights, citizens, burgesses, barons of ports, nor members of the Commons' House, during their own lives, much less their issue male, in succession after them, but only during the *session and continuance* of those particular Parliaments and councils, for which they are elected and returned; *which, being once determined*, they presently ceased to be knights, citizens, burgesses and barons, in any succeeding Parliaments or councils, unless newly elect-

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\* Parliamentary Writs, i. 333.

‘ed, and returned to serve in them, by the King’s new writs, ‘as our law-books and experience resolve.’ The doctrine thus laid down is perfectly correct, but quite inapplicable to the point in dispute. To convert the passage into an argument for Sessional Parliaments, it was necessary to omit the word *Continuance* after the word *Session*; and, by this small and almost imperceptible mutilation, has Prynne been converted into an advocate for annual Parliaments, newly chosen every year. This fraud, for it deserves no better name, was first practised by Mr Granville Sharp, and has been faithfully copied by the author of ‘Common Consent,’ and by Mr Evans.

To many of our readers, we fear, this disquisition will have appeared unnecessarily tedious and minute; but we were anxious to leave no shadow of argument unanswered, which had been urged in support of what appears to us a false and erroneous construction of our antient statutes for annual Parliaments. We trust we have now proved, to the satisfaction of our readers, that,

1. The method of continuing Parliaments by prorogation was known from the earliest period of our Parliamentary history.

2. That the laws of Edward III, and other Princes, for annual Parliaments, did not affect, and were not intended to affect, this prerogative.

3. That the statute of 16 Charles I. chap. 1., was the first act that touched or limited this prerogative of the Crown. And,

4. That the triennial act of King William was the first statute which limited the duration of Parliament to a fixed and certain term of years.

There are some who admit, that the laws for annual Parliaments prevent not prorogations from one session to another, and who of course abandon the ground taken by Mr. Granville Sharp, and the authors of the several pamphlets before us. But, while they admit that, notwithstanding these laws, the Crown still retained its power of prorogation, and occasionally exercised that prerogative, they contend, that it was made illegal, by these statutes, to continue the same Parliament above a year. This proposition appears to us utterly untenable. By what words of these laws is the duration of Parliament limited to a single year? If a Parliament may be continued once by prorogation, why may not the same Parliament be continued a second time? There is no provision whatever in these statutes for the dissolution of Parliament; and it must therefore either be held, that a Parliament, when it had once sat, could not be continued by prorogation; or be admitted, that it might have been continued for as many sessions as the Crown chose to appoint.

We next proceed to Universal Suffrage.

'The Constitution requires,' says one Reformer, 'the common consent of all the people: and, according to law and reason, the words, *all the people*, in the consideration of this subject, mean' all adult males, except men of unsound mind, or convicted of some criminal offence; or who are paupers, habitually receiving parish relief. In strictness, therefore, all adult males, with these exceptions only, are, by the constitution of England, entitled to be electors; and whilst the old laws remain, their right cannot be denied.' \* 'Surely,' says another Reformer, 'it is burning day-light, to prove, that if the old law keeps not the word of promise to the ear only, it did intend to entail upon the whole body of the realm, and *every particular member thereof, the right*, either *in person*, or by *representation*, (and that upon their own free election), to be present in the high Court of Parliament, in which their consent was to be given.' †

Our readers will observe, that the question we are about to discuss, is, not the expediency of Universal Suffrage, nor its foundation in natural right, but whether it was ever enjoyed by the people of England, or pertained to them of right by the laws and constitution of their country.

For Annual Parliaments, newly chosen every year, there was some appearance of argument. To have Sessional Parliaments, though never enjoyed by law, was, for several reigns, the most common and usual practice: And there were statutes for Annual Parliaments, which, to a careless reader, might seem to intend, that Parliaments should be annually chosen. But, with respect to Universal Suffrage, we have not a shadow of law, or vestige of practice, in its favour.

It is not contended, nor will any man who has the slightest regard to his reputation venture to assert, that anything like Universal Suffrage ever obtained in England. If we look to our county representation, we find, that from the first origin of the House of Commons, it was in the hands of freeholders, and of freeholders only. Copyholders, leaseholders, tradesmen, and others whose estates are entirely in money and goods, have never, at any time, had a voice in these elections. It has been even maintained by many lawyers and antiquaries of eminence, that for several ages after the beginning of the House of Commons, none but tenants in chief of the Crown had votes in the election of Knights of the shire. On a former occasion we endeavoured to combat this opinion, and to show, that from the commencement of county elections, the right of suffrage was vested in all the freeholders, being suitors of the

County Court, whether holding of the King in chief, or the tenants of a mesne lord. In the further prosecution of this inquiry we have found, in the earliest records of the House of Commons, many instances of subvassals who represented their counties in Parliament; but we have not yet had the means of ascertaining exactly, whether there were any of these persons who had no holding at all *in capite*; for nothing was more common, in former ages, than for the same person to hold some of his estates in chief, and others of a subject superior. It cannot be denied, that the privileges of freeholders were abridged by the statutes of Henry VI, which restrict the right of voting in counties to forty-shilling freeholders. But contending, as we do, that the supreme legislative power in England is vested in Parliament, we cannot admit that these acts, however questionable in their motives and policy, were illegal or unconstitutional. We know of no fundamental principle in our constitution, except the legislative supremacy of Parliament. The use to be made of that supreme authority, is matter of discretion; but we are aware of no limitation to it by law. In the words of Sir Thomas Smith, ‘all that ever the people of Rome might do, either in *centuriatis comitiis*, or *tributis*, the same may be done by the Parliament of England; which representeth, and hath the power of the whole realme, both the head and the bodie.’

The history of our borough representation is more obscure; the origin of it is uncertain; and the places that returned members to Parliament have varied much at different times. But there is reason to believe, that originally the right of election in boroughs was vested in the governing part of these communities, or in a select portion of the burgesses; and that in the progress of the House of Commons to power and importance, the tendency has been, in general, to render the elections more popular. It is certain, that for many years burgesses were elected in the county courts, and apparently by delegates from the boroughs, who were authorized by their fellow burgesses to elect representatives for them in Parliament.\* In the reigns of James I. and Charles I, when popular principles were in their greatest vigour, there was a strong disposition in the House of Commons to extend the right of suffrage in boroughs; and in many instances these efforts were crowned with success. To the Puritans, who seem fated, in the present day, to be equally abused by Tories and Reform-

\* Prynn, *Brevia Parl. Redidiva*.—Brady on Boroughs.

ers, we owe a resolution of the House of Commons, which is the nearest approach we have ever met with to the principle of universal suffrage. On a petition of an undue election from Cirencester, Serjeant Glanville reported from the Committee of Privileges—‘ That, where no custom, or charter, to the contrary, the election to be made by all the householders ; ’ after which, the House resolved on a question, ‘ In a borough, not being a corporation, there being here no free burgesses, nor charter, nor custom, for election, the election is to be made by the householders, and not only by freeholders. ’ † It appears, from this resolution, to have been the opinion of the House of Commons, that where there was no charter or custom to the contrary in a borough, there existed a common-law right of election in the householders. A subsequent Committee, in that reforming age, appears, on one point, to have gone a step further. In the 4th of Charles I, Mr Hackwill reported from the Committee of Privileges, on a petition from Boston, as ‘ agreed by the Committee, that the election of burgesses, *in all boroughs*, did, of common right, belong to the Commoners ; and that nothing could take it from them, but ‘ a prescription and a constant usage, *beyond all memory*. ’ \* But, extensive as is the principle here laid down, our readers cannot fail to perceive how much it falls short of the doctrine of universal suffrage. It is, in the *first* place, confined to boroughs, where there is no prescription to the contrary ; and, in the *second* place, it is limited to commoners of the borough, and does not extend to the other inhabitants.

On what pretence, then, it may be said, has universal suffrage been claimed as an ‘ undoubted right ’ of the people of England, ‘ of which they have been unlawfully deprived ? ’ It may be answered—From scraps and shreds of learning—from rash and erroneous expositions of ancient statutes—from texts of law, misunderstood and misapplied—from the fictions and exaggerations of lawyers—and from the warm and hyperbolic language of Parliamentary orators and politicians.

‘ Magna Charta,’ says one of our reformers, ‘ enacts, that ‘ no scutage or aid shall be imposed in our realm, unless by the ‘ *Common Council* of our realm.’ But, of what persons was this Common Council composed, which could alone impose aids and scutages on the kingdom ? Of the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls and greater barons, summoned by special writ ; and of the other tenants in chief, called by a general writ, ad-

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† Journals, 21st May, 1624.      \* Journals, 8th May, 1628.

dressed to the King's sheriffs and bailiffs. † What appearance is there here of universal suffrage? What trace of any assembly of delegates, chosen and nominated by the people?

In the Magna Charta of Henry III, that monarch declares, 'that for this our gift and grant of these liberties, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, knights, freeholders *et omnes de regno nostro*, have given unto us the fifteenth part of their moveables.' ‡ Who were meant by *omnes de regno*? A writ of the 19th of Henry III. § explains to us, that they were all persons who held in chief of the Crown, excluding of course subvassals, villeins and serfs. By *regnum* was understood, in that age, not the *land*, but the *body politic*, of England; as in the passage of Bracton, quoted by Hume, where he says, *regnum ex comitatibus et baronibus ducitur esse constitutum*.

In the *Confirmatio chartarum* of Edward I. it is said, that the charters were 'made by the common consent of all the realm, in the time of King Henry his father.' But who constituted, at the accession of Henry III, the *realm* or *body politic* of England? This is the very point in dispute; and, till it is settled by other authorities, such passages as this prove absolutely nothing in the present question. We are unwilling to give any positive opinion on a point that has been the subject of so much controversy. But, as far as we have inquired into the matter, we must confess it has appeared to us, that the supreme authority in England was at that time vested in the King and his great Council, composed of all his tenants in chief. Knights of the shire were only beginning at that time to be introduced into the great Council; and, with respect to our borough representation, there is no unequivocal proof of its existence till a later period.

In the preamble to a parliamentary summons of Edward I. it is said, 'that what concerns all, shall be approved by all.' But to whom was this language addressed?—Not to the earls and barons;—not to the knights, citizens and burgesses;—but to the clergy, from whom the King was desirous to extract money for the prosecution of his war in France, and whom he so successfully alarmed with the horrible projects of his enemies, that he obtained from them a tenth part of their moveables. || *The other inhabitants* of the realm, with whom and the Lords, the

† Magna Charta Joannis, § 12, 14.

‡ Magna Charta Hen. III. § 37.

§ Brady's Introduction, Appendix, p. 43.

|| Dugdale's Summonses, p. 10.—Brady's Continuation.

clergy are required on this occasion to consult, were the knights, citizens and burgesses, who began about that time to be regularly summoned to Parliament.

In a Parliament of Edward II, it is declared, that laws to regulate the state of the King and kingdom, shall be made by the King, 'by the assent of the Prelates, Earls and Barons, and 'by the *commonalty* of the kingdom, according as it hath been 'heretofore accustomed.' \* What is this, but a recognition of our present Constitution, that the Supreme authority is vested in King, Lords, and Commons?

A law of Edward III. declares, that none shall be 'charged 'nor grieved to make any aid, or to sustain any charge, if it 'be not by the *common assent* of the Prelates, Earls, Barons 'and other great men and *Commons* of our said realm of England, and *that in Parliament.*' † What connexion, it may be asked, has this declaration with the question of universal suffrage? Will it be pretended that the Commons' House of Parliament, in the reign of Edward III, was elected by the universal suffrage of the people of England?

But we are told, that in the first statute of King James, it is declared, that in the 'High Court of Parliament, all the whole 'body of the realm, and *every particular member thereof*, either 'in person or by representation (upon their own free elections), 'are, by the laws of this realm, *deemed to be personally present.*' So every man in England is *presumed*, in law, to know every one of the thousand statutes in the statute-book; and so the law ascribes to the King perfection, perpetuity, and ubiquity. But these are legal fictions—not realities; and we might as well argue that James was an all-perfect Monarch (which the same Parliament, by the way, was ready 'to agnize upon the knees of their hearts'), as infer from this language of the statute, that every man in England has a right to sit in person, or to appoint of his own free election a representative to serve in Parliament.

The House of Commons, says Lord Coke, 'represent the 'whole Commons of the realm, and are trusted for them: By 'reason of this representation, every man is said to be party to, 'and the consent of every subject is included in, an act of Parliament: 'that is, the consent of every man is said to be included in an act of Parliament, because the House of Commons are held in law to represent the whole Commons of the kingdom. The real consent required for laws and taxes by the Constitution of England, is common consent in Parliament; and

\* 15 Edward II, Revocation of the New Ordinances.

† 14 Edward III, statut. ii. ch. 1.

that being obtained, it is held in law to be the common consent of the subject. But this fictitious consent of the subject, neither adds to the obligation of the law, nor abridges the power of Parliament, nor confers any additional rights or privileges on the people.

If it should be asked, why is the consent of every subject supposed to be included in an act of Parliament, unless the Constitution required, for the enactment of laws and imposition of taxes, the common consent of the people, which, being wanting in fact, must be supplied by a fiction? We reply, that the consent required by the Constitution for laws and taxes, is the consent of the Body Politick, or political authorities of the State; and that language, applicable in strictness to the body politick only, has been extended to the whole people, partly for the purpose of giving weight and importance to the House of Commons, as the organ and representative of the whole body of the Commons, and partly to excite and foster, in the minds of the people, high and elevated notions of their rights and liberties.

A King of England, says Fortescue, ‘cannot, by himself or by his servants and officers, levie upon his subjects tallages, subsidies, or any other burdens, or alter their laws, or make new lawes, without the expresse consent and agreement of his whole realme in his *Parliament*;’ that is, without the consent of his Parliament, which is held in law to be the common consent of his realm.

‘The consent of Parliament,’ says Sir Thomas Smith, ‘is taken to be every man’s consent; for every Englishman is intended to be there present, either in person or by procuration.’ But, notwithstanding this intendment of the law, he had told us in the preceding chapter, ‘that day-labourers, poore husbandmen, yea, marchantes or retailers which have no free lande, copiholders and all artificers, as taylers, shoemakers, carpenters, brickemakers, bricklayers, masons, &c. have no voice nor authoritie in our commonwealth; and no account is made of them, but onelie to be ruled, not to rule others.’ It appears, therefore, that though every Englishman was held, in law, to be present in Parliament, personally or by procuration, not a few were in fact excluded; and, without voice or authority in the State, considered fit only to be governed.

When Fortescue says, that statutes in England ‘cannot be reformed without the assent of the *Commonalty* and Lords of the realm,’ he adds, ‘by whose authority they were first devised.’ We ask, by whose authority were statutes made in the time of Fortescue? Was it not by authority of Parliament; and, if so, does it not follow, that the *Commonalty*, of which he

speaks in the preceding part of the sentence, is the House of Commons?

The petition of grievances presented by the House of Commons to James I, states it to be the fundamental right of the subject, declared and established by act of Parliament, that no charges or impositions shall be laid on the people, *without their common consent*. \* But what is the prayer of the petition? Is it not, that all impositions, set *without the assent of Parliament*, may be quite abolished and taken away; and that a law be made, to declare, that all impositions set on the people, *save only by common assent in Parliament*, are and shall be void? And is it not clear from this prayer, that the common consent of the people, said to be necessary by the fundamental laws of the kingdom for laying taxes and impositions on the subject, was common consent in Parliament, and nothing else?

To pursue this subject further, would be to trifle with the patience of our readers. The consent of the people, distinct from the consent of the House of Commons, is a principle unknown to our law. The common consent required by the Constitution, for laws and taxes, is common consent *in Parliament*, that is, the consent of the King and of the two Houses of Parliament; and no other consent has been ever asked or obtained, since the first origin of our present political Constitution, in the reign of Edward I. There have been times, indeed, when a House of Commons was unwilling to grant, and afraid to refuse, supplies; and when a delay was craved by its members, on the pretence of consulting with their constituents. But this was a matter of choice and discretion, not of law or obligation. For the Members of the House of Commons, when elected, receive full powers from their constituents to act for them in Parliament; and, when assembled in Parliament, they are held in law to represent, and have authority to act for, the whole Commons of the kingdom. If the mode of their election renders them unfit persons to be trusted for the whole Commons of the realm, this may be a reason why *that mode* should be altered; but it is a reason founded on principles of utility and expediency, and not arising out of the common or statute law of England.

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\* Petyt's *Jus Parliamentarium*, p. 323.

ART. VII. *Wat Tyler, a Dramatic Poem.* 12mo. pp. 70.  
London, 1817.

*A Letter to William Smith, Esq. M. P., from Robert Southey, Esq.* 8vo. pp. 45. London, 1817.

WHEN we first saw this extraordinary Drama, with its significant mottoes and advertisements, we set it down, in our provincial innocence, as a wicked and extravagant parody of the worthy Laureate's earlier manner—maliciously contrasted, as to the subject, with the loyal sublimity of his late official Lyrics:—For though we knew well enough that the said worthy and consistent person had been a bit of a Jacobin in his youth—had coquetted in verse with Mary Woolstoncroft and the ghost of Madam Roland,—and extolled our Regicides at home, and deplored the execution of Brissot as the damning sin of the French Revolution;—nay, though we knew that the first of his six Epics had been written for the purpose of reviling the war we were then carrying on against the holy Republic, and the detestable policy of ‘the Dark Vizier,’ as he ingeniously termed Mr Pitt,—we really never imagined that he could, at any time of his life, have been capable of producing anything at once so insane and so silly as the piece now before us.

Even when we learned, from the perusal of certain judicial proceedings, that the work had been actually acknowledged by the excellent Laureate, we hesitated about making it the subject of a review. It was not clear to us that the manuscript had been very handsomely come by;—and the poor man, we fancied—poor provincial innocents again!—must be so confounded and ashamed of himself, that we had not the heart to aggravate his awkward pain by any public notice of the transaction. The perusal of some late numbers of the Quarterly Review; however, somewhat shook this resolution of forbearance;—and that of the second publication, of which we have prefixed the title, served altogether to change it. In that exquisite performance we find, not only that Mr Southey is not at all ashamed of having written *Wat Tyler*,—but that he is exceedingly proud of it,—and that he actually regards it as one of his most generous and ingenious productions. If there be any defect, indeed, in his moral constitution—which to be sure it is very presumptuous to suppose—we imagine it consists in something quite opposite to an excessive tendency to be ashamed of anything which he does, or which befalls him;—and accordingly, we must take the liberty to say, at once, that a more bloated mass of self-conceit, absurdity and

insolence, never fell under our view, than the Letter which he has here given to the public; and that there is something so irresistibly ludicrous in the magnificent tone which he assumes, when contrasted with the occasion of his present appearance, that, compassionate as the case otherwise is, it is not easy to conceive anything much more diverting than the two pieces which we now venture to recommend to the attention of our readers. The Dramatic Poem is the text—and must have the precedence; but the author's commentary is, in our poor judgment, the most poetical and dramatic of the two, and will require rather more notice.

Of the history of the poem, we do not know that we can speak with perfect accuracy. It was written, it seems, in the year 1794, when Mr Southey was about twenty-one years of age; and was, at the time, intended by him for publication. But the person into whose hands it was put, did not then chuse to venture on that measure; and it seems to have been thrown aside and neglected, till it came, we really do not at all know by what means, into the possession of some one who seems to have admired Mr Southey's generous opinions rather more than his prudent ones,—and who, accordingly, lately gave it to the world, principally, as we imagine, with the view of making idle people merry by the strange contrast which they exhibited,—and partly, perhaps, with the hope of diminishing the authority of the Laureate's loyal argumentations, by this exhibition of his former extravagance on the other side. On its first appearance, its authenticity was a good deal suspected, and stoutly denied by the author's political employers; and at this period, we understand, the great object was to get it suppressed, without the necessity of any acknowledgment. But, upon reference to counsel learned in the law, it was unfortunately discovered, that no injunction against the sale could be applied for, unless by a person distinctly stating himself as the author or proprietor. This, it must be confessed, was rather a distressing dilemma; and accordingly produced a pause of some weeks, if we are not misinformed, in the author's operations. During all this time, however, the belief in its authenticity became more prevalent; and at last the Laureate, seeing he could not longer maintain his *incognito*, and being, no doubt, excessively scandalized at the great mischief which was thus wrought in his name, came boldly forward, acknowledged the work, and craved an injunction against its further publication. Here, however, he was met by another very provoking obstacle. The work, it was impudently contended by the publishers, was manifestly of a seditious and wicked tendency; and as no author could have any legal or beneficial interest in such

a performance, so the Laureate had no right to intermeddle with the sale of it. Upon this ground, accordingly, the Lord Chancellor refused the injunction;—and as the Attorney-General has not yet been prevailed upon to prosecute it as a seditious libel, the sale has gone on ever since without obstruction; and the only result of Mr Southey's interference has been, to place it beyond all dispute among his acknowledged works.

The work itself may be very soon despatched. It is a rude and feeble attempt to dramatize the story of the well-known popular insurrection under Wat Tyler, in the reign of Richard II. The writing throughout is inconceivably poor and childish; and the whole scenes and characters represented without the least force, spirit, or ingenuity. A more pitiful piece of puling indeed was never indited by a young girl at a boarding-school;—nor is there anything whatever to entitle it to a moment's attention, but the incredible extravagance of the doctrines, which it inculcates with all the tranquillity of the most consummate arrogance and delightful self-complacency. The object of the author is to show, not only that kings and courts are oppressive and domineering, —but that all distinctions of rank are ridiculous,—and all exclusive use of property a mere robbery and abomination. Kings, nobles, and landlords, therefore, ought instantly to be put down; and all the men, women and children in the country, put forthwith in possession of their share of property and sovereignty. The lamentable weakness of the reasonings by which these considerable innovations are recommended, and the miserable tameness and baldness of the composition, struck us, at first, as being in singular contrast with the boldness of the conception;—but, upon reflection, we believe that the combination is quite natural,—both having their root in that utter debility of the understanding, of which habitual lowness and occasional extravagance are equally symptomatic. A very few specimens, taken at random, as the book opens, will abundantly justify our opinion. Hob Carter and Wat are discoursing on politics in the first act, when Wat pathetically observes—

' Hob—I have only six groats in the world,

And they must soon by law be taken from me ! ' p. 5.

Hob manfully rejoins—

' Curse on these taxes—one succeeds another—

Our ministers—panders of a king's will—

Drain all our wealth away—waste it in revels,' &c. p. 5, 6.

Wat then elegantly proceeds in the same weighty and original style—

' *What matters me who wears the crown of France ?*

*Whether a Richard or a Charles possess it ?*

*They reap the glory—they enjoy the spoil—*

We pay—we bleed!—The sun would shine as cheerly,  
The rains of heaven as seasonably fall,  
Though neither of these royal pests existed.

*Hob.* Nay—as for that, we poor men should fare better;  
No legal robbers then should force away  
The hard-earn'd wages of our honest toil.  
The Parliament for ever cries, *More money,*  
*The service of the state demands more money.*  
Just heaven! of what service is the state? ' p. 6, 7.

Afterwards, Wat thus powerfully exhorts his neighbours to join him in the insurrection.

' Think of the insults, wrongs, and contumelies,  
Ye bear from your proud lords—that your hard toil  
Manures their fertile fields—you plough the earth,  
You sow the corn, you reap the ripen'd harvest,—  
They riot on the produce!—that, like beasts,  
'They sell you with their land—claim all the fruits  
Which the kindly earth produces as their own.  
The privilege, forsooth, of noble birth!' p. 21, 22.

Then the miseries of low birth are commemorated in the following beautiful verses—

' Long, long labour, little rest,  
Still to toil to be oppress'd;  
Drain'd by taxes of his store,  
Punish'd next for being poor:  
'This is the poor wretch's lot,  
Born within the straw-roof'd cot.'  
' When Adam delv'd and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?' p. 23, 24.

But the lofty vein of the piece is reserved for John Ball the priest, who, when complimented by the carter and the rest of them, replies with a noble modesty—

' My brethren, I am plain John Ball,—your friend,  
Your equal—'

and then delivers an harangue, the burden of which is still, that it is quite monstrous and intolerable that the poor labourers should plough the fields, and the landlord take the sheaves to himself. The conclusion is much in the peculiar emphatic vein which distinguishes the Laureate odes of the same eminent author.

' There is enough for all; but your proud baron  
Stands up, and, arrogant of strength, exclaims,  
" I am a lord—by nature I am noble:  
These fields are mine, for I was born to them,  
I was born in the castle—you, poor wretches,  
Whelp'd in the cottage, are by birth my slaves."  
Almighty God! such blasphemies are utter'd!  
Almighty God! such blasphemies believ'd!' p. 29, 30.

By and by the King, and an Archbishop, and a Chief-Justice, are brought in, to display a scene of the most naked, silly, and incredible cowardice, perjury and falsehood;—and they and their offices are held up to ridicule and hatred, with all the effect that the exceeding feebleness of the author's genius can produce. In order to bring the royal style and dignity into contempt, this learned antiquary and powerful satirist thus repeats it—

‘ Richard the Second, by the grace of God,  
Of England, Ireland, France, and Scotland, King,  
*And of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed !*’

—which excellent joke is again repeated in the recitation of the royal charter. —At the parley, this perjured Monarch is made to say—

‘ You should have tried  
By milder means—petition'd at the throne—  
The throne will always listen to petitions.’ p. 42.

To which the valiant insurgent thus nobly answers—

‘ *Petitioning* for pity is most weak,  
The *Sovereign People* ought to demand justice !’—

Afterwards, John Ball tells the wicked courtiers, that it is they, and not he, that are guilty of treason—because that they ‘ Rebel against the People's Sovereignty.’ And one of his pupils very emphatically exclaims—

‘ Why are not all these empty ranks abolish'd—  
King, Slave, and Lord, “ennobled into Man?”  
Are we not all equal?’

By and by the Archbishop is made to urge the King to perjure himself—and the Chief-Justice makes jokes on the prostitution of the law. John Ball is finally brought to trial, where, with heroic constancy, he maintains

‘ That all mankind as brethren must be equal;  
That privileg'd orders of society  
Are evil and oppressive; that the right  
Of property is a juggle to deceive  
The poor whom you oppress.’ p. 64.

and, upon this confession, he is forthwith sentenced by Sir John Tresilian, in the following words—which, we have no doubt, Mr Southey thought admirably calculated to expose the mock-majesty of courts of justice, and to inflame the popular indignation against the cruel punishments which they sometimes award—

‘ John Ball, whereas you are accused before us  
Of stirring up the people to rebellion,  
And preaching to them strange and dangerous doctrines;  
And whereas your behaviour to the court  
Has been most insolent and contumacious;

Insulting Majesty :—And since you have pleaded  
 Guilty to all these charges ; I condemn you  
 To death : You shall be hanged by the neck,  
 But not till you are dead—your bowels open'd—  
 Your heart torn out and burnt before your face—  
 Your traitorous head be sever'd from your body—  
 Your body quarter'd, and expos'd upon  
 The city gates—a terrible example—

And the Lord God have mercy on your soul !' p. 68.

Such is the work, of which, and of the doctrines it contains, Mr Southey now assures us, that he sees no reason whatever for being ashamed, before God or before man—that it is written as a youth of twenty might be expected to write on such a subject—that if he were now to dramatize that subject anew, he should have little to alter, although there might be much to add ; —and, finally, that his censors would not be the worse, ' were they to catch from it a little of the youthful generosity which it breathes.'—It is a fine thing to be thus in love with oneself—and fairly indemnifies a man, we take it, for all the ridicule which it provokes. We have but one or two very plain remarks to offer.

In the first place, we think it pretty natural to conclude, that a man who thought and wrote in this way at 21, was not likely to think or write very rationally on political subjects at any age ;—and when we consider, further, that this worthy author has now proclaimed to all the world, that he carried his affection for those principles so far, as actually to have formed a plan for retiring into the wilds of America with a few chosen friends, and there realizing their blessed visions of equality and common property—having been decently educated, and exposed to no persecution at home—we really must say that the fair conclusion is, that his brain is not very sufficiently timbered, and that no length of time will ever make him a sound or a safe reasoner on matters political. Such a man may come, in time, to make good dithyrambs ; and, by long and industrious practice, may turn out a very pretty poet. That we do not dispute : But, for a practical statesman, we suspect there are not many people who would chuse to trust him, after this specimen, or who would not be shy of following his leading, either as a reformer or a defender of the Constitution.

This is our first remark. Our second is, that if such a person should ever happen to take up an opposite humour in politics, it is reasonably to be expected that he should extol Lords and Princes with the same extravagance with which he once attacked them ; and manifest the same infirmity of judgment, and impatience of temper, in justifying the abuses of government,

as he had originally shown in exaggerating them ;—being in both equally the object of scorn and compassion to all men of sober judgment and practical knowledge. Finally, we would observe, that if such an one, not contented with vehemently condemning all that he had formerly extolled, should proceed to abuse those who leaned rather to his old than his new creed, and call upon the law to avenge those errors of opinion through which he himself thought he had been conducted to truth, he would fully deserve to be reproached with the intolerance of a proselyte, and the malignity of a renegado ;—that is to say, if anybody should think it worth while to deal so seriously with a matter so ridiculous.

This is all we have to say upon the Dramatic Poem. The Letter, in laud and exposition of it, may require a little more notice. The Member for Norwich, it seems, in commenting in his place on the late groundless alarms that had been excited in the country, and the needless severity with which Government had been called upon to act, took occasion to observe, that some of the most violent philippics against reform, and some of the loudest exhortations to take vindictive measures to repress it, were understood to originate from quarters to which no great authority could attach, and from persons in whom such sentiments were peculiarly unbecoming. In particular, he said that certain intemperate passages, which he read from a late Number of the Quarterly Review, were understood to be written by the author of *Wat Tyler* ; with the doctrines of which exquisite piece he proceeded very briefly to contrast them,—and is said to have added, that one who could proceed to such extremities against opinions he had himself formerly professed, must be considered as acting with the malignity of a renegado. An account of these observations appeared, in the ordinary way, in the newspapers ; and this is the occasion of the Epistle, vituperative and self-extolling, in which the Poet-Laureat has now entered his appeal to his country.

His first complaint is, that the attack was made in an improper place ; the author not being there to defend himself. Now, whether Mr Smith's proceeding was perfectly in good taste or not—or whether he duly consulted the dignity of Parliament in thus occupying its attention with matters so insignificant—may no doubt be made a question : But, that he had a right to make what remarks he thought fit, on any printed books that were then actually in circulation,—and that without calling their authors to the bar, we apprehend to be beyond all doubt. If any injury was done to the authors, it plainly was not so much by the speech in Parliament, as by its publication in the news-

papers; and these papers were equally open to them as to the reporters of the debate.

But, says Mr Southey, you could not *know*, except by report, that I wrote the passages quoted from the Quarterly Review; and *I will not tell you* whether I wrote them or not. This, we think, is not very manful; but it is sufficiently intelligible. If Mr Southey had *not* written these passages, he would have told us plainly enough. We are a little chary, it may be supposed, of this privilege of *incognito* in reviewers; and readily admit, that no one is obliged to answer impertinent questions on such a subject. Yet it is impossible to deny, that there are instances in which, we suppose with the author's consent, the fact is just as notorious as if his name had been subscribed to his article. What would Mr Southey say, for example, if Mr Canning or Mr Frere were to tell him, that he had no business to know or to suspect that they had written the celebrated parodies of his republican poems in the Antijacobin? The truth is, that the writers of one half of the articles in a review are impatient to be known, and take effectual measures to be so. This we take to be the case of Mr Southey. We have understood, that he makes no secret of his having written the papers in question,—or indeed of anything else with which he illuminates the public:—and, to be sure, though a *dilettanti* contributor may be a little shy of acknowledging his pieces, and desirous of the protection of his mask, it is hardly to be imagined that a professional bookmaker, when he publishes anonymously, has any desire to be really concealed; and accordingly, he and his publishers commonly take good care that the fame of his name shall suffer no long obscurity. The belief, that the Reviewer's invective against seditious writings, and the call on Government to prosecute them with extraordinary rigour, were written by Mr Southey, was universal in London, and the assertion we believe had been made, without contradiction, in various newspapers, before Mr Smith alluded to it on the occasion we have mentioned. The report itself was ground enough for a statement that was necessarily hypothetical, and which now appears to have proceeded on a correct supposition: For there is no contradiction of the assertion yet—by Mr Southey, or by any one for him. On the contrary, there is, in this Letter, an affectionate defence of the Reviewer, who, he says, may defy Mr Smith to disprove any part of his statements; and, what is of more importance as to the present point, there is a distinct repetition of the Reviewer's most absurd and offensive assertions in the epistle now before us. If it were necessary to produce any further proofs of their identity, we might refer to the Reviewer's

singular encomium on the ingenuity and plausibility of the project for abolishing all private property—a *betise* into which nothing could possibly have seduced him but the partiality of his paternal regard for everything that had once found favour in his own eyes. Nothing that Mr Southey ever did or said, we are perfectly persuaded, will ever appear an object of just ridicule to Mr Southey. Though people who go but a little way in his original career of republicanism and revolution, are treated without ceremony as scoundrels, wretches, and poisoners—against whom it is disgraceful to the character of the nation, and most ‘dangerous to the main,’ that the law should not have let loose all its terrors—still *his* hallucinations are to be spoken of, not only with indulgence, but respect. His feelings are all to be supposed right—and his errors ascribed to an excess of youthful generosity,—while his silly scheme for the destruction of all property is discovered to be a grand but delusive idea, that has in some degree entered into all great schemes for a perfect society. Mr Southey’s papers may also be known, we think, by another notable characteristic. We allude not merely to the extraordinary dogmatism and asperity by which they are marked, but to his engaging habit of calling his opponents by the polite and dignified appellation of liars, scoundrels, and fellows—which we take to be peculiar to him among writers who profess to belong to the class of gentlemen. Was it in his attendance at court that he learned this choice phraseology?—Finally, it is not a little amusing to see this dignified and consistent person protesting with great solemnity, in one page, that it is impossible to know whether he wrote those papers in the Quarterly Review or not, because they are anonymous, and he will not tell; and, in the very next, openly accusing Mr Brougham as a writer in the Edinburgh. Has that gentleman told him whether, or what, he has ever written in this Journal? Or is it ~~his~~ to Mr Southey alone to know, by intuition, what it is forbidden to Mr Smith, and all the rest of the world, to infer from the most pregnant and infallible presumptions?

But we come at last to the merits of Wat Tyler;—and the scope of the worthy author’s first observations seems to be, that nobody has a right to laugh at it, because ‘it had been made ‘public,’ as he elegantly expresses himself, ‘by some skulking ‘scoundrel, who had found booksellers not more honourable ‘than himself to undertake the publication.’—Now, these are rather bitter words, we think, considering that the work was prepared and intended for publication by the author himself—and actually failed of publication, only by the faintheartedness of the person to whom it was confided. We know nothing of

the manner in which the manuscript was obtained; but with regard to the malice or moral guilt of the mere act of publication, it is plainly just the same as if the work had been actually published and forgotten in 1794, and republished and industriously circulated in 1816, on purpose to make the author ridiculous. In this respect, it would just be on a footing with the Dutchess of Marlborough's republication of Lord Grimstone's 'Love in a hollow tree,' and a number of other such waggeries habitually practised on occasion of elections and other popular contests, at which gentlemen of ordinary temper content themselves with laughing, or affecting to laugh—and for which, we believe, it would not be thought quite consistent with decorum for any body but a Poet-Laurate to come out with such epithets as we have now reluctantly quoted. But, let the publisher and his bookseller be as dishonourable as the poet pleases to call them—what is that to Mr Smith, or to us, or to the thousands who cannot help tittering at the absurd figure he makes by their assistance? If a gentleman's pocket is picked, and the contents afterwards left to be owned at the police office, is nobody to laugh at his ill spelt *billets-doux*, or his notes for extempore pleasantries, without being supposed to take part in the guilt of the pickpocket?—Now, here is Wat Tyler in the hands of the public—fairly owned and acknowledged by the Poet-Laureate;—and if this appear irresistibly ridiculous to all who know the professions of these two great personages, why, we think, that people have a right to laugh, or to reason on the fact, without concerning themselves in any degree with the causes which have made it notorious.

The next passage, however, goes deeper into the matter—and is mighty acute and critical.—'For the book itself,' says the worthy author, 'I deny that it is a *sedition* performance.—That it is a *mischievous* publication I know—the errors which it contains being especially dangerous at this time;—and ~~therefore~~ <sup>fore</sup>, he says, he came forward to claim and to suppress it—which he would not have done had it appeared in a quiet state of the public mind. Now, nothing, we admit, can be more amiable than this solicitude for the public safety—and not many things more heroic than the self-sacrifice that is here made for its sake. Yet we cannot help expressing our conviction, that the sacrifice was not at all necessary—and our doubts as to the absolute sincerity of these lofty professions. With all due respect to the learned author, we beg leave to offer it as our opinion, that his book is seditious—and that it is *not* at all mischievous. The criterion of sedition, is the *intention* to excite discontent and disaffection;—and it is impossible to read a page of it,

without being satisfied that this was the sole aim and object of its ingenious author. But it is not in the least mischievous—for it is by far too silly to produce the slightest effect on any human being. Indeed, the more we look at it, the more we are astonished at its extreme innocence in this way. Candidly speaking, we really think it is considerably more tame and stupid than any thing we ever read; and, so far from being what was to be expected from a well educated young man of twenty-one, we are quite sure, that there are many patriotic misses of fourteen, who could produce something much more spirited and sensible as a holiday exercise. However, to set the worthy author's heart at ease, about the mischief it may be doing in the country, and to console him under the unlucky miscarriage of his praiseworthy endeavours to suppress so seducing and dangerous a publication, we think it right to assure him, that we never happened to hear it mentioned, except as a matter of pleasantry; and that we rather think it never was surmised before, that it had been published with any hope of promoting the interests of rebellion by its tenets or its eloquence. On the contrary, we honestly believe, that the publishers had nothing more in view than to make the author ridiculous, by its extreme silliness, and by the curious contrast between its extravagant republicanism and the other more profitable extravagances in which he has lately indulged. The state of the public mind may thus have been rendered something gayer by its appearance; but we think we can answer for it, that it has not become a bit more disloyal. Mr Southey, we are afraid, will not take our word for these consolatory truths; but, if he will ask any intrepid friend he has, we are persuaded he will find that our statement may be perfectly relied on.

The next proposition in the Letter, we confess, startled us not a little. To extenuate the guilt of having written, and wished to publish such a performance as *Wat Tyler in 1794*, the learned author assures us, that, 'at that time, republicanism was confined to a very small number of the educated classes.' This, we suppose, is meant for poetry—for, as sober prose, it is altogether incomprehensible. What!—republicanism confined to a very few, and of the educated classes, in 1794,—when the land was full of the disciples of Payne and Godwin—when the societies of Friends of the People, and the Corresponding Societies, and the British Convention, and the United Irishmen, had extended their lights into every corner of the land, and when scarcely a village was to be found, that did not send delegates to these Associations, and receive from them the refresh-

ment of some apostolic mission or itinerant lecture!—If ever there was a time when republican and revolutionary doctrines were extensively diffused in this country, and had reached at least as low as the whole reading classes it contains, it was in the year 1794, when the French Republic was in the meridian of its most insane and triumphant exaltation, and the signal successes of its votaries had given an air of fascination even to their greatest enormities. We really believe there is not an alarmist now in the kingdom, except the Poet-Laureate himself, who would have the courage to insinuate, that there is more republicanism in England at this moment than there was in 1794. The cause was then new, and triumphant, and terrible—now it is stale, disgraced, and contemptible;—all the reasonings by which it was then so plausibly supported, have since been refuted, not only by better reasonings, but by large, long, and most mortifying experience; and, unless it be the extraordinary fascination of Wat Tyler, and the lucubrations of Messrs Spence and Evans, we are really at a loss to conjecture by what circumstances it should be supposed to have been again restored to favour and credit.

After this, we have about twenty pages all in a foam with self-praise and impotent anger—presenting a lamentable struggle between extreme soreness and incurable conceit—and exhibiting the humiliating picture of self-adulation, licking with fruitless affection the festering sores of wounded vanity. There we are told, over and over again, that this pitiful stuff of Wat Tyler ‘bears no indications of an ungenerous spirit, or a malevolent heart,’ but of ‘feelings right in themselves, but wrong only in their direction;’—that it is *false* that the author has ever imputed evil motives to men for holding the doctrines he himself formerly professed;—and that it is also false that he has ever written anything jealous or vindictive. That he has been abused and insulted more than any man ever was, both in prose and rhyme, by Jacobins and Antijacobins, ever since 1796; and never condescended to answer till now, though ‘it will not be supposed that the ability for satire was wanting’—but because the enmity of such people really did him honour;—and that ‘he accepted the hatred of ‘sciolists, coxcombs and profligates, as a sure proof that he was ‘deserving well of the wise and the good.’ We are moreover assured, that if he could only have ceased to detest tyranny, and abhor wicked ambition, he ‘might have been sure of the ‘approbation of Mr Smith, and the whole crew of ultra Whigs ‘and anarchists, from Messrs Brougham and Clodius, to Cobbet, Cethegus, & Co.;’—and by and by he turns round and asks, with the most interesting simplicity, ‘Whom have I li-

‘ belled ? whom have I traduced ? whom have I slandered ?—But ‘ these miscreants (the modern advocates of revolution) live by ‘ calumny, and are libellers and *liars* by trade.’ Moreover, we are told, that the worst that can be said of him is, ‘ that ‘ while events have been moving on upon the great theatre ‘ of human affairs, his intellect has not been stationary ;’ that other people might keep their faces to the east all day, and look for the sun there in the evening ; but that, for his part, ‘ he has altered his position as the world went round ;’ that there can be no sympathy between him and Mr Smith, even when they think alike ; and that, though Mr South may judge of him by himself, and think that a pretty fair criterion, he, Mr Southey, ‘ must protest against being measured by any ‘ such standard.’ That if Mr Smith did really call him a *renegade*, he brands him for it on the forehead with the name of *slanderer*, and that the mark will outlast his epitaph. Finally, we are told that the learned author’s whole history will be read hereafter ;—not only at the beginning of various editions of his works, but in numerous Biographical publications, both foreign and domestic ;—and that, in that history, among a number of other complimentary and curious things, it will be carefully recorded, that, though much abused, he never answered any body but Mr Smith ; and that ‘ on that occasion he ‘ vindicated himself as it became him to do—and treated his calumniator with just and *memorable* severity.’

This, we think, is a pretty fair account of the Letter, in so far as it is personal and appropriate.—Of some of the general political dogmas that are here repeated, we may say a few words afterwards ;—at present we have a little remark or two to make on the matters we have now abstracted.

Mr Southey complains of having been more attacked and insulted than any man. Did it never occur to him, that there must have been something about him peculiarly calculated to provoke these attacks ? and if he had only pondered a little upon their peculiar nature, we think he might have discovered what this was. All these attacks, we rather think, were in the way of ridicule and derision ;—at least, we do not recollect any body who has thought it worth while to abuse him in good earnest. The Anti-jacobins parodied his Jacobin lyrics and Regicide inscriptions—and the Edinburgh Reviewers made sport with his Laureate odes and his habitual affectations. This, we think, is the worst that has befallen him. Now, if a man has been laughed at for twenty years together, we suspect it will be pretty clear to every body but himself, that there must be something rather laughable about him, and that, in all probability, he would only have made himself

more ridiculous by retorting. However, as Mr Southey says nobody can doubt that he has a talent for satire, we wish heartily that he would produce it. We are quite sure that he will succeed perfectly in making at least one person ridiculous—and that is something. But we are afraid he has not temper enough for a satirist—nor a sufficient familiarity with the language of polite life.—Raillery, we would beg leave to hint to him, is something essentially different from railing; and if he were to content himself, as he now does, with calling his opponents scoundrels, liars, profligates and atheists, we are afraid that nobody would laugh—and nobody smart but his bookseller.—But to return to his persecutions.

They began, he says, in 1796, and have had no remission ever since. Jacobins and Antijacobins have treated him with equal injustice; and both sides have united to abuse him. This is particularly hard no doubt; but, when the thing comes to be explained, it really is not quite so unaccountable. These two parties did not attack him at the same time, nor exactly for the same things;—both laughed indeed at the puling affectation of his style, and the feeble and tragical emphasis of his execrations. But, in other respects, their conduct was natural and fair enough. The Antijacobins attacked him in 1796, when he was a Jacobin—and the Jacobins, or those he is pleased to call Jacobins, in 1816, when he had become an Antijacobin, or something still more outrageous. We do not think Mr Southey has much right to complain of this. The parties acted after their kind—and he seems to glory in the fact, that he was successively the natural prey of both. But the parties, we think, have some little reason to complain of him;—and of the way in which they are both spoken of by this oracular weathercock, who is not contented with abusing them alternately, but, in order to make out that he is exclusively and eternally in the right, thinks fit, at the present day to abuse them both together. Both persecutions, he says, have been unjust and intolerant and calumnious—and both sets of his enemies, as far as we understand, are sciolists and coxcombs and profligates, by whose hostility he is honoured. Now, when a Jacobin is converted to an Antijacobin, and along with his pension takes up his pen, in common course, to abuse his old associates, with the zeal of a proselyte, and the rancour of a renegade, it is usual, we believe, for him to acknowledge, that the Antijacobin abuse, of which he was formerly the victim, was all richly deserved; and even to extol the mildness and forbearance of those old tormentors of his, whom he has now joined, and proposes to outgo. Mr Southey, however, insists for a dispensation from this law in his own behalf. He is ready enough to denounce and invoke vengeance upon every other man's Jaco-

binism, antient or modern—and to practise all Antijacobin uncharity with regard to it. But, for his own former offences in this way,—these must be treated with reverence; and he must still be allowed, though in full pay and employment on the other side, to maintain, that it was cruel and unjust to attack him on account of them, and that he was wronged more than man was ever wronged by his loyal opponents,—and deserves infinite credit for his forbearance in not having put forth his satirical vein, and demolished them on the spot. It is impossible, we think, to put any other meaning on his expressions. He says, in distinct terms, that when he wrote *Wat Tyler* and his other republican pieces, ‘a spirit of Antijacobinism was pre-dominant, as unjust and intolerant as the Jacobinism of the present day.’ (p. 7.) And afterwards, he speaks with the same indiscriminating resentment and contempt of ‘the abuse and calumny with which he has been assailed, from one party or the other, Antijacobins or Jacobins, in daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications since the year 1796.’ (p. 43.) And the reference is equally general and comprehensive, when he says, that ‘none of the innumerable attacks that have been made upon his works, has ever called forth a word of reply, though he could (of course) have triumphantly exposed his assailants,’ &c.—‘The unprovoked insults,’ he proceeds, ‘which have been levelled at me, both in prose and in rhyme, never induced me to retaliate. I knew that men might be appretiated from the character of their enemies as well as of their friends; and I accepted the hatred of sciolists, coxcombs, and profligates as one sure proof that I was deserving well of the wise and of the good.’ (p. 11.) Now this, as well as the other passages, is directly applicable to all his works, and the whole of his illustrious career. Indeed, we know of no insults in verse, that have been levelled at him, except the noted parodies of Messrs Canning and Frere; so that it is impossible to doubt that those learned persons, together with all the Ministers for 1796, and ‘the dark Vizier’ at their head, are here classed under the apt denomination of sciolists, coxcombs, and profligates—as well as Messrs Smith and Brougham, with Lord Grey, Sir Samuel Romilly, and the other ultra Whigs, as he is pleased to term them, to whom it is more directly applied.

In all the varieties of human littleness and folly, which the nature of our vocation daily unmasks to us, we confess that we have seldom met with any trait of character more amusing than this long-cherished grudge against Antijacobin persecution, in a person who has been for some years the most inteq-

lerant Antijacobin in existence. But Mr Southey, we fear, is not of a forgiving nature;—and the crime of having parodied his republican effusions, will be for ever inextinguishable in his eyes. Any thing else might have been pardoned to Mr Canning;—his coquetting with the Whigs—his defence of the Catholics—his rebellion against the majesty of Lord Castlereagh—and all the other acts of occasional liberality by which his life has been distinguished:—But the crime of *lese-majesté* against the genius of Mr Southey could admit of no atonement: And accordingly, the witty ridicule of his sentimental slang, which enlivened the earlier numbers of the Antijacobin, is still fiercely resented as an unprovoked insult—a persecution as unjust and intolerant as that which he now undergoes from the ferocious Jacobins of the present day.—Now, it really is not very easy to reconcile all this. What would the worthy Laureate *do*? He admits that Wat Tyler, and his other writings of that day were mischievous—and nobody can doubt that they were intended to produce discontent and disaffection to our Monarchical constitution, and our system of opposition to the republican principles of France; yet, at the distance of twenty years, and after he has utterly renounced all these opinions, he complains of the severity with which the Antijacobins pursued them—though all the severity consisted in a little innocent derision. Would he have been better pleased to have been clapped up in prison for two years, or transported to Botany Bay for fourteen? These, or something more severe than these, are the punishments which he now calls on the Government to inflict on all seditious publications; and yet, though he substantially confesses that his own were in the foremost rank of sedition, he still mutters about the insult and oppression he suffered on account of them, although he was let off with merely being laughed at. This, we confess, seems to us not merely self-love, but self-idolatry.

The same amiable weakness, indeed, is visible in some of the other remarks we have cited from this famous epistle. Mr Southey's intellect has kept pace with the great movements of human affairs. The events of the last twenty-five years have been lost on Mr Smith; but Mr Southey has made the right use of them. Other men continue to look for the sun in the East, after evening has come; but Mr Southey alters his position, as the world goes round. This is all admirable: But does it not prove a little too much?—Does it not prove, that Mr Southey, and Mr Southey alone, was right both morning, noon and night; and consequently, that, to be perfect as he is perfect, we ought not only to be all Antijacobins now, but to have been Jacobins in 1796? If he has always turned with the sun, and moved with the great train of affairs, then he must just have been as mira-

culously right in his opinions, when he was a Jacobin as he is now; and the only men, whose principles are to be reprobated, are those who, like Mr Smith, have had the obstinacy not to change them—and upon whom, therefore, the experience of the last twenty-five years has been utterly thrown away. But it is time to come to more weighty matters.

After thus indignantly repelling Mr Smith's attack on his consistency and moderation, the learned author prefaces, what may be termed the didactic part of his work, with the following lofty sentence.

'And now, Sir, learn what are the opinions of the man to whom you have offered this public and notorious wrong...opinions not derived from any contagion of the times, nor entertained with the unreflecting eagerness of youth, nor adopted in connexion with any party in the state; but gathered patiently, during many years of leisure and retirement, from books, observation, meditation, and intercourse with living minds who will be the light of other ages.'—  
28, 29.

This is a magnificent introduction, no doubt; but the matter that follows is worthy of it. He has always been a hater of slavery, he assures us, though he has ceased to wish for revolutions, even in countries where great changes are to be desired. This is a very pretty profession, we admit; but when we compare it with the practical strain of the worthy author's political lucubrations, we can scarcely regard it as anything else than one of those formal tributes to the name of liberty which it is not yet thought safe for its enemies, in this country, to withhold. The common course with all our abettors of arbitrary power, is to profess the greatest inward veneration for liberty, and to give it a little mouth-honour, now and then, in the abstract—but to discourage all that might tend to promote it, and eagerly and angrily to defend all those institutions by which it is repressed. We have almost as little love for revolutions as Laureate has; but our dislike to them, and our system of prevention, look, we imagine, rather another way. There is but one radical cause, we take it, for these disastrous movements,—and that is, gross misgovernment on the part of the rulers—either new and direct oppression, or a tenacity of obsolete abuses, that cannot be otherwise overcome. There never was any national revolution accomplished, scarcely any attempted, that may not be referred to this cause, and that might not have been prevented, by timely concessions and reasonable reformatory measures, on the part of the Government. The cabals of discontented individuals, the intrigues of mischief-loving men, may no doubt accelerate such an event, or even excite local and temporary disorders, where there is no real cause of dissatisfaction: But re-

volutions have always deeper causes; and, originating in the faults of the Government, can only be effectually prevented by the correction of these faults. If history have taught any certain lessons, this is among them. Now, what are the preventives recommended by this Laurelled hater of revolutions—and what is the course of doctrine and of policy which this hatred has prompted him to disclose? In the present crisis of affairs, at home and abroad, he can see nothing of the faults of governments. The people alone are to blame. Bonaparte, indeed, he abuses with as much rancour as if he had once been his Laureate; but not a word is breathed of the enormities of Ferdinand, who has been guilty of more acts of oppression and ingratitude during his short reign, than stained the crmine of the Emperor during all his remorseless career! The *Liberals* are habitually sneered at, and *Constitutionalists* made a name of mockery. He can decry on the foul abominations of the Romish harlot, with reference to the question of Catholic Emancipation in Ireland—but has not a word to say against the Inquisition in Spain, or the persecution of the Protestants in France; and is quite patriotic and edifying on the lawless invasion of weak states by Bonaparte—though he has not a rebuke in store for the partition of Poland, or the perfidious destruction of Genoa or Ragusa by the act of legitimate sovereigns. While we laud his dread of revolutions, therefore, which is sufficiently manifested in all his late lucubrations, we must confess we should have been better pleased to have seen some other proofs of his love of liberty than his silence upon all the abuses of existing governments, and his infinite horror at all manifestations of popular discontent or impatience.

But though he has left us rather awkwardly in the dark as to the nature of his care for foreign liberty, the worthy Laureate has been duly communicative on the more important point of our domestic freedom. Here, indeed, the warmth of his zeal has broken out into oracle and inspiration; and, oracular as he is, it cannot be pretended that there is any difficulty in understanding his meaning. This is the sum of his doctrine—‘It is THE PEOPLE at this time who stand in need of Reformation—not the Government.’ And, a little after—‘Government must reform the populace—the people must reform themselves. This is the true reform; and, compared with this, all else is *flocchi, nauci, nihili, pili!*’

This, it must be admitted, is equally pithy and elegant. But he condescends to enter farther into details—and favours Mr Smith, undeserving as he seems to be of such honour, with his own ideas, ‘patiently gathered,’ as we have seen, ‘from

many years meditation and study,' as to the true practical remedies for the sufferings and discontent under which we now labour. These are four in number—First, to put down seditious writings, by the enactment and unsparing execution of new and more severe laws.—Second, to buy land estates for the poor.—Third, to educate all the poor in the Established Religion, and by means of the Established Church.—Fourth, and finally, to *increase* the expenditure of Government as much and as fast as possible. These are the recipes for promoting the happiness, and securing the liberty of our people, which are now seriously proposed by Mr Southey, with such an air of undoubting confidence in their efficacy, as to leave no doubt that they are, as he tells us, the precious result of many years hard study and diligent observation in the bosom of his own family. They ~~really~~ deserve to be a little more nearly considered.

—The first response of the oracle is as follows—

—The Government must better the condition of the populace; and the first thing necessary is to prevent it from being *worsened* (what a nice pretty word!) It must no longer suffer itself to be menaced, its chief magistrate insulted, and its most sacred institutions vilified with impunity. It must curb the seditious press, and keep it curbed. For this purpose, if the laws are not at present effectual, they should be made so; nor will they then avail, unless they are vigilantly executed.' p. 31, 32.

Now, nobody, of course, can patronize sedition,—or object to its being repressed. But, considering the extreme difficulty of ascertaining what sedition is, and the great hazard of having free and salutary discussion repressed along with it, we confess that we think it better, in general, to leave it to the castigation of the antiseditious press—and let it be laughed or reasoned down by the ordinary operation of sound reason, and animated debate. To be sure, when a piece so extremely seductive and difficult to be answered as Wat Tyler comes in the way, there ~~may~~ is a strong temptation to call in the terrors of the law to the help of our overmastered reason;—and perhaps it was with a view to such extreme cases, that the worthy Laureate made this patriotic suggestion. At the same time, we cannot help conjecturing, from the strain of some of those quarterly effusions which he refuses to disavow, and even from the tenor of the profound speculations with which we are now engaged, that the Laureate's practical notions of curbing might go a good deal further. We there find, that he is of opinion that infinite mischief has been done, and is doing, by all those writings which recommend retrenchment, or advocate reform—which lead the people to believe that their sufferings are in any degree to be imputed to the faults of the Government, past or present, or that there is

reason for any amendment whatever in the great institutions of our country.—All these writings, therefore, we imagine, he would think it necessary to suppress—and would probably consider it as a duty to transport, or imprison for life, all authors and publishers who presumed to circulate such pestilent discourses! We believe no practical statesman is of opinion with Mr Southey, either that it is necessary to enact new laws for the repression of sedition—or that it would be expedient, or even tolerable, to put the present laws in force, in every case in which there might be room for their operation. But, that a suggestion of this kind should proceed from a man, who has in his time offended so signally against those laws, and has been indebted for his safety to that lenity in their administration, which he alone lifts up his voice to reprove, might excite our wonder and disgust, if extremes did not tend to expose extremes, and absurdity make all errors innoxious. The absurdity, indeed, sets a gravity at defiance, when it is considered that this same person, who thinks the present laws against sedition not half severe enough, continues, up to the present hour, to complain of the slight moral discipline by which his own sedition was chastized, in far more dangerous times—and cries out with one and the same breath, against the persecution he then suffered for his levelling principles, and against the lenity with which those are treated who now approach to the same doctrines.

The scheme of abolishing the poor-rates, by settling all the poor as farmers on certain national domains to be purchased out of our surplus revenue, is professedly borrowed from Mr Owen, of whose project we may hereafter find a fiter opportunity of speaking. It certainly appears to the greatest possible disadvantage in the hands of the Laureate; and is itself, we are afraid, just as visionary and fantastic as was necessary to secure his patronage and approbation. The real evil is the excess of our population, which this scheme would obviously tend to aggravate; and the result would be, that besides a horde of discontented and unproductive agriculturists, we should have just as many ordinary paupers as before. Suppose the enormous expense of the first establishment got over, and all the present race of paupers settled comfortably on the national lands—our manufactures, we suppose, are not to be deserted, and all our other undertakings are still to be supplied with hands as formerly: But it is the fluctuating demand for labour, which is produced by the fluctuating profit of those undertakings, which every now and then throws such shoals of unemployed artisans on the parish; and this cause must continue to operate after the national farms are all occupied, just as before. In short, we should just have a

new race of compulsory agriculturists, toiling for a bare subsistence, without profit, superadded to the rest of our redundant population; and we should merely pension off the present race of paupers on a permanent and perpetual provision, to make room for another race, for whom no such resource could be provided. This, however, we suspect, is rather beyond the depth of our Laureate—who talks very eloquently of colonizing at home with disbanded soldiers and sailors—and thus lightening the poor-rates, encouraging manufactures, and even ‘providing a permanent source of revenue.’—Very pleasant certainly, and feasible!

The Laureate’s third *panacea* is the education of the poor; and, with his constitutional horror at half learning, which he repeatedly says is far worse than ignorance, we confess we were rather surprised at his having the courage to recommend it at all. Most certainly, half learning is all that the bulk of the poor can ever expect to obtain; and if we thought, as he does, that it was worse than none, we should be compelled to decide against giving them any education. But then, the worthy poet is not for trusting them with the dangerous arts of reading and writing alone:—By no means;—‘they must also be instructed ‘according to the *Established Religion*;’ and the scheme of their education is to be ‘so connected with the Church, as to form part of the Establishment; and thus we shall find it a bulwark to the State, as well as to the Church.’ Now, there really seems to us to be something portentous in this,—coming from the pen of a layman who holds as yet but a small ornamental sinecure, not depending on ecclesiastical patronage, and who professes great philanthropy and liberality. The question is, how best to counteract the grievous ignorance, improvidence and profligacy, of the lower orders; and when the answer is—By education;—up starts the Poet-Laureate, and puts in this qualification, that they shall get no education unless they conform to the Church of England, and come for it to a school that is part of the Church Establishment! This, we suppose, would, in point of fact, exclude about two-thirds of the subjects of this realm—and those who are most in need of it; and all this in order that a bulwark may be reared up for the Church, and the people attached to their national institutions. From this intolerant and flaming zeal for the Church of England, one would naturally suppose that Mr Southey had been a Dissenter in his youth; and though we know nothing whatever of the matter, he has dropped some hints in the course of this epistle that seem to countenance that supposition:—where he says, for example, that his ‘Joan of Arc’ received the approbation of all the *dissenting journals*’ of the day; and that his fine scheme

of emigration to America was much talked of among certain *sects* of Christians. But whether this desire to exclude all sectaries from the benefits of a national education proceeds from mere hostility to all the objects of his early attachment, or from principles of more comprehensive patriotism and prudence, it is impossible not to be struck with the singular figure it makes among the ways and means by which discontent and vice, as well as poverty and disaffection, are to be eradicated from society. Does the worthy Laureate now hold, that all Dissenters are so profligate and seditious by nature, that reading and writing would only make them more dangerous?—or does he hope, by this exclusion, to force them gently back within the pale of the Church, by refusing them all instruction elsewhere? Whatever his views may be, there is certainly great originality in proposing such a restriction, as a means of attaching the Dissenting population to the Government of the country.

But the grand secret and glorious discovery of the excellent Laureate remains still to be mentioned. It is, that the present distress of the country proceeds entirely from the extreme parsimony of the Government—and that the only catholic remedy is, for it to increase its levies and its expenditure without sparing. We are afraid that this would not be believed upon our report—and therefore we must quote the words of this learned Theban himself, whose opinions have been maturing among the mountains of Cumberland, during, we know not how many years of intense study and deep meditation. ‘Never, indeed,’ says he, ‘was there a more senseless cry than that which is at this time raised for retrenchment in the public expenditure, as a means of alleviating the present distress. Men are out of employ. The evil is, that too little is spent; and, as a remedy, we are exhorted to spend less!’ This is dwelt upon with the same complacency for some time;—and so perfectly assured and satisfied is he with this brilliant position, that he proceeds to taunt, somewhat severely, the unfortunate speculators who have recommended a reduction of our establishments. There are many mouths, he says, without food, because the hands want work;—‘and for this reason, the State Quack requires further reduction. O *lepidum caput!* and it is by such heads as this that we are to be reformed!’—Nay, there is yet more of the same pattern.—‘Instead, therefore, of this senseless cry for retrenchment, which is like prescribing depletion for a patient, whose complaints proceed from inanition, *a liberal expenditure should be advised* in works of public utility and magnificence. Build, therefore, our monuments,’ &c. &c.

Now, we must say, that the titter absurdity of those passa-

ges, combined with the undoubting confidence with which they are brought forward, have given us a higher idea than we ever entertained before of Mr Southey's poetical genius.—Nothing, we conceive, but the true poetic temperament could have given birth to such conceptions—or blinded the author's eyes to the glaring fallacy of his assumptions: For the whole of this most comfortable doctrine rests upon the ingenious supposition, that Government *has the means* of spending without measure or limit—and that its present moderation in that particular arises merely from a sort of stinginess, which will probably be overcome by the warmth and eloquence of his exhortations.—Now, we are very much afraid that this is not exactly the case; and, at all events, it is to be regretted, that the worthy Laureate of inquiring a little into *the cause* of this effect, 'rather,' as the sage Polonius expresses it, 'of this defect—for this effect defective comes by cause,'—as he might then perhaps have discovered, that the insufficiency of expenditure was occasioned entirely by the difficulty of raising funds to supply it—and that the remedy which he prescribes, however pleasant and desirable in itself, really could not be conveniently applied in the present posture of our affairs.

If things, indeed, were otherwise,—if Government could raise money to any given amount, by its own creative *fiat*, and without at all burdening or distressing the people, nothing, to be sure, could be easier, or more laudable, than to employ all the idle people in the land at double wages, on works of utility and magnificence,—or of no utility or magnificence at all. On that delectable supposition, there could be no possible objection to giving all the paupers in the country handsome allowances, and employing them in parading up and down the streets with standards and bands of music. Nay, nobody would grudge that the salary even of the Poet-Laureate should be multiplied tenfold, and an additional butt of Sherry rolled into his cellar for every ode he indited. But, alas, when things are but too notoriously in the very opposite situation—when the pressure of taxation has not only swallowed up the *income*, but actually annihilated the *capital* of many of the most industrious individuals in the country—when the household furniture of hundreds of decent families is sold every day in the street for arrears of taxes—and the expenditure of every householder is necessarily restricted by absolute inability, within the most penurious limits, it does sound something wild and extravagant, and poetical, and lyrical, to talk of relieving the distresses of the country by a liberal expenditure by the Government in works of public magnificence. The money which the

Government is thus exhorted to spend, it must first squeeze from the pockets of its subjects—and to that extent, at least, *their* expenditure must be diminished. If they had been allowed to keep it—and could with prudence afford to lay it out for their own ends, it would equally be spent as if it was handed over to Government for that purpose;—and the only difference would be, that the owners would, in all likelihood, spend it profitably and productively, while the Government would throw it away;—that the one would use it to maintain productive labour, and make it act as the spring of a long series of prosperous industry—while the other would consume it in the payment of soldiers, taxgatherers and sinecurists, in whose hands it would be productive of nothing. But, if the original owner could *not* afford to spend it in his own business, or for his own enjoyments, still less can he afford to pay it in taxes. And this hopeful project for charming away the poverty of the country, by a liberal expenditure on the part of Government, turns out to be nothing else than a device for completing the impoverishment of the industrious part of the community, and cutting off the sources of future wealth and prosperity, in order to enable Government to maintain, a little longer, its hosts of stipendiary servants:—And the worthy Laureate, who comes down from the mountains with this precious scheme of finance on his shoulders, cackles, with vast self-complacency, at the state quacks, who recommend economy,—and imagines himself the most profound genius in the world, because he can talk, with physiological solemnity, of depletion and inanition,—and compare, in bucolic strains, ‘the wealth which is taken from the people, ‘to vapours which are drawn imperceptibly from the earth, ‘but distributed to it in refreshing dews and fertilizing showers.’—How amazingly pretty!

Of a truth, the Laureate shines in Political Economy—but he had better keep to his Spanish Romances.

ART. VIII. *Transactions of the Geological Society. Vol. II.*  
4to. pp. 558. London. Printed and Sold by William Phillips. 1814.

SOME years have now elapsed, since we reviewed, in our 37th Number, the first volume of the *Transactions of the Geological Society*. The comments we then made on the utility of such divisions of scientific labour, and on the probable advantages of this particular Institution, have, we apprehend, been jus-

tified by the result. The Society appears to have been prosperously advancing, since that time, in the number of its members, the respectability of its papers, and, as we understand, in the value of the Museum annexed to the Establishment. Two quarto volumes of Transactions have succeeded to that which we formerly had before us; and we find proofs of great care and assiduity in the collection and publication of these Memoirs. Considering, therefore, that the Institution has already proved itself useful to science, and creditable to the country, and desirous to maintain the office of our Journal, as a recorder of the progress of physical knowledge, we do not hesitate in laying before our readers this second volume of Transactions, with such comments as it has suggested to us.

In looking generally over the papers contained in the volume, struck by the collateral evidence they afford to one interesting fact in the present state of science:—we mean, the tendency in all its branches, to assume a character of strict experiment or observation, at the expense of all hypothesis, and even of moderate theoretical speculation. We think this circumstance worthy of notice, inasmuch as it is of value to the philosopher, not merely to note the progress of actual knowledge, but also to observe the machinery which the mind employs to this end; and the changes of method which are derived from the casual efforts of genius or labour, or from the more tardy effect of political and social institutions. The influence of Lord Bacon, and of his illustrious contemporaries in Europe, was not immediate or complete, in reforming the methods of physical inquiry. Time was necessary to change a system, sanctioned alike by habit, antiquity, and the authority of eminent names. Accordingly it will be found, that during the last two centuries, there has been a progressive tendency to render science more severe in its experimental part, and more entirely separate from all hypothesis; and that the reform with which this period began, has continued to extend itself even to the time before us. Within the last forty years, a period more remarkable in the history of science, than any other of equal duration, this tendency has been strengthened, by the very circumstance of the splendour and variety of the discoveries which we owe to these strict experimental methods of research. We have found the instruments of inquiry multiply in our hands; and experiments have been fruitful, not only in their direct results, but, still further, in disclosing new objects of pursuit, and in providing new agents, wherewithal to reduce these into our power. Habit and success are both, therefore, at present concerned in maintaining this mode of investigation, and in bringing it to its most simple and perfect state.

The science of Geology has hitherto manifested this change less than most other branches of physics; the general causes of which difference it is not difficult to explain. The comparative novelty of the subject is one circumstance which has contributed to this effect. Every science has an infancy of speculation and conjecture, when there are few analogies to guide, and no previous facts to determine the course of research. The nature of the objects and agents in Geology, was likely still further to give an hypothetical turn to the first inquiries on this subject. There is a sort of overbearing magnitude in these, which seems to scorn all common and minute processes of observation; and the early geologists, who in fact had close kindred with the cosmogonists, might be thought to hold the authority of Quintilian for the style of their speculations. ‘*Tum est hyperbole virtus, cum res ipsa de qua loquendum est, naturalem modum excedit*.’ At the outset it could hardly be deemed possible that the examination of a water-worn channel, of a fragment, or of a simple line of junction between two rocks, should furnish knowledge of the great changes which have taken place on the surface of the globe; should tell us of the comparative age of rocks; of the causes of their internal structure; and of the manner of their elevation into those vast mountain summits and chains, which the eye reaches, but which the feet of man have never trodden.

Another cause which has retarded the progress of Geology as a science of strict observation, has been the comparative facility of the theoretical part of the subject. In all science it is much easier vaguely to speculate, than patiently to observe; and this is especially true with respect to Geology—including, as it now professes to do, all the details of systematic mineralogy. The great multiplication of the varieties of simple minerals as well as of rocks;—the deficiency in any good arrangement of these, founded either on chemical or external characters;—the want of a well-defined nomenclature,—and the positive evil of a number of barbarous names, with which local usage, or the German *oryctognosy* have burdened us;—all these circumstances concur to render this part of the science tediously instructive, and very difficult of attainment. Something has recently been done to clear away these obstacles; but they have hitherto had an obvious influence in directing the course of geological pursuit. Speculations on the agency of heat, water, gases, earthquakes and volcanoes, are much more seducing than the dry determinations of specific gravity, and crystalline forms of fracture and frangibility;—and the student is glad to shelter himself in generalities from the revolting details of *acicular parallel or diverging concretions*;—the *scopiform-diverging fibrous aggregation*—

*spongiform circularly cellular substances*, and the multitude of like phrases, with which descriptive mineralogy abounds.

Notwithstanding all this, the matter-of-fact methods have lately been gaining ground in Geology, as in other sciences: hypotheses are now scarcely listened to; and even the well-organized theories which, a short time since, created so much controversy, receive in this day little attention or comment. Such, at least, seems to be the case with the sober-minded mineralogists of the South; who, in truth, have never shown that ardent zeal for their theories, which almost threw our northern capital into a flame. Fire and water are still indeed opposed to each other, as in days of yore; but it is now a modest and well-ordered struggle; more frequently resolving itself into a question about particular rocks, than embracing, as formerly, the whole series of formations. The German school, though incumbered with the disputes of its own Geognosy, yet has certainly contributed not a little to this altered character of the science. It is an interesting question, not only to Geology, but to general knowledge, how far such changes may advantageously proceed.—But, upon this subject, we have not leisure at present further to enter.

The papers in the volume before us, are almost all formed upon the model just described; being chiefly descriptive of mineralogical observations, or of physical facts closely connected with the subject. They are 24 in number; of which sixteen relate to different localities in the British islands, and three only to foreign geology. It is further worthy of notice, that nine of the twenty-four communications are by the same gentleman, Dr Macculloch; a proportion, of which, after reading them, we are in nowise disposed to complain. They are throughout ably and judiciously written; and show Dr Macculloch to be a zealous and excellent observer, who brings to his subject much acute discrimination, and a large stock of general science. The outline we shall have occasion to give of some of his papers, will show that this commendation is not hastily or unreasonably bestowed.

*On certain products obtained in the Distillation of Wood, with Remarks on Bituminous Substances and Coal.* By Dr MACCULLOCH.

This paper is valuable to the chemist, as well as to the mineralogist, in affording some new views as to the nature and relations of resinous and bituminous substances; and in applying these results more particularly to the question as to the origin of coal. Dr Macculloch was led to this investigation by

certain experiments on the tar-like substance produced in the destructive distillation of wood. It would be difficult to give a concise statement of the facts detailed in the first part of the paper; one general inference drawn from which is, that the varieties of vegetable resins, though resembling much the mineral bitumens in appearance, yet differ from them essentially in other points; as in the comparative solubility in alcohol and naphtha, and in yielding a larger proportion of acetic acid and carbonic oxide by heat. We may remark here, that this distinction does not seem sufficient to authorize their entire separation; since the relative proportions of the ingredients of the mineral bitumens, (petroleum, naphtha, asphaltum, &c.) vary similarly in each of their species; and in naphtha, so far, as to contain no oxygen at all. We doubt whether it is enough to say in reply to this, that the changes in the mineral bitumens consist in the alteration of the relative proportions of the hydrogen and carbon. The principle of chemical distinction is still the same; applying equally to the differences between the vegetable and mineral bitumens, and to those of the latter class among themselves.

In introducing the subject of coal, Dr Macculloch objects to considering pit-coal as a combination of bitumen with charcoal, as is usually done; and thinks it more consonant to analogy, to regard it as a bitumen itself,—the varieties, from the Newcastle to the Kilkenny, depending on the greater or less proportion of carbon in the bituminous compound. Considering it in this light, it falls into the series after asphaltum; and a regular gradation may be followed in the bitumens, from naphtha at one extreme, to anthracite (the last link in the chain of coal) at the other. There is another class of inflammable substances, however, connected with these, but of more doubtful character. These are the *Lignites*; forming a series from peat and submerged wood, to the varieties of Bovey coal, to surturbrand and jet. It was Dr Macculloch's object, in the progress of his researches, to detect the advance of bituminization from simple peat to jet; and to ascertain the relation between the latter substance and coal. Examination by alcohol and naphtha did not give any very decided results; but that by distillation, indicated the progress of the bituminous quality in the order of substances mentioned above; the oil distilled from jet being of greatest specific gravity—smelling strongly of petroleum, and being almost as soluble in naphtha as the latter bitumen. These observations are cited as warranting the opinion, that the continued action of water is capable of converting simple vegetable into bituminous substances; the degree of bituminization depending chiefly on the time during which this action has been maintained;

though other circumstances of locality and original variety in the vegetable material, may influence the chemical changes which determine the result. These processes, in which time is so important an agent, can seldom be imitated in the laboratory; but Dr Macculloch, to ascertain how far mere heat is capable of accomplishing the change which still remains to be made from the most perfect Lignite to coal, employed Sir J. Hall's method of experiment with close gun-barrels; repeating, in the first instance, the experiment in which Sir James considered that a species of coal was produced from fir saw-dust and wood, thus exposed to heat. The result was unsuccessful; and Dr Macculloch states his conviction, that the substance produced by Sir J. Hall, was not really bitumen, but a porous charcoal mixed with vegetable tar. It remained, however, to subject to this trial, substances already in part bituminized; to accomplish which, powdered jet was exposed to red heat in close gun-barrels, and certain precautions suggested by the nature of the experiment. The results here were very satisfactory; the produce of the fused jet, exhibiting the true characters of coal—its colour, fracture, inflammability, and odour on burning. One or two other interesting facts arose out of these experiments; such as the conversion of a portion of clay, enclosed in the gun-barrel, into a substance resembling bituminous shale, in its smell, consistence and other characters.

The importance of this investigation to our views regarding the origin of coal, will readily be understood. It appears certain, that the bituminization of vegetable matter may be effected in various degrees by the action of water alone; but there is still a strongly marked distinction, mechanical perhaps more than chemical, between the most perfect of these lignite bitumens and true coal. As far as the evidence at present goes, it is decidedly in favour of heat, as the agent by which, under certain modifications, the conversion of the former into the latter, has taken place in nature. It is much, to have ascertained that the change *may* be so effected: the stages of probability which rise upon this fact are surmounted with comparative ease. Dr Macculloch; indeed; somewhat suddenly checks himself on approaching this more speculative part of the subject; but allows us, nevertheless, to infer his opinion in favour of the igneous conversion of bituminized wood into coal,—a conclusion to which his own experiments so obviously tend.

*Mineralogical Account of the Isle of Man.* By DR BERGER.

Our information respecting the natural history of the Isle of Man has hitherto been scanty,—derived principally from Bishop

Wilson's book, and from Wood's account of the Isle, published some years ago. Dr Berger's paper is not very valuable, from any minute mineralogical information it contains; but it furnishes an outline of the physical structure of the country; and, together with the map and table of heights barometrically ascertained, which accompany it, is likely to be useful as a guide to further research. The mountain chain of the Isle of Man stretches from N. E. to S. W., with a length of 25, and an average breadth of 4 or 5 miles. The highest points in this chain are, Sneifeldt, Barroole and Gob-y-Scioot; the first of which has an elevation of 2000 feet, the latter respectively of 1850 and 1820 feet above the level of the sea. An estimate of the proportion of uncultivated mountain land, makes this amount to one third of the whole extent of the island. Of the primitive rocks in the Isle of Man, granite and clay slate are those alone which appear *in situ*; but mica slate, sienite, porphyry, quartz and garnet rock occur in the form of fragments. The granite is in very small quantity, and under circumstances which make it doubtful whether its occurrence is not rather in beds than as a basis to the island. The clay slate, too, is confined chiefly to the higher mountain tracts already noticed. Of the transition rocks we only find grauwacke slate; but this coming down to almost every part of the coast, and occupying a very considerable proportion of the Isle. This grauwacke, in many places, is scarcely distinguishable from the clay slate in position or character; and forms one of those cases in which a system of nomenclature so frequently leads us to attend to secondary distinctions, neglecting the great relations of rocks, and those insensible gradations of structure which are so important to a rational theory of their origin. The grauwacke formation contains veins of galena; and, though no workings are now carried on, yet the lead-mines of Foxdale and Brada-Head, appear to have been known some centuries ago, in the good days of the Stanleys, Kings of Man; and have since been worked at intervals, with some speculation and little profit. It may further be noticed, that all the Runic and Danish monuments in the island are constructed of this grauwacke slate.

Limestone is the principal floetz rock of the Isle of Man, containing the same organic remains as that of Cumberland, and accompanied by partial formations of magnesian limestone, not regularly stratified like the others, and affording scarcely any of these remains. In one situation, the latter rock is remarkable from containing small distinct nodules of a glassy quartz. Dr Berger professes himself unable to speak distinctly of the relative position of these two limestones, but believes

them to occur in separate beds, one within the other: sandstone, and an amygdaloid with a basis of wacke, are noticed as overlying the limestone in particular localities of the island. Some slight attempts have been made to sink for coal; but these turned out fruitlessly: And Dr Berger gives a reasonable caution against the resumption of any such schemes, on the very slight chances which research has hitherto disclosed.

*On the Granite Tors of Cornwall. By DR MACCULLOCH.*

This paper contains some remarks on the celebrated Logging Rock of the Land's End, and on others of the granite *tors* or cairns of the same district. The weight of the vibrating stone is estimated at 66 tons. By different trials it was found, that the greatest force of three persons applied to it, sufficed to make its outer edge describe an arc, the chord of which was  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch at 6 feet distance from the centre of motion. When suffered to return, it vibrates for a few seconds before falling again to rest; which vibration in a sensible degree is produced even by the wind blowing against its western exposed surface. A valuable part of this paper relates to the form of those vast insulated masses of granite in Cornwall and elsewhere; the cause of their division into cuboidal and prismatic figures; and the general tendency of the same rock to take ultimately the spheroidal form; while in sandstone, and other rocks of prismatic fracture, no such tendency exists, though the external causes acting upon them are the same. This question we consider as interesting to geology; since the phenomena can only be plausibly resolved, by referring to some differences in the internal structure and original formation of the rocks themselves,—which differences are the main objects of geological inquiry. These indirect and accidental modes of questioning Nature, often disclose more of her secret processes, than the most laborious and well-adjusted schemes of research. It being now generally conceded, that the granite of Cornwall is not a stratified rock, we must find other means of explaining its frequent cuboidal figure, which, at the same time, will not preclude the explanation of its general tendency to decompose into the spheroidal form. Dr Macculloch's solution is perhaps as satisfactory as our knowledge at present renders possible. Assuming, what we are not disposed to deny, that granite may be of igneous origin, he adds—

‘ Here we must conceive, that in a homogeneous mass of fluid matter, crystallization had commenced from numerous centres at the same time. While there was yet space for the formation of succes-

sive solid deposits round any set of these imaginary centres, a spherical or spheroidal figure would be the result. As the surfaces of these spheroids approached each other, the successive crusts would interfere: and the intervals would be filled by portions of spheroidal crusts, until the cuboidal figures of all the contiguous masses are completed; thus forming that aggregated mass of cuboids which we witness in the granites of this aspect which remain unaltered in their places. We need not be surprised that this regularity is not more constant, nor the forms more perfect, as we are unacquainted with the numerous circumstances which may determine the several centres of crystallization, or which may interfere with the ultimate regularity of the resulting masses.

This view of the subject (which perhaps contains more of speculation than any other passage in the volume), derives support from various analogies, such as the columns and balls of basaltic rocks; the tendency to the spheroidal form in the rock salt of Cheshire, &c. The objection, that in a uniform fluid there would be nothing to determine these centres of spherical crystallization, we should meet by saying that the difficulty is the same in numerous cases of acknowledged crystallization; and by expressing our opinion, that mineralogists have hitherto attended too exclusively to the affinities of contiguous particles in forming crystals, without sufficient regard to those more extensive, though less distinct affinities, which may have place in great masses, brought into such a state as to admit of changes of arrangement in their composing parts. Without adopting the speculations of La Metherie, we may still reasonably entertain the belief, confirmed as it is by numerous facts, that upon the principle of crystallization, much larger and more diffused determinations of form may take place than those which constitute single crystals, or the assemblage of those in the structure of any single specimen. The elucidation of this subject will form an important step in the further progress of Geology.

*An Account of the Brine Springs at Droitwich. By LEONARD HORNER, ESQ.*

In this Memoir, we have a sketch of the natural history of the Salt-springs of Droitwich, together with a chemical examination of the brines of this district. The mineralogical features of the surrounding country appear to resemble, in general, those of the district in Cheshire, and the northern part of Shropshire, where brine springs occur. The prevailing rock is a calcareo-argillaceous sandstone, which Mr Horner thinks it probable, may be the old red sandstone of Werner:—of this, however, from his description, we do not feel perfectly

assured. As no new brine pit has been sunk at Droitwich during the last thirty years; and as the rock-salt itself is not worked in this district, it was found very difficult to obtain information as to the strata passed through to obtain the brine; but that procured suffices to show, that they are chiefly the same marls, and blue and white clays, penetrated by veins of gypsum, which are met with in the Cheshire salt-mines. The evidence as to a subjacent body of rock salt, though not perfectly distinct, yet is enough to be admitted in proof of its existence. This admission, indeed, would seem necessary to account for the permanence of very strong brine-springs, which are known to have been worked during the period of the Saxon Heptarchy, and probably at a date far anterior to this.

The analysis of the brines of Droitwich, seems to have been conducted by Mr Horner with great exactness, and according to the most approved methods. Their specific gravity, as taken from different pits, varies from 1174.71 to 1206.11. A pint measure of the strongest of the brines, contains 2290 grains of salt, or about 26.53 per cent.; a proportion very nearly equal to that of the strongest Cheshire brines, as they are stated by Dr Holland, in his account of the Cheshire salt district. \* The analysis gives, in 100 parts of the saline contents of the brine—of muriate of soda 96.48; sulphate of lime 1.63; sulphate of soda 1.82; muriate of magnesia 0.07. This differs from that of the Cheshire brines, in affording sulphate of soda, and in not giving traces of the carbonate of lime, or oxide of iron, which occur in small quantity in the latter. The mode of manufacture of the salt is stated to be the same. Of late, about 16,000 tons have annually been made at Droitwich, chiefly for home consumption, and paying to Government a duty of £20,000/.

*On the Veins of Cornwall.* By MR W. PHILLIPS.

This paper, which is of considerable length, contains some valuable details regarding the direction, and other characters of the veins in Cornwall; as also, in relation to the practical mining of this district; and forms a satisfactory addition to Dr Berger's paper in the first volume of these Transactions. The copper and tin of Cornwall never occur in layers or beds, but always, with the exception of the stream tin, in veins, or *lodes*, as they are provincially termed. The metalliferous veins have generally a direction nearly east and west; and those in differ-

\* See the First Volume of these Transactions.

ent directions rarely produce any metallic ore. No instance has yet occurred, of a vein being actually seen to terminate either to the east or west, or being worked out in depth; though some of the mines, as those of Cook, Kitchen and Dolcoath, are more than 1250 feet deep. These metalliferous veins are usually from one to three feet in width; but occasionally even as much as thirty feet. With regard to the indications of their quality, it is always deemed that the early discovery of iron pyrites, and portions of yellow copper ore, mixed with much blende, is a favourable omen for copper still further in the vein. It generally happens too, that tin is found at a small depth in veins, which afterwards prove rich in copper. A friable ferruginous substance, consisting of decomposed pyrites and clay, is considered a favourable indication both for tin and copper; but this, like those before mentioned, affords surmises which only now and then accord with the truth.

We scarcely venture to hint here at the mysteries of Rabbomancy, the sublime science of the Divining Rod; which we find, from Mr Phillips, to retain still a certain amount of credit among the Cornish labouring miners. Though the sage professors of this art, however, do even now at times take the rod into their hands, and tread barefooted over the surface, to ascertain the presence of metals beneath, yet, in their days of sober calculation, no proprietor will trust his money to the suggestion of a twirling stick, or dig down in trace of the metallic effluvia, which reach the subtle senses of the Rabbomancer above. In former times, it was otherwise; since the learned Fulld relates, that German divines were actually brought over to Cornwall, to indicate, by their divining rods, the course and richness of metallic veins. Nevertheless, we have never in England so far submitted ourselves to these mysteries, as we believe to have been the case in France, Germany and Italy. We have seen no such people as Aimar or Royer amongst us; nor have we published such books as those of Thorwenel, Ritter, Ebel and Amoretti, which call Moses and Aaron the Rabbomancers of early ages, and turn into divining rods the club of Hercules and the staff with which Romulus is said to have marked out the districts of his infant city. \*

The facts regarding the intersection of veins are among the most interesting in mineralogy. The *cross courses*, or N. and S.

\* We understand that the doctrines of Rabbomancy still retain their ground in various parts of the Continent; that books are written to attest their credit; and that professors still travel about to discover metals and springs by the aid of the divining rod.

veins of Cornwall, are very troublesome to the miners; their effect in cutting the metalliferous veins being generally that of disturbing their course, or breaking them into small branches; the working of which is not resumed without much uncertainty as to the direction of the true vein. The *slide* or *heaving* of the latter, produced by such intersection, is often very great. Mr Phillips mentions an instance, in which a tin vein was heaved up 22 fathoms in perpendicular height; and another example in the mine of Huel-Peever, where one of these heaves so entirely baffled the skill of the miners, that nearly 40 years were spent in fruitless research, before the metalliferous lode was again discovered. It often happens also, that a vein which has been rich in ore on one side a *cross course*, becomes suddenly poor on the other. These cross veins themselves, as before stated, rarely yield any thing, which may compensate for the disturbance they give. Some indeed have afforded tin and silver, and others contain cobalt and antimony; but these instances are not frequent. An occasional value, however, belongs to them, as the means of carrying off water from the mines, which object is, in fact, one of the most laborious and expensive connected with the mining in Cornwall. Several of the *adits*, or artificial subterraneous water-courses, are 3 or 4 miles in length; and that of the Gwennap mine, in its numerous branches, is stated to have an extent of nearly 24 miles.

The latter part of this paper contains descriptions of particular mines, which cannot be understood without the plates and sections accompanying it. A few economical details are given, particularly as to the Huel Alfred mine; but the want of distinctness in the dates diminishes the value of these statements. We learn, however, that 1500 people are employed about this mine, underground and on the surface; that there are three large steam engines for drawing off the water, and two for bringing up the ore; and that the monthly expenses for labour, coal, ropes, timber, &c. amounted at the time this paper was written, to 5300*l*. We cannot commend to the taste of our readers, the technical nomenclature of the Cornish miners; or seek to initiate them into the meaning of such terms as *gossany*, *grouny*, *caply*, *mundicky*, *flucany*, *pryany*, and *scovan*. Yet it would be hard to quarrel on the score of language with men, who rise in the middle of the night, walk sometimes two or three miles to the mouth of their mines, and, lighted by small candles, descend down ladders to the depth of 200 fathoms, to work for many hours, amidst the noise of water, pumps and engines, or in some places with the more formidable sound of the sea rolling

on its pavement above their heads. The latter circumstance is described by Pryce, in his *Mineralogia Cornubiensis*, with a good deal of effect.

'The mine of Huel-Cock, in the parish of St Just, is wrought 80 fathoms in length under the sea, below low-water mark; and the sea in some places is but three fathoms over the back of the workings; insomuch that the tanners underneath hear the break, flux, ebb, and reflux of every wave, which, upon the beach overhead, may be said to have had the run of the Atlantic ocean for many hundred leagues, and consequently are amazingly powerful and boisterous. They also hear the rumbling noise of every nodule and fragment of rock; which are continually rolling upon the submarine stratum, and which altogether make a kind of thundering roar that would surprize and fearfully engage the attention of the curious stranger. Add to this, that several parts of the lode, which were richer than others, have been very indiscreetly hulked and worked within four feet of the sea; whereby in violent stormy weather the noise overhead has been so tremendous, that the workmen have many times deserted their labour, under the greatest fear lest the sea might break in upon them.'

*On the Fresh-water Formations in the Isle of Wight; with Observations on the Strata over the Chalk in the S. E. part of England.* By THOMAS WEBSTER.

We regret that our limits prevent us from giving more than a short notice of this paper, which extends to nearly 100 pages; and is not only the longest, but the most important in the volume. Some of our readers may recollect the account we formerly gave of the interesting researches of MM. Cuvier and Brogniart on the strata in the great chalk basin of Paris; developing a series of beds, in which there are two distinct marine, and two fresh-water formations, alternating with each other. Mr Webster has great merit in having discovered, and skilfully examined, an analogous series of formations in the Isle of Wight; occupying a part of the great basin, which is bounded to the south by the almost vertical chalk hills of this island; to the north by the range called the South Downs, extending from Beechy-Head to Porchester. This basin is now open at each extremity of the Channel between Hampshire and the Isle of Wight; but that these passages were once closed up, is highly probable, as well from the nature of the formations within, as from the correspondence between the chalk hills of this island, particularly about the Needles, and those of the Dorsetshire coast. It appears further to be almost certain, from different appearances, that the vertical strata of the Isle of Wight

were once horizontal, or nearly so; and that the same cause which moved them, by elevation or partial subsidence, into their present position, gave rise to the outline and limits of the natural basin just described.

The observations on the alternating marine and fresh-water strata lying upon the chalk, were made on the N. coast of the Isle of Wight, and more particularly at Headen-hill, in the vicinity of Alum Bay; where, in one spot, a complete series of the alternations is disclosed, leaving no room for doubt as to the order of superposition. Mr Webster arranges the series as follows, beginning from below.

1. Chalk formation.
2. Lowest marine formation over the chalk, including the London clay.
3. Lowest fresh-water formation.
4. Upper marine formation.
5. Upper fresh-water formation.
6. Alluvium.

Each one of these formations is separately described; and those marine and fresh-water fossils, which respectively characterize the strata in which they occur, are catalogued, by the assistance of Mr Parkinson, with much apparent accuracy. The fresh-water formations present various analogies with those of the Paris basin; as in the nature of the fossil shells they contain, (the *lymnei*, *planorbis*, *helices*, &c.) and in the succession and resemblance of the strata. The most remarkable difference is the absence, in the lower fresh-water formation of the Isle of Wight, of those thick beds of gypsum, which occur in the oldest formation of this kind at Paris, and which contain the bones of unknown quadrupeds and birds. The gypsums of England, at large, belong to strata below, and older than the chalk; and fossil remains of the class just noticed have not been found in the Isle of Wight. The bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other animals no longer natives of this climate, which have been discovered in Suffolk, the Isle of Sheppey, Brentford, &c. are not petrified like those of the extinct animals, and are invariably found above the London clay, frequently accompanied by marl and fresh-water shells.

Mr Webster's Memoir contains also various facts respecting the London basin, as it has been termed; an extensive depression in the chalk formation, which forms the basis of so large a tract in the southern and eastern parts of England. This basin is very extensively covered with that remarkable stratum, called the London, or Blue Clay; a deposit of vast thickness

in many places, and containing organic fossils of great beauty and variety.\* It appears to correspond with the lowest marine formation of the Isle of Wight; but does not, like the latter, support other formations of fresh-water and marine origin. Such alternation, from some particular local cause, is wanting in the London basin.

In the latter part of this paper, there is some speculation, modest enough in its nature, as to the causes of these remarkable facts. The subject is, doubtless, one of the most interesting in natural history; connected as it is, not only with the origin and changes of position of our strata, but also with the progress of different forms of animal existence, and with those great revolutions, general or partial, which have deposited so many of these in the fossil state, to excite the wonder and speculation of later ages. The importance of the study of organic remains cannot be too highly appreciated by the geologist. It has already laid before us this extraordinary alternation of marine and fresh-water strata, occurring in different parts of Europe;† and we may confidently look to the same source for the clearing up of various difficulties, which at present embarrass the subject.

*A Description of the Oxyd of Tin, the production of Cornwall; of its Primitive Crystal and Modifications, &c.* By M<sup>r</sup> W. PHILLIPS.

Of this paper, which is a long one, we can say little, from the need of reference to its accompanying plates. Mr Phillips confirms the last opinion of Haüy as to the primitive form of the crystal of oxyd of tin; viz. that it is an octahedron, composed of two pyramids, joined base to base. We do not mean to question the utility of minute crystallography, as a part of the science; yet, we own that it is somewhat painful to us to see labour and ingenuity so largely vested in this research; and it is impossible not to view most of its results as mere *culs-de-sac*, out of which we return without either profit or pleasure. If there were a prospect of obtaining a good and correct arrangement of minerals from this source, the pursuit ought to

\* At Wimbledon and Hampstead, wells have been sunk through this stratum to a depth of more than 500 feet, without reaching the chalk.

† Professor Herman of Strasburgh has pointed out an analogous formation in the Vosges mountains.

be urged with unremitting zeal; but this *dignus vindice nodus* has proved equally intractable by crystallographical distinctions, as by chemical qualities, and by the numerous devices of external characters with which modern systems have been loaded. An arrangement, which may enable the Mineralogist to place himself on a level with the Botanist and Zoologist, is still wanting; and the object would not be attained, though he were to multiply into a million varieties of crystalline figure, the few hundred species of minerals, which are the subjects of his study.

*Miscellaneous Remarks on Specimens transmitted to the Geological Society.* By DR MACCULLOCH.

THIS Memoir, which relates exclusively to specimens collected from different parts of Scotland, is prefaced by some good remarks on the objects and difficulties of geological research; among which we find the following comment on the influence of the system of Werner, as it relates to the divisions of rocks, upon the opinions and descriptions of the observer in this science.

‘If we describe the several rocks by the terms which he has applied to them, we begin by admitting the very matter to be proved. A worse consequence follows:—the adoption of the terminology insensibly leads to a belief in the hypothesis; and becomes inimical to that independent and free spirit of observation, which the infancy of any physical investigation more especially requires.’

To this remark we fully subscribe; and could adduce many instances in confirmation of it. The succeeding part of Dr M.’s paper furnishes several such; particularly in what respects the different limestones, and trap rocks, and the relations of *grauwacke* and clay slate; the force of which latter example every practical mineralogist will feel, recollecting his own perplexities as to this ill-named and ill-fated rock. The classification of rocks is certainly one of the most legitimate objects in the science; but that adopted by Werner is hasty and premature as to time; and the progress of observation has so multiplied exceptions to it, that the original rules stand like straggling columns in the desert, which no longer support any superstructure, and are themselves crumbling to decay.

Though this paper consists wholly of detached remarks, yet it derives value from the accuracy and critical distinctness, which mark the whole. The isle of Rona is noticed, to speak of the discovery here of the ore of tungsten, called *wolfran*, and to recommend a further examination of the remarkable granite

veins in this island. The Skiant islets, between Lewis and Sky, which have hitherto escaped the regard of mineralogists, are described with some little detail. A splendid façade of columnar trap, rising from the sea to a height of nearly 200 feet, forms the most conspicuous object here; under which are found in succession a bed of siliceous schist; another of greenstone, which weathers into distinct concretions; and a third of siliceous schist again, 20 feet in thickness, and singularly formed; throughout its substance, of spherical or compressed globules, giving it, in many places, a botruoidal aspect. This last rock is further interesting, as it affords a new *habitat* to the *Wavelite*; the circles of which Dr M. found occupying the surface of each segment of the several spheres, and varying in size according to the dimensions of these segments. Another fine columnar precipice is described by Dr M. in the Scur of Egg, which is not noticed by Professor Jameson in his *Mineralogy of the Scottish Isles*. The columns, which exceed those of Staffa in grandeur and picturesque effect, are of black pitchstone porphyry, lying on a bed of compact calcareous marl, which again reposes upon sandstone. The bed of marl is remarkable from containing large masses of bituminized wood; and also portions of the trunks of trees silicified, and their rifts filled with chalcedony.

Among the other mineralogical descriptions in this paper, is that of the limestones of Assynt and Isla; of the magnificent columnar syenite or syenitic greenstone (for here the perplexity of system recurs) of Ailsa Craig; of the Rutile occurring in the Chlorite slate near Killin; of the contorted mica slate on the banks of Loch-Lomond; and of the primitive slate in general between Loch-Lomond and Loch-Katrin. An error of Professor Jameson's is corrected, who describes the summit of Ben-Lomond as of gneiss instead of mica slate. Some description is given of the graphic granite of Portsoy, interesting from the curious disposition and relations of the crystals composing this rock. Certain appearances are mentioned of the schorl or tourmaline crystals entering into its texture, with the view of showing, that both the Neptunian and Huttonian theories are incompetent to their explanation; and that Dr Hutton's illustrations of the igneous origin of this granite, are liable to much doubt.

Succeeding to this communication, and connected with it, we find another long paper by Dr Macculloch on the quartz rock of Scotland, as it occurs in Jura, at Assynt, Scheshallien, Tyn-drum, &c. The remarkable part of this paper is the opinion

brought forwards by Dr Macculloch, that quartz rock, though occurring decidedly among the primitive formations, is in many places a mechanical deposit, or more generally produced by chemical and mechanical deposition combined. Of the quartz rock of Jura he does not hesitate to say, from observation, that it is a rock recomposed from the fragments of older ones; and the same opinion is stated respecting that of Assynt and Balahulish. This is a formidable invasion upon the Geognosy, and trenches deeply into the very principles on which this system of arrangement is founded. Accordingly, we find Dr Macculloch, as a corollary to his paper, stating his belief that no valid distinction, such as ought to constitute a class, belongs to the *transition rocks*, and that it would be better to return to the old division of primary and secondary, as far at least as relates to those rocks which bear any marks of stratification. We leave it to our readers to imagine the consternation which this heresy must excite among the disciples of the orthodox Freyberg faith.

*Notice relative to the Geology of the Coast of Labrador.* By the Rev. Mr STEINHAEUER.

The author of this communication appears to be connected with the missionaries of the United Brethren; whose zeal conducted them to this naked and inhospitable coast, where the thermometer frequently continues for two or three weeks below the zero of Fahrenheit, and where their subsistence depends in part upon a vessel annually arriving with provisions for their little settlements. We learn from Mr Steinhauer, that these men have kept meteorological journals, and have made a tolerably complete flora of the country; and we presume that it is to them we are chiefly indebted for the beautiful specimens of Labrador felspar, and other minerals, which we occasionally receive from this coast. The paper before us contains little information, and is only valuable as pertaining to a country so little known, and where civilized life has ventured to establish itself in a few insulated spots, amidst so many obstacles of soil and climate. The highest mountains of Labrador seem to extend themselves along the eastern coast, from latitude  $54^{\circ}$  to latitude  $59^{\circ}$  or  $60^{\circ}$ ; but have not proof that their elevation any where exceeds 3000 feet. The only minerals described, and these with very indistinct notices of situation or character, are granite, Labrador felspar and hornblende, limestone, lapis ollaris, and hæmatite. The felspar is mentioned as occurring in the rocks in the vicinity of the settlement of Nain, in latitude  $56^{\circ} 38'$ ; and in greater quantity near a small lake, about 50 miles inland, where

its shifting colours, darting through the clear waters, or flashing from the cliffs, especially when moistened by a shower of rain, are described as wonderfully striking and beautiful in effect.

*On Vegetable Remains preserved in Chalcedony. By Dr MACCULLOCH.*

Daubenton, in the *Memoires de l'Academie Royale des Sciences* for 1782, had given the account of some well ascertained plants involved in the substance of chalcedony. In the paper before us, Dr Macculloch, who at the time was unaware of this previous research, narrates his own investigations of this remarkable fact, and renders it certain that the arborizations, familiar to mineralogists in the mochas and other varieties of chalcedony, and considered to depend upon metallic matter put upon these forms, are really for the most part produced by plants enclosed within the stone. Dr Macculloch examined numerous specimens both of the transparent chalcedonies and agates; and found reason to believe that the greater number of these included plants were of the genus *Conferva*, which in this situation often retain perfectly their natural colour, though sometimes, on the contrary, their fibres are closely invested with a crust of oxide or carbonate of iron. The vegetable structure too, is, in general, entirely preserved; and the plant, however light its texture, is disposed in as free a manner as if still floating in the water which was its native element. These circumstances, as well as some other facts attending the phenomenon, can only be explained, Dr Macculloch conceives, by supposing that the plants were suddenly involved in a solution of silex, so dense as to support the weight of their substance—and further capable of becoming solid, or at least gelatinous, in a very short space of time. Some chemical trials, depending on the action of carbon upon sulphuric acid, distinctly proved, that the carbonaceous matter of the plants was still retained within the chalcedony. In reference to this curious subject, we should suggest a careful examination of the specimens of silicified plants, which have been brought from the deposits of the great Geyser fountains of Iceland.

Our limits do not permit us to notice the remaining papers in the volume, some of which, however, possess considerable value. In a future Number of our Journal, it is probable we may have occasion to take up the Third volume of the *Transactions* of this Society, which has recently appeared before the public.

ART. IX. *Tales of My Landlord, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of the Parish of Gandercleugh.* 4 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1816.

**T**HIS, we think, is beyond all question a new coinage from the mint which produced *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*:—For though it does not bear the legend and superscription of the Master on the face of the pieces, there is no mistaking either the quality of the metal or the execution of the die—and even the private mark may be seen plain enough by those who know how to look for it. It is quite impossible to read ten pages of this work, in short, without feeling that it belongs to the same school with those very remarkable productions; and no one who has any knowledge of nature or of art, will ever doubt that it is an original. The very identity of the leading characters in the whole set of stories, is a stronger proof, perhaps, that those of the last series are not copied from the former, than even the freshness and freedom of the draperies with which they are now invested—or the ease and spirit of the groupes into which they are newly combined. No imitator would have ventured so near his originals, and yet come off so entirely clear of them; and we are only the more assured that the old acquaintances we continually recognise in these volumes, are really the persons they pretend to be, and no false mimics, that we recollect so perfectly to have seen them before, or at least to have been familiar with some of their near relations.

We have often been astonished at the quantity of talent—of invention, observation, and knowledge of character, as well as of spirited and graceful composition, that may be found in those works of fiction in our language, which are generally regarded as among the lower productions of our literature,—upon which no great pains is understood to be bestowed, and which are seldom regarded as the titles of a permanent reputation. If Novels, however, are not fated to last as long as Epic poems, they are at least a great deal more popular in their season; and, slight as their structure, and imperfect as their finishing may often be thought in comparison, we have no hesitation in saying, that the better specimens of the art are incomparably more entertaining, and considerably more instructive. The great objection to them, indeed, is, that they are too entertaining—and are so pleasant in the reading, as to be apt to produce a disrelish for other kinds of reading which may be more necessary, and can in no way be made so agreeable. Neither

science, nor authentic history, nor political nor professional instruction, can be conveyed in a pleasant tale; and, therefore, all these things are in danger of appearing dull and uninteresting to the votaries of those more seductive studies. Among the most popular of these popular productions that have appeared in our times, we must rank the works to which we have just alluded; and we do not hesitate to say, that they are well entitled to that distinction. They are indeed, in many respects, very extraordinary performances—though in nothing more extraordinary than in having remained so long unclaimed. There is no name, we think, in our literature, to which they would not add lustre—and lustre, too, of a very enviable kind; for they not only show great talent, but infinite good sense and good nature,—a more vigorous and wide reaching intellect than is often displayed in novels, and a more powerful fancy, and a deeper sympathy with various passion, than is often combined with strength of understanding.

The author, whoever he is, has a truly graphic and creative power in the invention and delineation of characters—which he sketches with an ease, and colours with a brilliancy, and scatters about with a profusion, which reminds us of Shakespeare himself: Yet with all this force and felicity in the representation of living agents, he has the eye of a poet for all the striking aspects of nature; and usually contrives, both in his scenery and in the groups with which it is enlivened, to combine the picturesque with the natural, with a grace that has rarely been attained by artists so copious and rapid. His narrative, in this way, is kept constantly full of life, variety, and colour; and is so interspersed with glowing descriptions, and lively allusions, and flying traits of sagacity and pathos, as not only to keep our attention continually awake, but to afford a pleasing exercise to most of our other faculties. The prevailing tone is very gay and pleasant; but the author's most remarkable, and, perhaps, his most delightful talent, is that of representing kindness of heart in union with lightness of spirits and great simplicity of character, and of blending the expression of warm and generous and exalted affections with scenes and persons that are in themselves both lowly and ludicrous. This gift he shares with his illustrious countryman Burns—as he does many of the other qualities we have mentioned with another living poet,—who is only inferior perhaps in that to which we have alluded. It is very honourable indeed, we think, both to the author, and to the readers among whom he is so extremely popular, that the great interest of his pieces is for the most part a moral interest—that the concern we take in his characters is less on account of their

adventures than of their amiableness—and that the great charm of his works is derived from the kindness of heart, the capacity of generous emotions, and the lights of native taste which he ascribes, so lavishly, and at the same time with such an air of truth and familiarity, even to the humblest of his favourites. With all his relish for the ridiculous, accordingly, there is no tone of misanthropy, or even of sarcasm, in his representations; but, on the contrary, a great indulgence and relenting towards those who are to be the objects of our disapprobation. There is no keen or cold-blooded satire—no bitterness of heart, or fierceness of resentment, in any part of his writings. His love of ridicule is little else than a love of mirth; and savours throughout of the joyous temperament in which it appears to have its origin; while the buoyancy of a raised and poetical imagination lifts him continually above the region of mere jollity and good humour, to which a taste, by no means nice or fastidious, seems constantly in danger of sinking him. He is evidently a person of a very sociable and liberal spirit—with great habits of observation—who has ranged pretty extensively through the varieties of human life and character, and mingled with them all, not only with intelligent familiarity, but with a free and natural sympathy for all the diversity of their tastes, pleasures, and pursuits—one who has kept his heart as well as his eyes open to all that has offered itself to engage them; and learned indulgence for human faults and follies, not only from finding kindred faults in their most intolerant censors, but also for the sake of the virtues by which they are often redeemed, and the sufferings by which they have still oftener been taught. The temper of his writings, in short, is precisely the reverse of those of our Laureates and Lakers, who, being themselves the most whimsical of mortals, make it a conscience to loathe and detest all with whom they happen to disagree, and labour to promote mutual animosity, and all manner of uncharitableness among mankind, by referring every supposed error of taste, or peculiarity of opinion, to some hateful corruption of the heart and understanding.

With all the indulgence, however, which we so justly ascribe to him, we are far from complaining of the writer before us for being too neutral and undecided on the great subjects which are most apt to engender excessive zeal and intolerance—and we are almost as far from agreeing with him as to most of these subjects. In politics, it is sufficiently manifest, that he is a decided Tory—and, we are afraid, something of a latitudinarian both in morals and religion. He is very apt at least to make a mock of all enthusiasm for liberty or faith—and not only gives a de-

cided preference to the social over the austere virtues—but seldom expresses any warm or hearty admiration except for those graceful and gentleman-like principles which can generally be acted upon with a gay countenance—and do not imply any great effort of self-denial, or any deep sense of the rights of others, or the helplessness and humility of our common nature. Unless we misconstrue very grossly the indications in these volumes, the author thinks no times so happy as those in which an indulgent monarch awards a reasonable portion of liberty to grateful subjects, who do not call in question his right either to give or to withhold it—in which a dignified and decent hierarchy receives the homage of their submissive and uninquiring flocks—and a gallant nobility redeems the venial immoralities of their gayer hours, by brave and honourable conduct towards each other, and spontaneous kindness to vassals in whom they recognise no independent rights, and not many features of a common nature. It is rather remarkable however, that, with propensities thus decidedly aristocratical, the ingenious author has succeeded by far the best in the representation of rustic and homely characters;—and not in the ludicrous or contemptuous representation of them—but by making them at once more natural and more interesting than they had ever been made before in any work of fiction; by showing them not as clowns to be laughed at—or wretches to be pitied and despised—but as human creatures, with as many pleasures, and fewer cares than their superiors—with affections not only as strong, but often as delicate as those whose language is smoother—and with a vein of humour, a force of sagacity, and very frequently an elevation of fancy, as high and as natural as can be met with among more cultivated beings. The great merit of all these delineations, is their admirable truth and fidelity—the whole manner and cast of the characters being accurately moulded on their condition—and the finer attributes that are ascribed to them, so blended and harmonized with the native rudeness and simplicity of their life and occupations, that they are made interesting and even noble beings, without the least particle of foppery or exaggeration, and delight and amuse us without trespassing at all on the province of pastoral or romance.

Next to these, we think, he has found his happiest subjects, or at least displayed his greatest powers, in the delineation of the grand and gloomy aspects of nature, and of the dark and fierce passions of the heart. The natural gayety of his temper does not indeed allow him to dwell long on such themes;—but the sketches he occasionally introduces, are executed with admirable force and spirit—and give a strong impression both of the vi-

gour of his imagination, and the variety of his talent. It is only in the third rank that we would place his pictures of chivalry and chivalrous character—his traits of gallantry, nobleness and honour—and that bewitching assemblage of gay and gentle manners, with generosity, candour and courage, which has long been familiar enough to readers and writers of novels, but has never before been represented with such an air of truth and so much ease and happiness of execution.

Among his faults and failures, we must give the first place to his descriptions of virtuous young ladies—and his representations of the ordinary business of courtship and conversation in polished life. We admit that those things, as they are commonly conducted, are apt to be a little insipid to a mere critical spectator;—and that while they consequently require more heightening than strange adventures or grotesque persons, they admit less of exaggeration or ambitious ornament:—Yet we cannot think it necessary that they should be altogether so lame and mawkish as we generally find them in the hands of this spirited writer,—whose powers really seem to require some stronger stimulus to bring them into action, than can be supplied by the flat realities of a peaceful and ordinary existence. His love of the ludicrous, it must also be observed, often betrays him into forced and vulgar exaggerations, and into the repetition of common and palty stories,—though it is not fair to add, that he does not detain us long with them, and makes amends by the copiousness of his assortment, for the indifferent quality of some of the specimens. It is another consequence of this extreme abundance in which he revels and riots, and of the fertility of the imagination from which it is supplied, that he is at all times a little apt to overdo even those things which he does best. His most striking and highly coloured characters appear rather too often, and go on rather too long. It is astonishing, indeed, with what spirit they are supported, and how fresh and animated they are to the very last;—but still there is something too near them—and they would be more waited for and welcomed if they were not quite so lavish of their presence.—It was not for Shakespeare alone, to leave all his characters as unworn as he found them,—and to carry Halstaff through the business of three several plays, and leave us as gratified by his sayings as at the moment of his first introduction. It is a slight praise to the author before us, that he has reminded us of this, as well as other inimitable excellences of that most gifted of all inventors.

To complete this hasty and unpremeditated sketch.

neral characteristics, we must add, that he is above all things national and Scottish,—and never seems to feel the powers of a Giant, except when he touches his native soil. His countrymen alone, therefore, can have a full sense of his merits, or a perfect relish of his excellences;—and those only, indeed, of them, who have mingled, as he has done, pretty freely with the lower orders, and made themselves familiar not only with their language, but with the habits and traits of character, of which it then only becomes expressive. It is one thing to understand the meaning of words, as they are explained by other words in a glossary or dictionary, and another to know their value, as expressive of certain feelings and humours in the speakers to whom they are native, and as signs both of temper and condition among those who are familiar with their import.

We must content ourselves, we fear, with this hasty and superficial sketch of the general character of this author's performances, in the place of a more detailed examination of those which he has given to the public since we first announced him as the author of *Waverley*. The time for noticing his two intermediate works, has been permitted to go by so far, that it would probably be difficult to recal the public attention to them with any effect; and, at all events, impossible to affect, by any observations of ours, the judgment which has been passed upon them, with very little assistance, we must say, from professed critics, by the mass of their intelligent readers,—to whom, indeed, we have no doubt that they are, by this time, as well known, and as correctly estimated, as if they had been indebted to us for their first impressions on the subject. For our own parts we must confess, that we still look back to *Waverley* with all the fascination of a first love; and that we cannot help thinking, that the greatness of the public transactions in which that story was involved, as well as the wildness and picturesque graces of its Highland scenery and characters, have invested it with a charm, to which the more familiar attractions of the other pieces have not come up. In this, perhaps, our opinion differs from that of better judges;—but we cannot help suspecting, that the later publications are most admired by many, at least in the Southern part of the island, only because they are more easily and perfectly understood, in consequence of the training which had been gone through in the perusal of the former. But, however that be, we are far enough from denying, that the two succeeding works are performances of extraordinary merit,—and are willing even to admit, that they show quite as much power and genius in the author—though, to our taste at least, the subjects are less happily selected.—Dandie Din-

mont is, beyond all question, we think, the best rustic portrait that has ever yet been exhibited to the public—the most honourable to rustics, and the most creditable to the heart, as well as the genius of the artist—the truest to nature—the most interesting and the most complete in all its lineaments.—Meg Merrilees belongs more to the department of poetry. She is most akin to the witches of Macbeth, with some traits of the antient Sybil engrafted on the coarser stock of a Gipsy of the last century. Though not absolutely in nature, however, she must be allowed to be a very imposing and emphatic personage, and to be mingled, both with the business and the scenery of the piece, with the greatest skill and effect.—Pleydell is a harsh caricature; and Dirk Hatteric a vulgar bandit of the German school. The lovers, too, are rather more faultless and more insipid than usual,—and all the genteel persons, indeed, not a little fatiguing. Yet there are many passages of great merit, of a gentler and less obtrusive character. The grief of old Ellengowan for the loss of his child, and the picture of his own dotage and death, are very touching and natural; while the many descriptions of the coast scenery, and of the various localities of the story, are given with a freedom, force and effect, that bring every feature before our eyes, and impress us with an irresistible conviction of their reality.

The Antiquary is, perhaps, on the whole, less interesting,—though there are touches in it, equal, if not superior, to any thing that occurs in either of the other works. The adventure of the tide and night storm under the cliffs, we do not hesitate to pronounce the very best description we ever met with,—in verse or in prose, in antient or in modern writing. Old Edie is of the family of Meg Merrilees,—a younger brother, we confess, with less terror and energy, and more taste and gaiety, but equally a poetical embellishment of a familiar character; and yet resting enough on the great points of nature, to be blended without extravagance in the transactions of beings so perfectly natural and thoroughly alive, that no suspicion can be entertained of their reality. The Antiquary himself is the great blemish of the work,—at least in so far as he is an Antiquary;—though we must say for him, that, unlike most oddities, he wearies us most at first; and is so managed, as to turn out both more interesting and more amusing than we had any reason to expect. The low characters in this book are not always worth drawing; but they are exquisitely finished; and prove the extent and accuracy of the author's acquaintance with human life, and human nature.—The family of the fisherman is an exquisite groupe

throughout; and, at the scene of the funeral, in the highest degree striking and pathetic. Dousterswivel is as wearisome as the genuine Spurzheim himself: And the tragic story of the Lord, is, on the whole, a miscarriage; though interspersed with passages of great force and energy. The denouement which connects it with the active hero of the piece, is altogether forced and unnatural.—We come now, at once, to the work immediately before us.

The *Tales of My Landlord*, though they fill four volumes, are, as yet, but two in number; the one being three times as long, and ten times as interesting as the other. The introduction, from which the general title is derived, is as foolish and clumsy as may be; and is another instance of that occasional imbecility or self-willed caprice which every now and then leads this author, before he gets afloat on the full stream of his narration, into absurdities which excite the astonishment of the least gifted of his readers. This whole prologue of *My Landlord*, which is vulgar in the conception, trite and lame in the execution, and utterly out of harmony with the stories to which it is prefixed, should be entirely retrenched in the future editions; and the two novels, which have as little connexion with each other as with this ill-fancied prelude, given separately to the world, each under its own denomination.

The first, which is comprised in one volume, is called ‘*The Black Dwarf*’—and is, in every respect, the least considerable of the family—though very plainly of the legitimate race—and possessing merits, which, in any other company, would have entitled it to no slight distinction. The Dwarf himself is a little too much like the hero of a fairy tale; and the structure and contrivance of the story, in general, would bear no small affinity to that meritorious and edifying class of compositions, was it not for the nature of the details, and the quality of the persons to whom they relate—who are as real, intelligible, and tangible beings, as those with whom we are made familiar in the course of his other productions. Indeed they are very apparently the same sort of people, and come here before us again with all the recommendations of old acquaintance. The outline of the story is soon told. The scene is laid among the Elliots and Johnstons of the Scottish border, and in the latter part of Queen Anne’s reign, when the union then newly effected between the two kingdoms had revived the old feelings of rivalry, and held out, in the general discontent, fresh encouragement to the partisans of the banished family. In this turbulent period, two brave, but very peaceful persons, are represented as plodding their way homewards from deer-

stalking, in the gloom of an autumn evening, when they are encountered, on a lonely moor, by a strange mishapen Dwarf, who rejects their proffered courtesy, in a tone of insane misanthropy, and leaves Hobbie Elliot, who is the successor of Dandie Dinmont in this tale, perfectly persuaded that he is not of mortal lineage, but a goblin of no amiable dispositions. He, and his friend Mr Earnscliff, who is a gentleman of less credulity, revisit him again, however, in daylight; when they find him laying the foundations of a small cottage in that dreary spot. With some casual assistance the fabric is completed; and the Solitary, who still maintains the same repulsive demeanour, fairly settled in it. Though he shuns all society and conversation, he occasionally administers to the diseases of men and cattle; and acquires a certain awful reputation in the country, half between that of a wizard and a heaven-taught Cow-doctor. In the mean time, poor Hobbie's house is burned, and his cattle and his bride carried off by the band of one of the last Border forayers, instigated chiefly by Mr Vere, the profligate Laird of Ellieslaw, who wishes to raise a party in favour of the Jacobites; and between whose daughter and young Earnscliff there is an attachment, which her father disapproves. The mysterious Dwarf gives Hobbie an oracular hint to seek for his lost bride in the fortress of this plunderer, which he and his friends, under the command of young Earnscliff, speedily invest; and when they are ready to smoke him out of his inexpugnable tower, he capitulates, and leads forth, to the astonishment of all the besiegers, not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Vere, who, by some unintelligible refinement of iniquity, had been sequestered by her worthy father in that appropriate custody. The Dwarf, who, with all his misanthropy, is the most benevolent of human beings, gives Hobbie a fur bag full of gold, and contrives to have his bride restored to him. He is likewise consulted in secret by Miss Vere, who is sadly distressed, like all other fictitious damsels, by her father's threats to solemnize a forced marriage between her and a detestable Baronet,—and promises to appear and deliver her, however imminent the hazard may appear. Accordingly, when they are all ranged for the sacrifice before the altar in the castle chapel, his portentous figure pops out from behind a monument,—when he is instantly recognised by the guilty Ellieslaw for a certain Sir Edward Mauley, who was the cousin and destined husband of the lady he had afterwards married, and who had been plunged into temporary insanity by the shock of that fair one's inconstancy, on his recovery from which he had allowed Mr Vere to retain the greatest part of the property to which he succeeded by her death; and had been sup-

posed to be sequestered in some convent abroad, when he thus appears to protect the daughter of his early love. The desperate Ellieslaw at first thinks of having recourse to force, and calls in an armed band which he had that day assembled, in order to favour a rising of the Catholics—when he is suddenly surrounded by Hobbie Elliot and Earnscliff, at the head of a more loyal party, who have just overpowered the insurgents, and taken possession of the castle. Ellieslaw and the Baronet of course take horse and shipping forth of the realm; while his fair daughter is given away to Earnscliff by the benevolent Dwarf, who immediately afterwards disappears, and seeks a more profound retreat, beyond the reach of their gratitude and gayety.

We have already said, that there is not much to commend in the mere fable or contrivance of this tale, which is plainly very deficient in probability and simplicity. It has great merit, however, in its details:—And by far the shortest and most satisfactory way of showing this is, to extract a few passages for the judgment of our readers. They may probably have some curiosity to know a little more about the appearance of the unhappy Dwarf. The following is the scene of his first apparition in full daylight, on the return of the valiant yoman and his companion to the moor.

“As I shall answer,” says Hobbie, “yonder’s the creature creeping about yet!—But it’s day-light, and you have y<sup>ur</sup> gun, and I brought out my bit whinger—I think we may venture upon him.” — “By all manner of means,” said Earnscliff; “but, in the name of wonder, what can he be doing there?” — “Biggin a dry-stane dyke, I think, wi’ the grey geese, as they ca’ thae great loose stanes—Odd, that passes a’ thing I e’er heard tell of.”

‘As they approached nearer, Earnscliff could not help agreeing with his companion. The figure they had seen the night before seemed slowly and toilsomely labouring to pile the large stones one upon another, as if to form a small enclosure. Materials lay around him in great plenty; but the labour of carrying on the work was immense, from the size of most of the stones; and it seemed astonishing that he should have succeeded in moving several which he had already arranged for the foundation of his edifice. He was struggling to move a fragment of great size, when the two young men came up, and was so intent upon executing his purpose, that he did not perceive them till they were close upon him. In straining and heaving at the stone, in order to place it according to his wish, he displayed a degree of strength which seemed utterly inconsistent with his size and apparent deformity. Indeed, to judge from the difficulties he had already surmounted, he must have been of Herculean powers; for some of the stones he had succeeded in raising must apparently have required two men’s strength to move them.

Hobbie's suspicions began to revive, on seeing the preternatural strength he exerted.

"I am an'ist persuaded it's the ghaist of a stane-mason—see siccan band-stanes as he's laid—An' it be a man, after a', I wonder what he wad take by the rood to build a march-dyke. There's ane sair wanted between Cringlehope and the Shaws.—Honest man, (raising his voice), ye make good firm wark there."

The being whom he addressed raised his eyes with a ghastly stare, and getting up from his stooping posture, stood before them in all his native deformity. His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age: his eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets, that rolled with a portentous wildness, indicative of a partial insanity. The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough hewn stamp with which a painter would equip a giant in a romance, to which was added, the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression so often seen in the countenances of those whose persons are deformed. His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature. His clothing was a sort of coarse brown tunic, like a monk's frock, girt round him with a belt of seal-skin. On his head he had a cap made of badger's skin, or some other rough fur, which added considerably to the grotesque effect of his whole appearance, and overshadowed features, whose habitual expression seemed that of sullen malignant misanthropy. This remarkable Dwarf gazed on the two youths in silence, with a dogged and irritated look, until Earnscliff, willing to sooth him into better temper, observed—"You are hard tasked, my friend; allow us to assist you."—He pointed to another—they raised it also—to a third, to a fourth—they continued to humour him, though with some trouble, for he assigned them, as if intentionally, the heaviest fragments which lay near. "And now, friend," said Elliot, as the unreasonable Dwarf indicated another stone larger than any they had moved, "Earnscliff may do as he likes; but be ye man, or be ye waur, de'il be in my fingers if I break my back wi' heaving these stanes ony langer like a barrow-man, without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains."

"Thanks!" exclaimed the Dwarf, with a motion expressive of the utmost contempt—"There—take them, and fatten upon them!"

Take them, and may they thrive with you as they have done with me—as they have done with every mortal worm that ever heard the word spoken by his fellow reptile!—Hence—either labour or begone.” — “This is a fine reward we have, Earnscliff, for building a tabernacle for the devil, and prejudicing our ain souls into the bargain, for what we ken.” — “Our presence,” answered Earnscliff, “seems only to irritate his frenzy; we had better leave him, and send some one to provide him with food and necessaries.” They did so.’ p. 77—83.

The next scene is more striking and masterly.

‘The Solitary had consumed the remainder of that day in which he had the interview with the young ladies, within the precincts of his garden. Evening again found him seated on his favourite stone. The sun setting red, and among seas of rolling clouds, threw a gloomy lustre over the moor, and gave a deeper purple to the broad outline of heathy mountains which surrounded this desolate spot. The Dwarf sat watching the clouds as they lowered above each other in masses of conglomerated vapours; and, as a strong lurid beam of the sinking luminary darted full on his solitary and uncouth figure, he might well have seemed the demon of the storm which was gathering, or some gnome summoned forth from the recesses of the earth by the subterranean signals of its approach. As he sat thus, with his dark eye turned toward the scowling and blackening heaven, a horseman rode rapidly towards him, and stopping, as if to let his horse breathe for an instant, made a sort of obeisance to the anchorite, with an air betwixt effrontery and embarrassment.

‘The figure of the rider was thin, tall, and slender, but remarkably athletic, bony, and sinewy; like one who had all his life followed those violent exercises which prevent the human form from increasing in bulk, while they harden and confirm by habit its muscular powers. His face, thin, sunburnt, and freckled, had a sinister expression of violence, impudence, and cunning, each of which seemed alternately to predominate over the others. Sandy-coloured hair, and reddish eyebrows, from under which looked forth his sharp grey eyes, completed the inauspicious outline of the horseman’s physiognomy. He had pistols in his holsters, and another pair peeped from his belt, though he had taken some pains to conceal them by buttoning his doublet. He wore a rusted steel headpiece, a buff jacket of rather an antique cast; gloves, of which that for the right hand was covered with small scales of iron, like an ancient gauntlet, and a long broadsword completed his equipage.

“So,” said the Dwarf, “rapine and murder once more on horseback.”

“On horseback?” said the bandit; “aye, aye, Elshie, your leech-craft has set me on the bonny bay again.”

“And all those promises of amendment which you made during your illness, forgotten?” continued Elshender.

"All clear away with the water-saps and panada," returned the unabashed convalescent. "Ye ken, Elshie, for they say ye are weel acquent with the gentleman,

'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,  
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.'

"Thou say'st true," said the Solitary; "as well divide a wolf from his appetite for carnage, or a raven from her scent of slaughter, as thee from thy accursed propensities.

"Why, what would you have me to do?—It's born with me—lies in my very blude and bane. Why, man, the lads of Westburnflat, for ten lang descents, have been reivers and lifters. They have all drunk hard, lived high, taken deep revenge for light offence, and never wanted gear for the winning."

"Right; and thou art as thorough-bred a wolf," said the Dwarf, "as ever leaped a lamb-fold at night. On what hell's errand art thou bound now?"

"Can your skill not guess?"

"Not young Earnscliff?" said the Solitary, with some emotion. "No, not young Earnscliff—not young Earnscliff yet; but his time may come, if he will not take warning, and get him back to the burrow-town that he's fit for, and no keep skelping about here, destroying the few deer that are left in the country, and pretending to act as a magistrate, and writing letters to the great folks at Auld Reekie about the disturbed state of the land. Let him take care o' himself."

"Then it must be Hobbie of the Heughfoot. What harm has the lad done you?"

"Harm! nae great harm; but I hear he says I staid away from the Ba'-spiel on Fastern's E'en, for fear of him; and it was only for fear of the Country Keeper, for there was a warrant against me.—I'll stand Hobbie's feud, and a' his clan's. But it's no so much for that, as to gi'e him a lesson no to let his tongue gallop ower freely about his betters. I trow he will hae lost the best pen-feather o' his wing before to-morrow morning.—Farewell, Elshie; there's some canny boys waiting for me down amang the shaws, owerbye; I will see you as I come back, and bring ye a blythe tale in return for your leech-craft."

'Ere the Dwarf could collect himself to reply, the Reiver of Westburnflat set spurs to his horse. The animal, starting at one of the stones which lay scattered about, flew from the path. The rider exercised his spurs without moderation or mercy. The horse became furious, reared, kicked, plunged and bolted like a deer, with all his four feet off the ground at once. It was in vain; the unrelenting rider sate as if he had been a part of the horse which he bestrode; and, after a short but furious contest, compelled the subdued animal to proceed upon the path at a rate which soon carried him out of sight of the Solitary.

"That villain," exclaimed the Dwarf,—“that cool-blooded, hardened, unrelenting ruffian,—that wretch, whose every thought is infected with crimes,—has thews and sinews, limbs, strength, and activity enough to compel a nobler animal than himself to carry him to the place where he is to perpetrate his wickedness; while I, had I the weakness to wish to put his wretched victim on his guard, and to save the helpless family, would see my good intentions frustrated by the decrepitude which chains me to the spot. And yet this Elliot—this Hobbie, so young and gallant, so frank, so—I will think of it no longer. I cannot aid him if I would, and I am resolved—firmly resolved, that I would not aid him, if a wish were the pledge of his safety!”

‘Having thus ended his soliloquy, he retreated into his hut for shelter from the storm which was fast approaching, and now began to burst in large and heavy drops of rain. The last rays of the sun now disappeared entirely, and two or three claps of distant thunder followed each other at brief intervals, echoing and reechoing among the range of heathy fells like the sound of a distant engagement.’ 119—127.

The catastrophe is also given with singular spirit and feeling. The worthy Hobbie was riding home cheerily next morning to the embraces of his betrothed bride, when he met near his home by his old nurse, who with a face of agony addresses him—

“O my bairn!” she cried, “gang na forward—gang na forward—it’s a sight to kill ony body, let alane thee.”

“In God’s name, what’s the matter?” said the astonished horseman, endeavouring to extricate his bridle from the grasp of the old woman; “for Heaven’s sake, let me go and see what’s the matter.”

“Ohon! that I should have lived to see the day!—The steadin’s a’ in a low, and the bonny stack-yard lying in the red ashes, and the gear a’ driven away. But gang na forward; it wad break your young heart, hinny, to see what my auld e’en has seen this morning.”

“And who has dared to do this?—Let go my bridle, Annapple—where is my grandmother—my sisters?—Where is Grace Armstrong?—God!—the words of the warlock are knelling in my ears!”

‘He sprung from his horse to rid himself of Annapple’s interruption, and, ascending the hill with great speed, soon came in view of the spectacle with which she had threatened him. It was indeed a heart-breaking sight. The habitation which he had left in its seclusion, beside the mountain stream, surrounded with every evidence of rustic plenty, was now a wasted and blackened ruin. From amongst the shattered and sable walls the smoke continued to rise. The turf-stack—the barn-yard—the offices stocked with cattle—all the wealth of an upland cultivator of the period, of which poor

Elliot possessed no common share, had been laid waste or carried off in a single night. He stood a moment motionless, and then exclaimed, "I am ruined—ruined to the ground!—But curse on the world's gear—Had it not been the week before my bridal—But I am nae babe, to sit down and greet about it. If I can but find Grace, and my grandmother, and my sisters weel, I can go to the wars in Flanders, as my gude-sire did wi' auld Buccleuch—At ony rate, I will keep up a heart, or they will lose theirs a'thegether."

Manfully strode Hobbie down the hill, resolved to suppress his own despair, and administer consolation which he did not feel. The neighbouring inhabitants of the dell, particularly those of his own name, had already assembled. The younger part were in arms, and clamorous for revenge, although they knew not upon whom; the elder were taking measures for the relief of the distressed family. Annapple's cottage, which was situated down the brook, at some distance from the scene of mischief, had been hastily adapted for the temporary accommodation of the old lady and her daughters, with such articles as had been contributed by the neighbours; for very little was saved from the wreck.

"Are we to stand here a' day, sirs," exclaimed one tall young man, "and look at the burnt wa's of our kinsman's house?—Every wreath of the reek is a blast of shame upon us! Let us to horse, and take the chase.—Wha has the nearest bloodhound?" — "Its young Earnscliff," answered another; "and he's been on and away wi' six horse lang syne, to see if he can track them." — "Let us follow him then, and raise the country, and make mair help as we ride, and then have at the Cumberland reivers—Take, burn, and slay—they that lie nearest us shall smart first." — "Whisht! haud your tongues, daft callants," said an old man, "ye dinna ken what ye speak about. What! wad ye raise war atween twa pacificated countries?" — "And what signifies deaving us wi' tales about our fathers," retorted the young man, "if we're to sit and see our friends' houses burned ower their heads, and no put out a hand to revenge them? Our fathers didna do that, I trow." — "I am no saying ony thing against revenging Hobbie's wrang, puir chield; but we maun take the law wi' us in thae days, Simon," answered the more prudent elder. — "And, besides," said another old man, "I dinna believe there's ane now living that kens the lawful mode of following a fray across the Border. Tam o' Whittram kenn'd a' about it; but he died in the hard winter." — "Ay," said a third, "he was at the great gathering when they chased as far as Thirlwall—it was the year after the fight at Philiphaugh." — "Hout!" exclaimed another of these discording counsellors, "there's nae great skill needed; just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear or hay-fork, or something, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into England, and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gear frae some other

Englishman, providing ye lift nae mair than's been lifted frae you ;—that's the auld Border law, made at Drundennan, in the days of the Black Douglas—De'il ane need doubt it. ”

‘ The meeting between Hobbie and his family was in the highest degree affecting. His sisters threw themselves upon him, and almost stifled him with their caresses, as if to prevent his looking round to distinguish the absence of one yet more beloved.

“ God help thee, my son ! He can help, when worldly trust is a broken reed. ”—Such was the welcome of the matron to her unfortunate grandson. He looked eagerly round, holding two of his sisters by the hand, while the third hung about his neck—“ I see you—I count you—My grandmother, Li'ias, Jean, and Annot ; but where is —— ” he hesitated, and then continued, as if with an effort,—“ Where is Grace ? Surely this is not a time to hide herself frae me—there's nae time for daffing now. ”

“ O brother ! ” and “ Our poor Grace ! ” was the only answer his questions could procure, till his grandmother rose up, and gently disengaging him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and, with the affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said, “ My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the war, and left me with six orphans around me, with scarce bread to eat, or a roof to cover us, I had strength—not of mine own—but a strength given me to say, ‘ The Lord's will be done ! My son, our peaceful house was last night broken into by moss-troopers, armed and masked ; they have taken and destroyed all, and carried off our dear Grace ;—pray for strength to say, His will be done. ”

“ Mother ! mother ! urge me not—I cannot—not now—I am a sinful man, and of a hardened race.—Masked—armed—Grace carried off ! Give me my sword, and my father's knapsack—I will have vengeance, if I should go to the pit of darkness to seek it ! ”

“ O my bairn, my bairn ! be patient under the rod. Who knows when he may lift his hand off from us ? Young Earnscliff, Heaven bless him, has ta'en the chase, with Davie of Stenhouse, and the first comers. I cried to let house and plenishing burn, and follow the reivers to recover Grace ; and Earnscliff and his men were ower the Fell within three hours after the deed. God bless him ; he's a real Earnscliff—he's his father's true son—a leal friend. ”

“ A true friend, indeed ; God bless him ! ” exclaimed Hobbie ; “ let's on and away, and take the chase after him. ” — “ O, my child, before you run on danger, let me hear you but say, His will be done ! ” — “ Urge me not, mother—not now. ” He was rushing out, when, looking back, he observed his grandmother make a mute attitude of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said, “ Yes, mother, I can say, His will be done, since it will comfort you. ” — “ May He go forth—may He go forth with you, my dear bairn ;

and O, may He give you cause to say on your return, His name be praised ! ” — “ Farewell, mother ! — Farewell my dear sisters ! ” exclaimed Elliot, and rushed out of the house. p. 143—152.

The attack on the reiver's fortress is described with infinite truth and talent.

‘ A brook, which issued from a narrow glen among the hills, entered at Westburnflat, upon the open marshy level, which, expanded about half a mile in every direction, gives name to the spot. In this place the character of the stream becomes changed, and, from being a lively brisk-running mountain-torrent, it stagnates, like a blue swollen snake, in dull deep windings through the swampy level. On the side of the stream, and nearly about the centre of the plain, arose the Tower of Westburnflat, one of the few remaining strongholds formerly so numerous upon the Borders. The ground upon which it stood was gently elevated above the marsh for the space of about a hundred yards, affording an esplanade of dry turf, which extended itself in the immediate neighbourhood of the tower ; but, ~~beyond which~~, the surface presented to strangers was that of an impassable and dangerous bog. The owner of the tower and his inmates alone knew the winding and intricate paths ; which, leading over ground which was comparatively sound, admitted visitors to his residence. But among the party which were assembled under Earnscliff's directions, there was more than one person qualified to act as a guide ; and the whole party was soon placed on the open space of firm ground in front of the Tower of Westburnflat.

‘ The tower before which the party now stood, was a small square building of the most gloomy aspect. The walls were of great thickness, and the windows, or slits which served the purpose of windows, seemed rather calculated to afford the defenders the means of employing missile weapons than for admitting air or light to the apartments within. A small battlement projected over the walls on every side, and afforded further advantage of defence by its niched parapet, within which arose a steep roof, flagged with grey stones. A single turret at one angle, defended by a door studded with huge iron nails, rose above the battlement, and gave access to the roof from within, by the spiral staircase which it enclosed. It seemed to the party that their motions were watched by some one concealed within this turret ; and they were confirmed in their belief, when, through a narrow loop-hole, a female hand was seen to wave a handkerchief, as if by way of signal to them. Hobbie was almost out of his senses with joy and eagerness. “ It was Grace's hand and arm,” he said ; “ I can swear to it among a thousand. There is not the like of it on this side of the Lowdens—We'll have her out, lads, if we should carry off the Tower of Westburnflat stane by stane.”

‘ Earnscliff, though he doubted the possibility of recognising a fair maiden's hand at such a distance from the eye of the lover,

would say nothing to damp his friend's animated hopes, and it was resolved to summon the garrison.

'The shouts of the party, and the winding of one or two horns, at length brought to a loop-hole, which flanked the entrance, the haggard face of an old woman.—"That's the Reiver's mother," said one of the Elliots; "she's ten times waur than himsel, and is wyted for muckle of the ill he does about the country."

"Wha are ye? What d'ye want here?" were the queries of the respectable progenitor. — "We are seeking William Græme of Westburnflat," said Earnscliff. — "He is no at hame," returned the old dame. — "When did he leave home?" pursued Earnscliff. — "I canna tell," said the portress. — "When will he return?" said Hobbie Elliot. — "I dinna ken naething about it," replied the inexorable guardian of the Keep. — "Is there any body within the tower with you?" again demanded Earnscliff. — "Naebody but mysel and baudrons," said the old woman. — "Then open the gate and admit us," said Earnscliff; "I am a justice of peace, and in search of the evidence of a felony." — "De'il be in their fingers that draws a bolt for ye," retorted the portress; "for ~~myself~~ I never do it. Think na ye shame o' yoursels, to come here siccan a band o' ye, wi' your swords and spears, and steel-caps, to frighten a lone widow woman?" — "Our information," said Earnscliff, "is positive; we are seeking goods which have been forcibly carried off, to a great amount." — "And a young woman that's been cruelly made prisoner, that's worth mair than a' the gear, twice told," said Hobbie. — "And I warn you," continued Earnscliff, "that your only way to prove your son's innocence is to give us quiet admittance to search the house." — "And what will ye do, if I carena to thraw the keys, or draw the bolts, or open the grate to sic a clanjamfrie?" said the old dame scoffingly. — "Force our way wi' the king's keys, and break the neck of every living soul we find in the house, if ye dinna give it ower forthwith!" menaced Hobbie. — "Threatened folks live lang," said the hag, in the same tone of irony; "there's the iron grate,—try your skill on't, lads—it has kept out as gude men as you or now."

'So saying, she laughed, and withdrew from the aperture through which she had held the parley.

'The besiegers now held a serious consultation. The immense thickness of the walls, and the small size of the windows, might, for a time, have even resisted cannon-shot. The entrance was secured, first, by a strong grated door, composed entirely of hammered iron, of such ponderous strength as seemed calculated to resist any force that could be brought against it. "Pinches or forehammers will never pick upon't," said Hugh, the blacksmith of Ringleburn; ye might as weel batter at it wi' pipe-stapples." p. 167—175.

We have already mentioned, that the fair prisoner turned out not to be Grace Armstrong, but Miss Vere. Hobbie, accord-

ingly, returned home very disconsolate. But we cannot withhold from our readers the happy reunion of these humble lovers. The following passage, which is the last we can afford to extract, is full of nature—and of good nature.

‘ Incensed at what he deemed the coldness of his friends, in a cause which interested him so nearly, Hobbie had shaken himself free of their company, and was now upon his solitary road homeward. “ The fiend founder thee ! ” he said, as he spurred impatiently his over-fatigued and stumbling horse ; “ thou art like a’ the rest of them. Hae I not fed thee, and bred thee, and dressed thee wi’ mine own hand, and wouldst thou snapper now and break my neck at my utmost need ? But thou’rt e’en like the laive—the farthest off o’ them a’ is my cousin ten times removed ; and day or night I wad hae served them wi’ my best blood ; and now, I think they show mair regard to the common thief of Westburnflat than to their own kinsman. But I should see the lights now in Heughfoot—Waes me ! ” he continued, recollecting himself, “ there was neither coal nor candle-light shine in the Heughfoot ony mair ! An’ it were na for my mother and sisters, and poor Grace, I could find in my heart to put spurs to the beast, and loup ower the scaur into the water to make an end o’t a’ . ” — In this disconsolate mood, he turned his horse’s bridle toward the cottage in which his family had found refuge.

‘ As he approached the door, he heard whispering and tittering amongst his sisters. “ The devil’s in the women, ” said poor Hobbie ; “ they would nicker, and laugh, and giggle, if their best friend was lying a corp—and yet I am glad they can keep up their hearts sae weel, poor silly things ; but the dirdum fa’s on me, to be sure, and no on them. ”

‘ While he thus meditated, he was engaged in fastening up his horse in a shed. “ Thou maun do without horse-sheet and surcingle now, lad, ” he said, addressing the animal ; “ you and me hae had a downcome alike—we had better hae fa’en in the deepest pool o’ Tarras. ”

‘ He was interrupted by the youngest of his sisters, who came running out ; and speaking in a constrained voice, as if to stifle some emotion, called out to him, “ What are ye doing there, Hobbie, fiddling about the naig, and there’s ane frae Cumberland been waiting here for ye this hour and mair ? Haste ye in, man ; I’ll take off the saddle. ”

“ Ane frae Cumberland ! ” exclaimed Elliot ; and putting the bridle of his horse into the hand of his sister, he rushed into the cottage. “ Where is he ? where is he ? ” he exclaimed, glancing eagerly round, and seeing only females ; “ Did he bring news of Grace ? ” — “ He dought na bide an instant langer, ” said the elder sister, still with a suppressed laugh. — “ Hout fie, bairns ! ” said the old lady, with something of a good-humoured reproof, “ ye

should na vex your billy Hobbie that way. Look round, my bairn, and see if there is na ane here mair than you left this morning." — Hobbie looked eagerly round. "There's you, and the three titties." — "There's four of us now, Hobbie, lad," said the youngest, who at this moment entered.

'In an instant Hobbie had in his arms Grace Armstrong, who, with one of his sister's plaids around her, had passed unnoticed at his first entrance. "How dared you do this?" said Hobbie.

"It wasna my fault," said Grace, endeavouring to cover her face with her hands, to hide at once her blushes and escape the storm of hearty kisses with which her bridegroom punished her simple stratagem,— "It wasna my fault, Hobbie; ye should kiss Jeanie and the rest o' them, for they hae the wyte o't."

"And so I will," said Hobbie, and embraced and kissed his sisters and grandmother a hundred times, while the whole party half-laughed, half-cried, in the extremity of their joy. "I am the happiest man," said Hobbie, throwing himself down on a seat, almost exhausted,— "I am the happiest man in the world."

"Then, O my dear bairn," said the good old dame, who lost no opportunity of teaching her lesson of religion at those moments when the heart was best opened to receive it,— "Then, O my son, give praise to Him that brings smiles out o' tears, and joy out o' grief, as he brought light out o' darkness and the world out o' naething.— Was it not my word, that, if ye could say His will be done, ye might hae cause to say His name be praised?" p. 187—191.

We must add the last appearance of the honest Yeoman, after the secret of the mysterious Dwarf had been revealed in the Chapel at Ellieslaw.

'No one had seen the Dwarf since the eventful scene of the preceding evening.

"Odd, if ony thing has befa'en puir Elshie," said Hobbie Elriot, "I wad rather I were harried ower again."

'He immediately rode to his dwelling, and the remaining she-goat came bleating to meet him, for her milking time was long past. The Solitary was nowhere to be seen; his door, contrary to wont, was open, his fire extinguished, and the whole hut was left in the state which it exhibited on Isabella's visit to him. It was pretty clear that the means of conveyance which had brought the Dwarf to Ellieslaw on the preceding evening, had removed him from it to some other place of abode. Hobbie returned disconsolate to the castle.

"I am doubting we ha'e lost canny Elshie for gude an' a'."

"You have, indeed," said Ratcliffe, producing a paper, which he put into Hobbie's hands; "but read that, and you will perceive you have been no loser by having known him."

'It was a short deed of gift, by which "Sir Edward Mauley, otherwise called Elshender the Recluse, endowed Halbert, or Hob-

bie Elliot, and Grace Armstrong, in full property, with a considerable sum borrowed by Elliot from him."

"Hobbie's joy was mingled with feelings which brought tears down his rough cheeks.

"It's a queer thing," he said; "but I canna joy in the gear unless I kenn'd the puir body was happy that gave it me."

"Next to enjoying happiness ourselves," said Ratcliffe, "is the consciousness of having bestowed it on others. Had all my master's benefits been conferred like the present, what a different return would they have produced! But the indiscriminate profusion that would glut avarice, or supply prodigality, neither does good, nor is rewarded by gratitude. It is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"And that wad be a light har'st," said Hobbie; "but, wi' my young leddy's leave, I wad fain take down Elshie's skeps o' bees, and set them in Grace's bit flower-yard at the Heughfoot—they shall ne'er be smeekeit by ony o' huz. And the puir goat, she would be negleckit about a great town like this; and she could feed ~~on~~ on our lily lea by the burn side, and the hounds wad ken her in a day's time, and never fash her, and Grace wad milk her ilka morning wi' her ain hand, for Elshie's sake; for though he was thrawn and carketed in his converse, he liket dumb creatures weel."

Hobbie's requests were readily granted, not without some wonder at the natural delicacy of feeling which pointed out to him this mode of displaying his gratitude. He was delighted when Ratcliffe informed him that his benefactor should not remain ignorant of the care which he took of his favourite.

"And mind be sure and tell him that grannie and the titties, and, abune a', Grace and mysel, are weel and thriving, and that it's a' his doing—That canna but please him, ane wad think." 351—357.

The other and more considerable story which fills the three remaining volumes of this publication, is entitled, though with no great regard even to its fictitious origin, 'Old Mortality';—for, at most, it should only have been called the tale or story of Old Mortality—being supposed to be collected from the information of a singular person who is said at one time to have been known by that strange appellation. The *redacteur* of his interesting traditions is here supposed to be a village schoolmaster; and though his introduction brings us again in contact with My Landlord and his parish clerk, we could have almost forgiven that unlucky fiction, if it had often presented us with sketches as graceful as we find in the following passage, of the haunts and habits of this singular personage. After mentioning that there

was, on the steep and heathy banks of a lonely rivulet, a deserted burying ground to which he used frequently to turn his walks in the evening, the gentle pedagogue proceeds—

“ It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial ground, without exciting those of a more displeasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hare-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven; and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we, now are, and that, as their reliques are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

“ Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverend remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decipherer, *Dns. Johan - - - de Hamel, - - -* or *Johan - - - de Lamel*. . . . And it is also true, that of another tomb richly sculptured with an ornamented cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition only can aver, that a certain nameless Bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who lie beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the time of Charles II. and his successor. In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continue to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the suffer-

ers, usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

‘ One summer evening as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually sooth its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, upon this occasion, distinctly heard, and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-grey*, usually worn by the older peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches* or *legginis*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves, a poney, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, and hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas ponch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider’s tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognising a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

‘ Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn, nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

‘ During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his

circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moorfowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned.

'As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.' vol. II. p. 7—18.

The scene of the story thus strikingly introduced is laid—in Scotland of course—in those disastrous times which immediately preceded the Revolution 1688; and exhibits a lively picture, both of the general state of manners at that period, and of the conduct and temper and principles of the two great parties in politics and religion that were then engaged in unequal and rancorous hostility. There are no times certainly, within the reach of authentic history, on which it is more painful to look back—which show a government more base and tyrannical, or a people more helpless and miserable: And though all pictures of the greater passions are full of interest, and a lively representation of strong and enthusiastic emotions never fails to be deeply attractive, the piece would have been too full of distress and humiliation, if it had been chiefly engaged with the course of public events, or the record of public feelings. So sad a subject would not have suited many readers—and the author, we suspect, less than any of them. Accordingly, in this as in his other works, he has made use of the historical events which came in his way, rather to develop the characters, and bring out the peculiarities of the individuals whose adventures he relates, than for any purpose of political information; and makes us present to the times in which he has placed them, less by his direct notices of the great transactions by which they were distinguished, than by his casual intimations of their effects on private persons, and by the very contrast which their temper and occupations often appear to furnish to the colour of the national story. Nothing, indeed, in this respect is more delusive, or at least more woefully imperfect, than the suggestions of authentic history, as it is generally—

or rather universally written—and nothing more exaggerated than the impressions it conveys of the actual state and condition of those who live in its most agitated periods. The great public events of which alone it takes cognisance, have but little direct influence upon the body of the people, and do not, in general, form the principal business, or happiness or misery even of those who are in some measure concerned in them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times—in periods of civil war and revolution and public discord and oppression, a great part of the time of a great part of the people is spent in making love and money—in social amusement or professional industry—in schemes for wordly advancement or personal distinction, just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other; and are as merry at weddings and christenings—as gallant at balls and races—as busy in their studies and counting-houses—eat as heartily, in short, and sleep as sound—prattle with their children as pleasantly—and thin their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history. The quiet under current of life, in short, keeps its deep and steady course in its eternal channels, unaffected, or but slightly disturbed, by the storms that agitate its surface; and while long tracts of time, in the history of every country, seem, to the distant student of its annals, to be darkened over with one thick and oppressive cloud of unbroken misery, the greater part of those who have lived through the whole acts of the tragedy, will be found to have enjoyed a fair average share of felicity, and to have been much less affected by the shocking events of their day, than those who know nothing else of it than that such events took place in its course. Few men, in short, are historical characters—and no man is always, or most usually, performing a public part. The actual happiness of every life depends far more on things that regard it exclusively, than on those political occurrences which are the common concern of society; and though nothing lends such an air, both of reality and importance, to a fictitious narrative, as to connect its persons with events in real history, still it is the imaginary individual himself that excites our chief interest throughout, and we care for the national affairs only in so far as they affect him. In one sense, indeed, this is the true end and the best use of history; for as all public events are important only as they ultimately concern individuals, if the individual selected belong to a large and comprehensive class, and the events, and their natural operation on him, be justly represented, we shall be ena-

bled, in following out his adventures, to form no bad estimate of their true character and value.

The author before us has done all this, we think, and with admirable talent and effect; and if he has not been quite impartial in the management of his historical persons, has contrived, at any rate, to make them contribute largely to the interest of his acknowledged inventions. His view of the effects of great political contentions on private happiness, is however, we have no doubt, substantially true; and that chiefly because it is not exaggerated—because he does not confine himself to show how gentle natures may be roused into heroism, or rougher tempers exasperated into rancour, by oppression,—but turns still more willingly to show with what ludicrous absurdity genuine enthusiasm may be debased, how little the gayety of the lighthearted and thoughtless may be impaired by the spectacle of public calamity, and how, in the midst of national distraction, selfishness will pursue its little game of quiet and cunning speculation—and gentler affections find time to multiply and to meet. It is this, we think, that constitutes the great merit of the work before us. It contains an admirable picture of manners and of characters; and exhibits, we think, with great truth and discrimination, the extent and the variety of the shades which the stormy aspect of the political horizon would be likely to throw on such objects.

The story opens with the scene of a *weapon-shute*, or feudal muster of the rustic militia of an upper district in Lanarkshire, in the year 1679. A part of the exercises consisted in shouting at the popinjay, or figure of a bird suspended from a pole; and there is a very amusing account of the company assembled to countenance the festivity. We can only make room for the leading equipage on the occasion.

‘Landaus, barouches, or tilburys, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of dual rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah’s ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The *insides* were their graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain, stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equerry to his Grace ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman, and three postillions, who wore short swords, and tie wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddlebow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. p. 37, 38.’

The prize is won by young Morton of Milnwood, the son of a famous soldier among the roundheads, who, since the death of his father, had lived quietly with an old miserly uncle in the neighbourhood; and been much more engaged with a secret passion for the fair Edith, the granddaughter of the Lady Margaret Bellenden, than with the parties, religious or political, into which the country was divided. Lady Margaret, of course, was a High-church woman, and a Tory, and was not at all aware of the partiality with which her favourite regarded this descendant of rebellion. There are some comical adventures in the field; but we proceed to more important matters. A party of Claverhouse's dragoons were quartered in the village to which the victor repaired to entertain his competitors, according to ancient custom. A serjeant and corporal of that insolent soldiery were drinking in one corner of the public room which was occupied by Morton and his party, towards whom they were only restrained from showing their contempt, by the presence of their cornet, who was endeavouring to kill the time by playing at dice with the curate. A stern, stout looking country man, who had just arrived, was sitting alone by the fire; when, upon the officer being called out, the soldiers immediately gave way to the turbulent and domineering spirit in which they were trained and supported in those unhappy times.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening without having drunk the king's health?" — "They have drank the king's health," said Halliday. "I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his majesty's health." "Did he?" said Bothwell. "Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too." — "So we will, by G—," said Halliday; "and he that refuses it, we'll have to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady." — "Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle nook."

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broad-sword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger. p. 77.

After listening with a stern and contemptuous countenance to their insolent proposal—

"Is it even so?" said the stranger, "then give me the cup;" and, taking it in his hand, said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, "The Archbishop of St Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe!" — "He has taken the test," said Halliday exultingly. — "But with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared Whig

means." — "Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

'Bothwell was about to make a surly answer; but Halliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters, agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Halliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit with a day's practice? If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first drawn blood, there would be some soul in it—or, zounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe) they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw."

'Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Bothwell's insolent observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend," (to Bothwell), "wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?" — "With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell; "yea I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both." — "Then, as my trust is in Him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshekahs."

'With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them anxious for the event.

'In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth, against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, the countryman lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword; "You have killed my serjeant," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler: "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it," — "Stand back!"

cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it." — "That is true enough," said Bothwell as he slowly rose; "put up your Bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life-Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house.—Harke ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, "that the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner." — "And I'll promise you," said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, "that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again." — "Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a Whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes the round; for, I promise thee, he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons." p. 79-84.

The stranger accordingly departs; and Morton, who was going the same way, accompanies him. They are scarcely gone, when the officer returns with an account of the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, and such a description of the persons of his assassins, as leaves little doubt that the person who had just discomfited the serjeant was one of the number known by the name of Balfour of Burley; and an immediate pursuit is ordered. In the mean time, Morton, who is utterly ignorant of the crime that had been committed, discovers that Burley had been the friend and the saver of his father's life, and consents, on his earnest supplication, to give him shelter for the night in one of the outhouses of his uncle's dwelling. The character of this person is very strikingly developed in the course of this conference; but we must follow the thread of the story rather more closely. A day or two after this adventure, when the family at Milnwood had been increased by the arrival of Cuddie Headrigg, a stout good-natured ploughman, with a considerable portion of humour and sagacity, and his crazy old fanatic mother, they were broken in upon at their homely dinner by a visit from the dragoons.—But the scene is too characteristic, and too well painted by the author, to be given in any other words than his own.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters: Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, old Robin, who was but-

ler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and peas, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbok, (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk), and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

'To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a house-maid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exertations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs Wilson; a barnman, a white-headed cow-herd boy, and Cuddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of his dependants swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

'These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate. It was a universal custom in Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the outer-gate of the courtyard, if there was one, and, if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons

upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time. The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs Wilson ran in person to the door, and, having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish door-ways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The red-coats! the red-coats!"

"Robin—Ploughman—What ca' they ye—Barnsman—Nevooy Harry—open the door, open the door," exclaimed old Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was garnished, those beneath the salt being of goodly horn. "Speak them fair, sirs—Lord love ye, speak them fair—they winna bide thraving—we're a' harried—we're a' harried!"

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yoursel deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mother." — "O, hinnie, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Mause: "but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny."

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life-Guard's-meh, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone-floor with the iron shod heels of their large jack boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled from well grounded apprehension of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a masque for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth; to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power. — "We come in

behalf of the King," answered Bothwell; "Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?" — "We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd my servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stinging bidder at an auction; who is loath to advance his offer for a favourite lot — "Claret for me," said one fellow. — "I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Barley-corn." — "Better never was malted," said Milnwood; "I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen." — "Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach." — "Brandy, ale, wine, sack and claret,—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the damn'dest whig in Scotland had said it." — "What's this?—neat?" (searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton)—"I think I could eat a bit—it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it." — "If there is any thing better in the house, Sir," said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation— "No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while, I must proceed to business.—There comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh, or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend;—it's better than your brandy; though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the King's health?" — "With pleasure," said Milnwood, "in ale,—but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honoured friends." — "Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell; and then, pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the King's health:"

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have ye all drank the toast?—What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the King's health, by —" — "Fill round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse! What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a Whig as ever sate on a hill side." p. 169—180.

In the end, Morton is recognised as having left the village with Burley; and in spite of all intercession is carried off a prisoner by the party. In their way, they stop at the Tower of Tilletudlem, the abode of Lady Margaret Bellenden, and the fair Edith, who speedily discovers who the prisoner is: And, after

satisfying herself in a private interview that he had done nothing to justify this rigour, sends off a note to her uncle, Major Belenden, in whose family she had often met him, informing him of what had occurred, and intreating him to come next morning to breakfast, when Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse himself was to visit the Tower, and in all probability decide on the fate of the prisoner. The good-natured veteran appears accordingly betimes; and joins the young lady, who is watching with painful anxiety the approach of the commander, in whose hands was the fate of her lover. The following description is full of spirit and nature.

‘The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular form, interspersed with hedge-row trees and copses, the enclosures seeming as it were to have been cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorum pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a providence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places, planted orchards around their cottages; and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year, gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

‘The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to this view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had

at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of these chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier, "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was in service on the continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish language. It's a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *misericordé*.—So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capitally mounted—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

'At the bridge beneath the Tower the cavalry divided; and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook and crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception.' p. 275-280.

The picture of Claverhouse himself, who is sufficiently high in the author's favour, is given with equal force and talent.

'Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper-lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

'The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his fea-

tures seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.' p. 286—288.

The whole scene of the breakfast is admirably conducted; but we have room only for the concluding part of it.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard; and Edith, with a beating heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense; and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexorable character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward as if in civil contempt of the arguments urged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement

brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in any thing else I am so heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Evandale with news, as I think. What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, Sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion." p. 297—300.

This intercession having failed, Edith next applies to Lord Evandale, who had long been a devoted, though unprosperous, suitor for her favour, and whom she at last engages to beg the life of his rival from his stern commander.—Morton himself, who witnesses the eagerness of her solicitation, as he is brought in for examination, and is ignorant of its cause, is stung into new impatience by an access of jealousy, and answers with such defying warmth the authoritative interrogatories of Claverhouse, that it is with the utmost difficulty that he is at last prevailed on to recall the order for his immediate execution—and to take him along with him as a prisoner in his expedition against the covenanters.

There is <sup>nothing finer</sup> nothing finer in the whole work, than the account of the battle or skirmish of Loudonhill. It opens with the following striking description.

'They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and waste country lay before them, swelling into hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and, during summer, the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend further than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

'It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they im-

pose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller, whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

‘It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose extent bore such immense proportion to the column of horses and men, that, showing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.’ III. 28—31.

The array of the insurgents is described with equal spirit and truth of colouring. We wish our regular historians would describe battles with equal clearness and vivacity.

‘The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life-Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until nigh the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gully, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turfs had been dug, and here and there by some straggling thickets of alders, which loved the moisture so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch, or gully, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the purpose of defending the broken ground and ditch which covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

‘Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was the third line, consisting of

country-men armed with scythes set straight on the poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act, in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists, might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

‘ On the side of the hill which rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the antient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimidated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

‘ As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk.’ p. 35—39.

Cornet Grahame, the commander’s nephew, is shot by Burley, at the outset of the affair—and Bothwell is despatched with a small party to pass the ravine higher up, and take the insurgent force in the rear. In this manœuvre, however, he encounters an unexpected resistance.

‘ His detour to the right had not escaped the penetrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.—“ Follow me,

my lads," he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting roundheads!"

'With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, "Bothwell! Bothwell!" and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more numerous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Burley," said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—"you escaped me once, but"—(he swore an oath too tremendous to be written down)—"thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."—"Yes," replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word."—"Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

'There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate; and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons; and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclothe the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

'Several horses passed over them in the *melée* without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken

by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—“Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!”—“Die, wretch!—die,” said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—“Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing.”—“And FEARING nothing!” said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.’ p. 59—64.

The affray ends with the total discomfiture of the dragoons, and the liberation of the prisoners by the victorious party.—Morton saves Lord Evandale's life, and furnishes him with the means of escape; and then joins the conquerors, who are regaled with sermons for four or five hours after their labours.—There is great talent in the picture which the author has here introduced of those enthusiastic orators—and it would not be fair to exclude altogether from our extracts any specimen of this covenanting eloquence with which we are so abundantly treated in the body of the work. Of the most successful preacher on this occasion, he observes—

‘His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

‘He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judith, under her palm tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachael, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock, &c. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. For the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.—Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," &c. &c. p. 104—110.

The news of this disaster speedily reach the Tower of Tilletudlem; which the gallant Major Bellenden instantly endeavours to put in a state of defence. The following picture is very lively and natural.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission; the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements; the court resounded with the busy gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of

importance; and the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sounds of female lamentation.

‘Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress.

“Where, then,” said Edith, much alarmed, “is Major Bellenden?” — “On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon,” was the reply.

‘To the battlements, therefore, she made her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman, in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

“In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?” exclaimed Edith. — “The matter, my love?” answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun — “the matter? — Why — raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill — The matter? Why, Claver’s is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that’s all the matter.”  
p. 129—132.

Morton, in the ~~mean~~ time, had been pressed by Burley to take a command in their host; and though he was far from going all the lengths of his stern and sanguinary adviser, the treatment he had already experienced, the brutal oppression to which he saw the people generally subjected — and all that he now heard of his father’s feats and firmness, inclined him to yield to this soliciting; — and he permitted himself to be led to the rude hut, in which a council of the leaders was at that moment assembled.

‘As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of country-men, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested.

‘The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a cloudy canopy, as opaque as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light showed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious,

wandering, and uncertain looks showed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to London-hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had, in various ways, given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

‘ With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter could be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them, who, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of the more violent, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts.’ p. 171—176.

The insurgents, shortly after, appear before the castle of Tillietudlem, to which the wounded Lord Evandale had contrived to make his escape; and a furious attack was now made upon it by a desperate band, headed by Burley himself, who forced their way, sword in hand, to the very body of the place in front; while a party of skirmishers, conducted by Morton, took its defenders in flank. The following passage is not every where in good taste, but it affords a fair and characteristic specimen of the author’s manner of writing.

‘ The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broadswords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy, without endangering their friends. The sharpshooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

‘ Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen,

being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often gathered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance further, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemies fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose-Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle, in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—“ There's a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' that winnock, forby creeping in whiles mysel to get some daffin, at e'en aff the pleugh was loosed.” — “ And what's to hinder us to creep in just now ? ” said the other, who was a smart, enterprising young fellow. — “ There's no muckle to hinder us, an' that were a',” answered Cuddie; “ but what were we to do neist ? ” — “ We'll tak the Castle,” cried the other; “ here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate.” — “ Come awa' wi' you, then,” said Cuddie; “ but mind, de'il a finger ye maun lay on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or ony body but the sodgers—cut and quarter amang them, I carena.” — “ Ay, ay,” said the other, “ let us once in, and we'll make our own terms with them all.”

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stauncheons of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into

the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burthened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder!—we are a' barried and ravished—the Castle's ta'en—tak it amang ye!"—she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Serjeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely; so that, in the pain and surprise, he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs; and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could neither, by threats nor persuasion, be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

'As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands were preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes which lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested, for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.' p. 256–263.

The siege being turned into a blockade, Morton, whose affection to the garrison is distrusted by Burley, is sent forward to Glasgow; and only learns accidentally, after many days, that Lord Evandale had been taken in a sally, and that

Burley had threatened to hang him upon a lofty gibbet before the tower, if it was not surrendered by the following dawn.—Morton instantly repairs to head-quarters, and, with the assistance of a moderate divine, compels Burley to give up to him the charge of his ill-fated prisoner, whom he proposes to make the bearer of his reasonable terms of pacification to the supreme government. While he is pondering upon this statement, a sudden knocking is heard at his chamber-door.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton, "and tell me what you want. Is there alarm?"—"Na, sir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi' you."—"Who is that, Cuddie?" inquired Morton.—"Ane o' your auld acquaintance," said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid.—"Come, come, ye need na be sae bashfu' before auld acquaintance, Jenny," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil, and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. "Tell his honour now—there's a braw lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress."—"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honour himsel the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash?—D'ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour crouzy-eater?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as of nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."—"Many thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair' changed now."—"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.—"A' body says that you and the whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gudyill says ye're to gi'e a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the book o' Common Prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king cam hame."—"My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion; without insulting any other; and, as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to show them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."—"Bless your kind heart for saying sae," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food."—"Good

God!" replied Morton, "I heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible?—Have the ladies and the Major—"—"They hae suffered like the lave o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor e'en see fifty colours wi' faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane."

'The thinness of the poor girl's cheek and the sharpness of her features bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I knew not of this," he exclaimed, in broken ejaculations.—"I could not know of it.—Cold-blooded, hard-hearted fanatic—deceitful villain!—Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."—"Whisky is gude enough for her," muttered Cuddie; "ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs."

'Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not bear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle, without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and, when he had departed, endeavoured to sooth his visitor.

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."—"Weel, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gi'e ower the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots,—and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forby being tough in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gi'e up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while bypast; and, since Lord Evandale's ta'en, there's nac guiding them, and Inglis says he'll gi'e up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsels," &c. p. 308—314.

Under the free conduct of Morton, and a party of his soldiers, Lord Evandale once more reaches the Castle, and instantly agrees to evacuate it, while the same escort attends the leader and Major Bellenden, till they are past their outposts on the road to Edinburgh. One of the insurgent cavaliers, closely wrapped up in his cloak, and slouched hat, rode for some miles in silence by the side of Edith, and at last ven-

tured upon a gentle defence of the views and principles of his party. The young lady, however, will listen to no apology; and this champion declines any further discussion.

"I see," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellenden a cause which she has already pre-judged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it." — "Pardon me," answered Edith; "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing,—excepting in one solitary instance." — "And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?" — "Far from it," said Edith, "he is—at least I once thought him, one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed—he is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or canting hypocrites,—the leader of brutal clowns,—the brother-in-arms to banditti and highway murderers?—Should you meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own house,—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow, with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement and the feelings which it excited did not escape Edith; nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—of—an early friend, say to him; that sincere repentance is next to innocence;—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done." — "And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice. "By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next." — "And in such a peace," said her companion, with a firm voice, "Miss

Bellenden would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown." — "I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply, "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it." — "Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal; and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your harsh censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, directed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute, confused, and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton!" exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition. — "The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of undeceiving his friends, both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden—All happiness attend you and yours—May we meet again in happier and better times." p. 333—338.

The insurgent army now took post at the bridge of Bothwell, while the royal forces, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, were encamped on the opposite heights. Anxious to prevent the impending slaughter, Morton volunteers his services to carry another pacific proposal to that generous Prince. The scene of his reception is executed with great spirit.

It was impossible for any one to look upon the Duke of Monmouth without being captivated by his personal graces and accomplishments. Yet, to a strict observer, the manly beauty of Monmouth's face was occasionally rendered less striking by an air of vacillation and uncertainty, which seemed to imply hesitation and doubt at moments when decisive resolution was most necessary.

Beside him stood Claverhouse, whom we have already fully described, and another general officer, whose appearance was singularly striking. His dress was of the antique fashion of Charles the First's time, and composed of shamoy leather, curiously slashed and covered with antique lace and garniture. His boots and spurs might

be referred to the same distant period. He wore a breast-plate, over which descended a grey beard of venerable length, which he cherished as a mark of mourning for Charles the First, having never shaved since that monarch was brought to the scaffold. His head was uncovered, and almost perfectly bald. His high and wrinkled forehead, piercing grey eyes, and marked features, evinced age unbroken by infirmity, and stern resolution unsoftened by humanity. Such is the outline, however feebly expressed, of the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, a man more feared and hated by the Whigs than even Claverhouse himself, and who executed the same violence against them out of a detestation of their persons, or perhaps an innate severity of temper, which Grahame only resorted to on political accounts, as the best means of intimidating the followers of presbytery, and of destroying that sect entirely.

‘ The presence of these two generals, one of whom he knew by person, and the other by description, seemed to Morton decisive of the fate of his embassy. But, notwithstanding his youth and inexperience, and the unfavourable reception which his proposals seemed likely to meet with, he advanced boldly towards them upon receiving a signal to that purpose, determined that the cause of his country, and of those with whom he had taken up arms, should suffer nothing from being entrusted to him. Monmouth received him with the graceful courtesy which attended even his slightest actions; Dalzell regarded him with a stern, gloomy, and impatient frown; and Claverhouse, with a sarcastic smile and inclination of his head, seemed to claim him as an old acquaintance.

“ You come, Sir, from these unfortunate people,” said the Duke of Monmouth, “ and your name, I believe, is Morton; will you favour us with the purport of your errand ? ” — “ It is contained, my Lord,” answered Morton, “ in a paper, termed, a Remonstrance and Supplication, which my Lord Evandale has placed, I presume, in your Grace’s hands ? ” — “ He has done so, Sir,” answered the Duke; “ and I understand, from Lord Evandale, that Mr Morton has behaved in these unhappy matters with much temperance and generosity, for which I have to request his acceptance of my thanks.” IV. 24—28.

Of course his propositions are rejected,—and Morton is escorted from his presence.

‘ As he passed the fine corps of Life Guards, he found Claverhouse was already at their head. That officer no sooner saw Morton, than he advanced and addressed him with perfect politeness of manner. — “ I think this is not the first time I have seen Mr Morton of Milnwood ? ” — “ It is not Colonel Grahame’s fault,” said Morton, smiling sternly, “ that he or any one else should be now incommoded by my presence.” — “ Allow me at least to say,” replied Claverhouse, “ that Mr Morton’s present situation authorizes the opinion I have entertained of him, and that my proceedings at our last meeting only squared to my duty.” — “ To reconcile your ac-

tions to your duty, and your duty to your conscience, is your business, Colonel Grahame, not mine," said Morton, justly offended at being thus, in a manner, required to approve of the sentence under which he had so nearly suffered. — "Nay, but stay an instant," said Claverhouse; "Evandale insists that I have some wrongs to acquit myself of in your instance. I trust I shall always make some difference between a high-minded gentleman, who, though misguided, acts upon generous principles, and the crazy fanatical clowns yonder, with the blood-thirsty assassins who head them; therefore, if they do not disperse upon your return, let me pray you instantly come over to our army and surrender yourself, for, be assured, they will not stand our assault for half an hour. If you will be ruled and do this, be sure to inquire for me. Monmouth, strange as it may seem, cannot protect you—Dalzell will not—I both can and will; and I have promised to Evandale to do so if you will give me an opportunity." — "I should owe Lord Evandale my thanks," answered Morton coldly, "did not his scheme imply an opinion that I might be prevailed on to desert those with whom I am engaged. For you, Colonel Grahame, if you will honour me with a different species of satisfaction, it is probable, that, in an hour's time, you will find me at the west end of Bothwell Bridge with my sword in my hand." — "I shall be happy to meet you there," said Claverhouse, "but still more so should you think better on my first proposal." — They then saluted and parted. ~~34~~ 4. That is a pretty lad, Lumley," said Claverhouse, addressing himself to the other officer; "but he is a lost man—his blood be upon his head." p. 33—36.

The lamentable rout and massacre at Bothwell Bridge is painted, we believe, in true colours. The following is a powerful picture of the miserable catastrophe—

'In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the access, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eying the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound;—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the

horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill, kill—no quarter—think on Richard Graham!"—The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the resisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight, and pursuit.' p. 60—62.

Morton, after performing prodigies of valour, is at last obliged to fly; and he and Cuddie gain, at night, the shelter of a lonely farm-house, which they are surprised at finding preoccupied by a pretty large party of the more wild and ferocious Covenanters,—who no sooner recognise in him one of the moderate and unsuccessful leaders, than they break out into the most insane threats and reproaches, and finally conclude to put him to death as soon as the clock struck twelve. During this miserable respite, a noise is heard at a distance;—and, upon opening the window to reconnoître—

'A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red-coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment. — "Have at the bloody rebels!—Remember Cornet Grahamie!" was shouted on every side.

'The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the whig next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" said the well-known voice of Claverhouse; "look about for him, and despatch the dog who is groaning there." — "Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered, had not flowed from his own veins.'

'When the desperate affray had ceased, Claverhouse commanded his soldiers to remove the dead bodies, to refresh themselves and their horses, and prepare for passing the night at the farm-house, and for marching early in the ensuing morning. He then turned his attention to Morton; and there was politeness, and even kindness, in the manner in which he addressed him. — "You would have saved yourself risk from both sides, Mr Morton, if you had

honoured my counsel yesterday morning with some attention; but I respect your motives. You are a prisoner of war at the disposal of the King and Council; but you shall be treated with no incivility; and I will be satisfied with your parole that you will not attempt an escape."

'When Morton had passed his word to that effect, Claverhouse bowed civilly; and, turning away from him, called for his serjeant-major. — "How many prisoners, Halliday, and how many killed?" — "Three killed in the house, Sir; two cut down in the court, and one in the garden—six in all; four prisoners." — "Armed or unarmed?" said Claverhouse. — "Three of them armed to the teeth," answered Halliday; "one without arms—he seems to be a preacher." — "Ay—the trumpeter to the long-eared rout, I suppose," replied Claverhouse, glancing slightly round upon his victims, "I will talk with him to-morrow. Take the other three down to the yard, draw out two files, and fire upon them; and, a'ye hear, make a memorandum in the orderly-book of three rebels taken in arms and shot, with the date and name of the place—Drumshinnel, I think, they call it.—Look after the preacher till to-morrow: as he was not armed, he must undergo a short examination. Or better, perhaps, take him before the council; I think they should relieve me of a share of this disgusting drudgery.—Let Mr Morton be civilly used, and see that the men look well after their horses; and let my groom wash Wildblood's back with some vinegar; the saddle has touched him a little."

'All these various orders,—for life and death, the securing of his prisoners, and the washing his charger's shoulder,—were given in the same unmoved and equable voice, of which no accent or tone intimated that the speaker considered one direction as of more importance than another.

'The Cameronians, so lately about to be the willing agents of a bloody execution, were now themselves to undergo it. They seemed prepared alike for either extremity, nor did any of them show the least sign of fear, when ordered to leave the room for the purpose of meeting instant death. Their severe enthusiasm sustained them in that dreadful moment; and they departed with a firm look, and in silence.

'They had no sooner left the room than Claverhouse applied himself to some food, which one or two of his party had hastily provided, and invited Morton to follow his example, observing, it had been a busy day for them both. Morton declined eating; for the sudden change of circumstances—the transition from the verge of the grave to a prospect of life, had occasioned a dizzy revulsion in his whole system. But the same confused sensation was accompanied by a burning thirst, and he expressed his wish to drink. — "I will pledge you, with all my heart," said Claverhouse; "for here is a black jack full of ale, and good it must be, if there be good in the country, for the whigs never miss to find it out.—My service to you Mr Mor-

ton," he said, filling one horn of ale for himself and handing another to his prisoner.

'Morton raised it to his head, and was just about to drink, when the discharge of carabines beneath the window, followed by a deep and hollow groan, repeated twice or thrice, and more faint at each interval, announced the fate of the three men who had just left them. Morton shuddered, and set down the untasted cup. — "You are but young in these matters, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, after he had very composedly finished his draught; "and I do not think the worse of you as a young soldier for appearing to feel them acutely. But habit, duty, and necessity, reconcile men to every thing."— p. 86—94.

Morton is now conveyed as a captive officer to Edinburgh, and has much lively conversation with Claverhouse on the way. By his intercession, and that of Lord Evandale, his sentence is commuted into banishment;—but he is under the necessity of appearing and producing his sureties before the Council. This gives the author an opportunity for delineating a scene, which, as he has managed it, is at once amusing, characteristic and horrible.

"You must immediately attend the council, Mr Morton," said Claverhouse, who entered while Cuddie spoke, "and your servant must go with you. You need be under no apprehension for the consequences to yourself personally. But I warn you that you will see something that will give you much pain, and from which I would willingly have saved you, if I had possessed the power. My carriage waits us—shall we go?"

"It will be readily supposed that Morton did not venture to dispute this invitation, however unpleasant. He rose and accompanied Claverhouse. — "I must apprise you," said the latter, as he led the way down stairs, "that you will get off cheap, and so will your servant, providing he can keep his tongue quiet."—Cuddie caught these last words to his exceeding joy. — "De'il a fear o' me," said he, "an' my mother doesna pit her finger in the pye."—At that moment his shoulder was seized by old Mause, who had contrived to thrust herself forward into the lobby of the apartment. — "O, hinny, hinny!" said she to Cuddie, hanging upon his neck, "glad and proud, and sorry and humbled am I, a' in ane and the same instant, to see my bairn ganging to testify for the truth gloriously with his mouth in council, as he did with his weapon in the field." — "Whisht, whisht, mother," cried Cuddie impatiently. "Odd, ye daft wife, is this a time to speak o' thae things?—I tell ye I'll testify naething either ae gate or another. I hae spoken to Mr Pound-text, and I'll tak the declaration, or whate'er they ca' it, and we're a' to win free off if we do that—he's gotten life for himsel and a' his folk, and that's a minister for my siller; I like nane o' your sermons that end in a psalm at the Grassmarket."

'The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice since the

union of the crowns vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room, adjoining to the House of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst them at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, General," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess—a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, General?" — "Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse. — "And a whig into the bargain," said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar. — "Yes, please your Grace, a whig, as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility. — "He has you there, I think, my Lord Duke," said one of the Privy Councillors. — "Ay, ay," returned the Duke, laughing, "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog—But come, bring in the prisoners—and do you, Mr Clerk, read the record."

As Morton was signing his name in the record, Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair, for his weakness prevented him from standing, beheld him in the act of what he accounted apostasy. — "He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, with a deep groan. — "A fallen star!—a fallen star!" — "Hold your peace, sir," said the Duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge—ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you.—Call in the other fellow, who has some common sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the bottom of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over him. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears. — Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough, upon reflection, to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there." — "Answer directly, you knave—yes or no?—You know you were there." — "It's no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's honour," said Cuddie. — "Once more, sir, were you there?—yes or no?" said the Duke, impatiently. — "Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind

preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?" — "Speak out you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-bast—Do you think we can staud here all day to be turning and dodging with you, like greyhounds after a hare?" — "Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please you, write down that I cannot deny but I was there." — "Well, sir," said the Duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?" — "I'm no just free to gi'e my opinion, stir, on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better." — "Better than what?" — "Just than rebellion, as your honour ca's it," replied Cuddie. — "Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose. And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the church, and pray for the King?" — "Blithely, stir; and drink his health into the bargain, when the ale's gude." — "Egad," said the Duke, "this is a hearty cock.—What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?" — "Just ill example, stir, and a daft auld jaud of a mother, wi' reverence to your Grace's honour." — "Why, God-a-mercy, my friend, I think thou art not likely to commit treason on thine own score.—Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair." — Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination. p. 120-130.

This intrepid person at once avows and glories in his share in the rebellion—but declines to answer, upon being interrogated, what he knows of John Balfour of Burley. He is then put to the torture, in face of the Court—and a scene is described, with the details of which we will not now shock the feelings of our readers. In the close of the proceedings, Morton is hurried aboard ship, and transported to Holland.

The story now makes a great leap over eight or nine years;—and, at the expiration of that period, when the revolution has been quietly completed, and all Scotland pacified, except where Dundee still maintained himself in the Highlands, we are thus pleasingly introduced to some of our old acquaintances.

It was upon a delightful summer evening, that a stranger, well mounted, and having the appearance of a military man of rank, rode down a winding descent which terminated in view of the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle and the river Clyde, which winds so beautifully between rocks and woods to sweep around the towers formerly built by Aymur de Valence. Bothwell Bridge was at a little distance, and also in sight. The opposite field, once the scene of slaughter and conflict, now lay as placid and quiet as the surface of a summer lake. The trees and bushes, which grew around in romantic variety of shade, were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze. The very murmur of the river seemed to soften itself into unison with the stillness of the

scene around. The path, through which the traveller descended, was occasionally shaded by detached trees of great size, and elsewhere by the hedges and boughs of flourishing orchards, now laden with summer fruits.

‘The nearest object of consequence was a farm house, or it might be the abode of a small proprietor, situated on the side of a sunny bank, which was covered by apple and pear trees. At the foot of the path which led up to this modest mansion, was a small cottage, pretty much in the situation of a porter’s lodge, though obviously not designed for such a purpose. The hut seemed comfortable, and more neatly arranged than is usual in Scotland; it had its little garden, where some fruit-trees and bushes were mingled with kitchen herbs; a cow and six sheep fed in a paddock hard by; the cock strutted and crowed, and summoned his family around him before the door; a heap of brushwood and turf, neatly made up, indicated that the winter fuel was provided; and the thin blue smoke which ascended from the straw-bound chimney, and winded slowly out from among the green trees, showed that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready. To complete the little scene of rural peace and comfort, a girl of about five years old was fetching water in a pitcher from a beautiful fountain of the purest water, which bubbled up at the root of a decayed old oak-tree, about twenty yards from the end of the cottage.

‘The stranger reined up his horse, and called to the little nymph, desiring to know the way to Fairy-knowe. The child set down its water-pitcher, hardly understanding what was said to her, put her fair flaxen hair apart on her brows, and opened her round blue eyes with the wondering “What’s ye’re wull?” which is usually a peasant’s first answer, if it can be called one, to all questions whatsoever.

“I wish to know the way to Fairy-knowe.” — “Mimmie, mam-mie,” exclaimed the little rustic, running towards the door of the hut, “come out and speak to this gentleman.”

‘Her mother appeared,—a handsome young country woman, to whose features, originally sly and espiegle in expression, matrimony had given that decent matronly air which peculiarly marks the peasant’s wife of Scotland. She had an infant in one arm, and with the other she smoothed down her apron, to which hung a chubby child of two years old. The elder girl, whom the traveller had first seen, fell back behind her mother as soon as she appeared, and kept that station, occasionally peeping out to look at the stranger.

“What was your pleasure, Sir?” said the woman, with an air of respectful breeding, not quite common in her rank of life, but without any thing resembling forwardness.

‘The stranger looked at her with great earnestness for a moment, and then replied, “I am seeking a place called Fairy-knowe, and a man called Cuthbert Headrigg. You can probably direct me

to him." — "It's my good-man, Sir," said the young woman, with a smile of welcome; "will you alight, Sir, and come into our poor dwelling?—Cuddie, Cuddie,"—(a whiteheaded regue of four years appeared at the door of the hut)—"Rin awa', my bonnie man, and tell your father a gentleman wants him.—Or, stay—Jenny, ye'll hae mair sense—rin ye awa' and tell him; he's down at the Four-acres Park.—Winna ye light down and bide a blink, Sir?—Or would ye take a mouthfu' o' bread and cheese, or a drink o' ale, till our good-man comes?" &c.

'As the stranger declined her courteous offers, Cuddie, the reader's old acquaintance, made his appearance in person. His countenance still presented the same mixture of apparent dullness, with occasional sparkles, which indicated the craft so often found in the clouted shoe. He looked on the rider as on one whom he never had before seen; and, like his daughter and wife, opened the conversation with the regular query, "What's your wull wi' me, Sir?" — "I have a curiosity to ask some questions about this country," said the traveller, "and I was directed to you as an intelligent man who can answer them." — "Nae doubt, Sir," said Cuddie, after a moment's hesitation; "but I would first like to ken what sort of questions they are. I hae had sae many questions speered at me in my day, and in sic queer ways, that if ye kend a', ye wadna wonder at my jalousing a' thing about them. My mother gar'd me learn the Single Carritch, whilk was a great vex; then I behoved to learn about my godfathers and godmothers to please the auld-leddy; and whiles I jumbled them thegither and pleased nane o' them; and when I cam to man's yestate, cam anither kind o' questioning in fashion, that I liked waur than Effectual Calling; and the "did promise and vow" of the tane were yoked to the end of the tother. Sae ye see, Sir, I aye like to hear questions asked before I answer them." p. 154—160.

By dint of patient interrogation, the unsuspected stranger at last extracts from the cautious rustic, that Edith Bellenden is betrothed, and very speedily to be married to Lord Evandale, to whom the house to which their cottage is attached belongs, and in which, as the family is absent, they now accommodate him with a bed. Readers of novels will expect what follows.—Miss Bellenden arrives next morning before he is up—and, notwithstanding all the efforts which Jenny makes to keep him out of sight, she catches a glimpse of his despairing countenance, as he steals a last look at her, before he rushes for ever from her presence. She falls ill of course—and Lord Evandale, who arrives to claim her hand, watches impatiently for her recovery.

In the mean time, Morton scarcely knowing where to go, turns aside to the old house of Milnwood, where, without discovering himself, he enters into conversation with the antient housekeeper. There is something very affecting, as well as lu-

dicrous, in the following scene. After intimating that he understood young Milnwood to have been drowned on his passage to Holland, the old lady rejoins—

“ That’s ower like to be true, and mony a tear it’s cost my auld e’en. His uncle, poor gentleman, just sough’d awa’ wi’ it in his mouth. He had been gi’eing me preceeze directions anent the bread and the wine, and the brandy, at his burial, and how often it was to be handed round the company, (for, dead or alive, he was a prudent, frugal, pains-taking man); and then he said, said he, “ Ailie,”—(he aye ca’d me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance)—“ Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood’s ga’en out like the last sough of an auld sang.” And sae he fell out o’ ae dwam into another, and ne’er spake a word mair, unless it were something we cou’dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude aneugh to see to die wi’.—He cou’d ne’er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.”

While Mrs Wilson was thus detailing the last moments of the old miser, Morton was pressingly engaged in diverting the assiduous curiosity of the dog, which, recovered from his first surprise, and combining former recollections, had, after much snuffing and examination, begun a course of capering and jumping upon the stranger which threatened every instant to betray him. At length, in the urgency of his impatience, Morton could not forbear exclaiming, in a tone of hasty impatience, “ Down, Elphin! Down, sir!” — “ Ye ken our dog’s name,” said the old lady, struck with great and sudden surprise—“ ye ken our dog’s name, and it’s no a common ane. And the creature kens you too,” she continued, in a more agitated and shriller tone—“ God guide us! it’s my ain bairn!”

So saying, the poor old woman threw herself around Morton’s neck, clung to him, kissed him as if he had been actually her child, and wept for joy. There was no parrying the discovery, if he could have had the heart to attempt any further disguise. He returned the embrace with the most grateful warmth, and answered—

“ I do indeed live, dear Ailie, to thank you for all your kindness, past and present, and to rejoice that there is at least one friend to welcome me to my native country.” — “ Friends!” exclaimed Ailie, “ ye’ll hae mony friends; for ye will hae gear, hinny—ye will hae gear. Heaven mak ye a gude guide o’t!—But, ‘eh, sirs,” she continued, pushing him back from her with her trembling hand and shrivelled arm, and gazing in his face as if to read, at more convenient distance, the ravages which sorrow rather than time had made on his face—“ Eh, sirs! ye’re sair altered, hinny, your face is turned pale, and your e’en are sunken, and your bonny red-and-white cheeks is turned a’ dark and sun-burned. O weary on the wars! mony’s the comely face they destroy.—And when cam ye here, hinny?—And where hae ye been?—And what hae ye been doing?—And what for did ye na write till us?—And how cam ye

to pass yoursel for dead?—And what for did ye come creeping to your ain house as if ye had been an unco body, to gi'e poor auld Ailie sic a start?" she concluded, smiling through her tears. p. 236—240.

After a little further talk, Morton informs her that he must soon go abroad again, and that the property, in the mean time, is in as good hands as his.

"As good hands, hinny!" reechoed Ailie; "I'm hopeful ye are no meaning mine? The rents and the lands are but a sair fash to me. And I'm ower failed to tak a helpmate, though Wylie Mac-tricket the writer was very pressing and spak very civilly; but I'm ower auld a cat to draw that strae before me. He canna whillywhame as he's dune mony a ane. And then I thought aye ye wad come back, and I wad get my pickle meal and my soup milk, and keep a' things right about ye as I used to do in your puir uncle's time, and it wad be just pleasure aneugh for me to see you thrive and guide the gear canny.—Ye'll hae learned that in Holland, I'se warraht, for they're thrifty folk there, as I hear tell—But ye'll be for keeping rather a mair house than puir auld Milnwood that's gane; and, indeed, I would approve o' your eating butcher-meat maybe as often as three times a-week—it keeps the wind out o' the stamack."—"We will talk of all this another time," said Morton, surprised at the generosity upon a large scale, which mingled in Ailie's thoughts and actions with habitual and sordid parsimony, and at the odd contrast between her love of saving and indifference to self-acquisition. "You must know," he continued, "that I am in this country only for a few days on some special business of importance to the government, and therefore, Ailie, not a word of having seen me. At some other time I will acquaint you fully with my motives and intentions."—"E'en be it sae, my jo," replied Ailie, "I can keep a secret like my neighbours; and weel auld Milnwood kenn'd it, honest man, for he tauld me where he keepit his gear, and that's what maist folks like to hae as private as possibly may be.—But come awa' wi' me, hinny, till I show you the oak-parlour how grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected hame every day—I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind o' divertisement to me, though whiles the tear wan into my e'e, and I said to mysel, what needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks ony mair? for they'll ne'er come hame that aught it rightfully."

'With these words she hauled him away to this *sanctum sanctorum*, the scrubbing and cleansing whereof was her daily employment, as its high state of good order constituted the very pride of her heart. Morton, as he followed her into the room, underwent a rebuke for not "dighting his shoon," which showed that Ailie had not relinquished her habits of authority. On entering the oak-parlour, he could not but recollect the feelings of solemn awe with which, when a boy, he had been affected at his occasional and rare admission to an apartment which he then supposed had not its e-

qual save in the halls of princes. It may be readily supposed, that the worked worsted-chairs, with their short ebony legs and long upright backs, had lost much of their influence over his mind, that the large brass andirons seemed diminished in splendour, that the green worsted tapestry appeared no masterpiece of the Arras loom, and that the room appeared, on the whole, dark, gloomy, and disconsolate. Yet there were two objects, "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers," which, dissimilar as those described by Hamlet, affected his mind with a variety of sensations. One full-length portrait represented his father in complete armour, with a countenance indicating his masculine and determined character; and the other set forth his uncle in velvet and brocade, looking as if he were ashamed of his own finery, though entirely indebted for it to the liberality of the painter.' p. 246—249.

There is an underplot we have forgotten to explain, about Burley having taken possession of some family papers, when he seized on Tillietudlem, in consequence of which the lands were claimed and won by a caitiff connexion of the family; and this circumstance, as well as others, makes Morton, who had received a mysterious notice from that strange person to inquire of him, under a fictitious name, at a widow of the name of Maclure, determine to discover his retreat, if possible, and obtain the means of righting that beloved family. With this view, and still preserving his incognito, he inquires out the way to this old woman's abode. She kept a little inn, in a lonely part of the road; and it was under her roof, though a zealous Covenantanter, that Lord Evandale had been sheltered and concealed after the disaster at Drumclog. The whole of the following description appears to us extremely beautiful.

'Evening lowered around him as he advanced up the narrow dell which had once been a wood, but was now divested of trees, unless where a few, from their inaccessible situation on the edge of precipitous banks, or clinging among rocks and huge stones, defied the invasion of men and of cattle, like the scattered tribes of a conquered country, driven to take refuge in the barren strength of its mountains. These too, wasted and decayed, seemed rather to exist than to flourish, and only served to indicate what the landscape had once been. But the stream brawled down among them in all its freshness and vivacity, giving the life and animation which a mountain rivulet alone can confer on the barest and most savage scenes, and which the inhabitants of such a country miss when gazing even upon the tranquil winding of a majestic stream through plains of fertility, and beside palaces of splendour. The track of the road followed the course of the brook, which was now visible, and now only to be distinguished by its brawling heard among the stones, or in the clefts of the rock, that occasionally interrupted its course.

"Murmurer that thou art," said Morton, in the enthusiasm of

his reverie,—“ why chafe with the rocks that stop thy course for a moment ? There is a sea to receive thee in its bosom, and an eternity for man when his fretful and hasty course through the vale of time shall be ceased and over. What thy petty fuming is to the deep and vast billows of a shoreless ocean, are our cares, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, to the objects which must occupy us through the awful and boundless succession of ages ! ”

‘ Thus moralizing, he passed on till the dell opened, and the banks, receding from the brook, left a little green vale, exhibiting a croft, or small field, on which some corn was growing, and a cottage, whose walls were not above five feet high, and whose thatched roof, green with moisture, age, house-leek, and grass, had in some places suffered damage from the encroachment of two cows, whose appetite this appearance of verdure had diverted from their more legitimate pasture. An ill-spelled, and worse written inscription, intimated to the traveller that he might here find refreshment for man and horse ;—no unacceptable intimation, rude as the hut appeared to be, considering the wild path he had trode in approaching it, and the high and waste mountains which rose in desolate dignity behind this humble asylum. — “ It must indeed have been, ” thought Morton, “ in some such spot as this, that Burley was likely to find a congenial confidante. ”

‘ As he approached, he observed the good dame of the house herself, seated by the door ; she had hitherto been concealed from him by a huge alder-bush. — “ Good evening, mae’er, ” said the traveller. “ Your name is Mistress Maclure ? ” — “ Elizabeth Maclure, sir, a poor widow, ” was the reply. — “ Can you lodge a stranger for a night ? ” — “ I can, sir, if he will be pleased with the widow’s cake and the widow’s cruise. ” — “ I have been a soldier, good dame, ” answered Morton, “ and nothing can come amiss to me in the way of entertainment. ” — “ A sodger, sir ? ” said the old woman with a sigh, “ God send ye a better trade. ” — “ It is believed to be an honourable profession, my good dame. I hope you do not think the worse of me for having belonged to it ? ” — “ I judge no one, sir, ” replied the woman, “ and your voice sounds like that of a civil gentleman ; but I hae seen-sae muckle ill wi’ sodgering in this poor land, that I am e’en content that I can see nae mair o’t wi’ these sightless organs. ”

‘ As she spoke thus, Morton observed that she was blind. — “ Shall I not be troublesome to you, my good dame ? ” said he, compassionately ; “ your infirmity seems ill calculated for your profession. ” — “ Na, sir, ” answered the old woman ; “ I can gang about the house readily aneugh ; and I hae a bit lassie to help me ; and the dragoon lads will look after your horse when they come hame frae their patrolle, for a sma’ matter ; they are eiviller now than lang syne. ” — Upon these assurances, Morton alighted.

“ Peggy, my bonny bird, ” continued the hostess, addressing a little girl of twelve years old, who had by this time appeared, “ tak

the gentleman's horse to the stable, and slack his girths, and tak aff the bridle, and shake down a lock o' hay before him, till the dra-goons come back.—Come this way, sir," she continued; "ye'll find my house clean, though it's a puir ane." — Morton followed her into the cottage accordingly.

' When he entered the cottage, Morton perceived that the old hostess had spoken truth. The inside of the hut belied its outward appearance, and was neat, and even comfortable, especially the inner apartment, in which the hostess informed her guest that he was to sup and sleep. Refreshments were placed before him, such as the little inn afforded, and, though he had small occasion for them, he accepted the offer, as the means of maintaining some discourse with the landlady. Notwithstanding her blindness, she was assiduous in her attendance, and seemed, by a sort of instinct, to find her way to what she wanted.

"Have you no one but this pretty little girl to assist you in waiting on your guests?" was the natural question. — "None, sir; I dwell alone, like the widow of Zarephthah. Few guests come to this puir place; and I haena custom aneugh to hire servants. I had anes twa fine sons that lookit after a' thing—But God gives and takes away—His name be praised!" she continued, turning her clouded eyes towards Heaven—"I was anes better off, that is, worldly speaking, even since I lost them; but that was before this last change." — "Indeed! But you are a presbyterian, good mother?" — "I ~~am~~ sir; praised be the light that showed me the right way," replied the landlady. — "Then, I should have thought the Revolution would have brought you nothing but good." — "If," said the old woman, "it has brought the land gude, and freedom of worship to tender consciences, it's little matter what it has brought to a puir blind worm like me." — "Still," replied Morton, "I cannot see how it could possibly injure you." — "It's a lang story, sir. But ae night, sax weeks or thereby, afore Bothwell Brigg, a young gentleman stopped at this puir cottage, stiff and bloody with wounds, pale and dune out with riding, and his horse sae weary he couldna drag ae foot after the other, and his focs were close ahint him, and he was ane o' our enemies—What could I do, sir?—You that's a soldier will think me but a silly auld wife—but I fed him, and relieved him, and keepit him hidden till the pursuit was ower," — "And who," said Morton, "dares disapprove of your having done so?" — "I kenna—I gat ill-will about it amang some o' our ain folk. They said I should hae been to him what Jael was to Sisera—But weel I wot I had nae divine command to shed blood, and to save it was baith like a woman and a Christian.—And then they said I wanted natural affection to relieve ane that belonged to the band that murdered my twa sons." — "That murdered your two sons!" — "Ay, sir; though maybe ye'll gi'e their deaths another name—The tane fell wi' sword in hand, fighting for a broken national Covenant; the tother—O, they took him and shot him dead

on the green before his mother's face!—My auld e'en dazzled when the shots were looted off, and, to my thought, they waxed weaker and weaker ever since that weary day—and sorrow, and heart-break, and tears, might help on the disorder." p. 265—274.

From this interesting matron, Morton discovers the secret of Burley's retreat, and at last finds him in a strange rocky cavern in the precipitous rock that overhung a mountain torrent. He was still more mad and enthusiastic than at Bothwell, and it was not without difficulty that Morton escaped from his violence. Having learned that the unworthy usurper of Tillietudlem had plotted the destruction of Lord Evandale, he repairs, post-haste, to Glasgow, where, by means of his influence as a favourite of King William, he gets a troop of foreign horse from the Dutch commander, and comes galloping back to the protection of that unhappy nobleman. He arrives, however, just in time to see him fall by the hand of Burley and the unworthy possessor of the Tower of Bellenden. That miscreant is instantly struck down by a shot from the faithful Cuddie. But Burley is reserved for a more characteristic death, with the account of which this eventful history is concluded.

A hasty call to surrender, in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer; but being well mounted, only the two leadmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately twice; and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell Bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whizzing around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it, presently appeared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one, which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had in the meanwhile laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tiger seizes his prey; and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the

Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Bal four's grasp could not have been unclenched without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph.' p. 331-333.

We have extended our account of this story so far, and multiplied our extracts so much, that we have left little room for criticisms. It is a work, undoubtedly, of great talent and originality; and yet we find the rudiments of almost all its characters in the very first of the author's publications.—Morton is, but another edition of *Waverley*—taking a bloody part in political contention, without caring much about the cause, and interchanging high offices of generosity with his political opponents.—Claverhouse has many of the features of the gallant Fergus.—Cuddie Headrigg, of whose merits, by the way, we have given no fair specimen in our extracts, is a Dandie Dinmont of a lower species;—and even the Covenanters and their leaders were shadowed out, though afar off, in the gifted Gillfillan, and mine host of the Candlestick. It is in the picture of these hapless enthusiasts, undoubtedly, that the great merit and the great interest of the work consists. That interest, indeed, is so great, that we perceive it has even given rise to a sort of controversy among the admirers and contemners of those antient worthies. It is a singular honour, no doubt, to a work of fiction and amusement, to be thus made the theme of serious attack and defence upon points of historical and theological discussion, and to have grave dissertations written by learned contemporaries upon the accuracy of its representations of public events and characters, or the moral effects of the style of ridicule in which it indulges. It is difficult for us, we confess, to view the matter in so serious a light; nor do we feel much disposed, even if we had leisure for the task, to venture ourselves into the array of the disputants. One word or two, however, we shall say, before concluding, upon the two great points of difference. First, as to the author's profanity in making scriptural expressions ridiculous, by the misuse of them he has ascribed to the fanatics; and, secondly, as to the fairness of his general representation of the conduct and character of the insurgent party and their opponents.

As to the first, we do not know very well what to say. Undoubtedly, all jocular use of Scripture phraseology is in some measure indecent and profane; yet we do not know in what other way those hypocritical pretences to extraordinary sanctity which generally disguise themselves in such a garb, can be so effectually exposed. And even where the ludicrous misapplication

tion of holy writ arises from mere ignorance, or the foolish mimicry of more learned discourses, as it is impossible to avoid smiling at the folly when it actually occurs, it is difficult for witty and humorous writers, in whose way it lies, to resist fabricating it for the purpose of exciting smiles. In so far as practice can afford any justification of such a proceeding, we conceive that its justification would be easy. In all our jest-books and plays and works of humour for two centuries back, the character of Quakers and Puritans and Methodists, have been constantly introduced as fit objects of ridicule, on this very account. Swift is full of jokes of this description; and the pious and correct Addison himself is not a little fond of a witty application of a text from the sacred writings. When an author, whose aim was amusement, had to do with a set of people, all of whom dealt in familiar applications of Bible phrases and Old Testament adventures, and who, undoubtedly, very often made very absurd and ridiculous applications of them, it would be rather hard, we think, to interdict him entirely from the representation of these absurdities, or to put in force, for him alone, those statutes against profaneness which other people have been allowed to transgress in their hours of gayety, without censure or punishment.

On the other point, also, we rather lean to the side of the author. He is a Tory, we think, pretty plainly in principle, and scarcely disguises his preference for a Cavalier over a Puritan: But, with these propensities, we think he has dealt pretty fairly with both sides—especially when it is considered that, though he lays his scene in a known crisis of his national history, his work is professedly a work of fiction, and cannot well be accused of misleading any one as to matters of fact. He might have made Claverhouse victorious at Drumclog, if he had thought fit—and nobody could have found fault with him. The insurgent Presbyterians of 1666 and the subsequent years, were, beyond all question, a pious, brave, and conscientious race of men—to whom, and to whose efforts and sufferings, their descendants are deeply indebted for the liberty both civil and religious which they enjoy, as well as for the spirit of resistance to tyranny, which, we trust, they have inherited along with them. Considered generally as a party, it is impossible that they should ever be remembered, at least in Scotland, but with gratitude and veneration—that their sufferings should ever be mentioned but with deep resentment and horror—or their heroism, both active and passive, but with pride and exultation. At the same time, it is impossible to deny, that there were among them many absurd and ridiculous persons—and some of a savage and ferocious character—old women, in short, like Mause

Headrigg—preachers like Kettledrummle—or desperadoes like Balfour of Burley. That a Tory novelist should bring such characters prominently forward, in a tale of the times, appears to us not only to be quite natural, but really to be less blameable than almost any other way in which party feelings could be shown. But, even he, has not represented the bulk of the party as falling under this description, or as fairly represented by such personages. He has made his hero—who of course possesses all possible virtues—of that persuasion; and has allowed them, in general, the courage of martyrs, the self-denial of hermits, and the zeal and sincerity of apostles. His representation is almost avowedly that of one who is not of their communion; and yet we think it impossible to peruse it, without feeling the greatest respect and pity for those to whom it is applied. \* A zealous Presbyterian might no doubt have said more in their favour, without violating, or even concealing the truth;—but, while zealous Presbyterians will not write entertaining novels themselves, they cannot expect to be treated in them with the same favour as if that had been the character of their authors.

With regard to the author's picture of their opponents, we must say that, with the exception of Claverhouse himself, whom he has invested gratuitously with many graces and liberalities to which we are persuaded he has no title, and for whom, indeed, he has a foolish fondness, with which it would be absurd to deal seriously—he has shown no signs of a partiality that can be blamed, nor exhibited many traits in them with which their enemies have reason to quarrel. If any person can read his strong and lively pictures of military insolence and oppression, without feeling his blood boil within him, we must conclude the fault to be in his own apathy, and not in any softenings of the partial author;—nor do we know any Whig writer who has exhibited the baseness and cruelty of that wretched government in more naked and revolting deformity, than in his scene of the torture at the Privy Council. The military executions of Claverhouse himself are admitted without palliation; and the bloodthirstiness of Dalzell, and the brutality of Lauderdale, are represented in their true colours. In short, if this author has been somewhat severe upon the Covenanters, neither has he spared their oppressors; and the truth probably is, that, never dreaming of being made responsible for historical accuracy or fairness in a composition of this description, he has exaggerated a little on both sides, for the sake of effect—and been carried, by the bent of his humour, most frequently to exaggerate on that which afforded the greatest scope for ridicule.

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We insert the following Statement, at the request of the Reverend Person who subscribes it, in reference to a passage in our 52d Number.

‘ I, undersigned, Principal of the Scotch College, Paris, declare, That I never said, as is asserted in the Edinburgh Review for February 1816 ... June 1816, page 407, that the Papers would not be sent unless Lord Gower would also undertake to convey to England the plate of the College? And I further declare, that I never said any thing that could afford any reasonable ground for making such an assertion.

‘ Traquair House. }  
 ‘ 30th Jan. 1817. }

‘ ALEX. GORDON. ’

The Reviewer of the Life of James the Second received the account which Principal Gordon contradicts in the above paragraph, from persons incapable of deceiving, and very unlikely to be mistaken. It will be obvious to any dispassionate reader, that he could have had no intention to reflect on Principal Gordon; and he is really concerned to have given pain to the Principal, in the statement of a fact which is not a material part of the history of the Stuart Papers. Principal Gordon may correct all misconceptions, and contribute to illustrate a part of English history, by making public his own statement of the nature and fate of these curious Papers—to which, those, who have hitherto had no better guide than probable reasoning, will listen with respectful attention, and with a real disposition to be satisfied with his testimony.

QUAR-

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# THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

AUGUST, 1817.

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ART. I. *The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F. R. S. &c. Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the Court of France, and for the Treaty of Peace and Independence with Great Britain, &c. &c. Comprising a Series of Letters on Miscellaneous, Literary, and Political Subjects; written between the Years 1753 and 1790; illustrating the Memoirs of his Public and Private Life, and developing the Secret History of his Political Transactions and Negotiations. Published from the Originals by his Grandson WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN. 8vo. 2 Vol. pp. 970. London, Colburn. 1817.*

IN one point of view, the name of Franklin must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century. Distinguished as a Statesman, he was equally great as a Philosopher; thus uniting, in himself, a rare degree of excellence in both those pursuits, to excel in either of which is deemed the highest praise. Nor was his pre-eminence, in the one pursuit, of that doubtful kind which derives its value from such an uncommon conjunction. His efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous, had he done nothing in the other. We regard De Witt's mathematical tracts as a curiosity, and even admire them, when we reflect that their author was a distinguished patriot, and a sufferer in the cause of his country. But Franklin would have been entitled to the glory of a first-rate discoverer in science—one who had largely extended the bounds of human knowledge—although he had not stood second to Washington alone in gaining for human liberty the most splendid and guiltless of its triumphs. It is hardly a less rate, certainly not a less glorious felicity, that, much as has been given to the world of this great man's works, each successive publication increases

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our esteem for his virtues, and our admiration of his understanding.

The volumes now before us contain a large body of his private correspondence; which consists of three portions,—his Letters upon miscellaneous subjects from the year 1753 to the end of his life—his Letters upon general American politics, written chiefly during his residence in England and France, from 1767 to 1787—and his Letters relating to the negotiation for peace, and the independence of the United States. The first part is by far the most valuable—the last is the least so; but, in all the parts, we meet with many interesting facts, and with perpetual evidences of those great talents which the writer possessed alike for speculation and for business. An account of such a collection as this, must necessarily consist rather of specimens than of general description; but we wish to premise a few remarks, principally suggested by a perusal of these productions, respecting the peculiar genius of the author.

The distinguishing feature of his understanding was great soundness and sagacity; combined with extraordinary quickness of penetration. He possessed also a strong and lively imagination, which gave his speculations, as well as his conduct, a singularly original turn. The peculiar charm of his writings, and his great merit also in action, consisted in the clearness with which he saw his object,—and the bold and steady pursuit of it, by the surest and the shortest road. He never suffered himself, in conduct, to be turned aside by the seductions of interest or vanity, or to be scared by hesitation and fear, or to be misled by the arts of his adversaries. Neither did he, in discussion, ever go out of his way in search of ornament, or stop short from dread of the consequences. He never could be caught, in short, acting absurdly, or writing nonsensically:—at all times, and in every thing he undertook, the vigour of an understanding, at once original and practical, was distinctly perceivable.

But it must not be supposed that his writings are devoid of ornament or amusement. The latter especially abounds in almost all he ever composed; only nothing is sacrificed to them. On the contrary, they come most naturally into their places; and they uniformly help on the purpose in hand, of which neither writer nor reader ever loses sight for an instant. Thus, his style has all the vigour and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively. The wit, or rather humour, which prevails in his works, varies with the subject. Sometimes he is bitter and sarcastic; oftener gay, and even droll; reminding us, in this respect, far more frequently of Addison than of Swift, as might be naturally expected from his admirable temper, or the

happy turn of his imagination. When he rises into vehemence or severity, it is only when his country, or the rights of men, are attacked—or when the sacred ties of humanity are violated by unfeeling or insane rulers. There is nothing more delightful than the constancy with which those amiable feelings, those sound principles, those truly profound views of human affairs, make their appearance at every opportunity, whether the immediate subject be speculative or practical—of a political, or of a more general, description. It is refreshing to find such a mind as Franklin's—worthy of a place near to Newton and to Washington—filled with those pure and exalted sentiments of concern for the happiness of mankind, which the petty wits of our times amuse themselves with laughing at, and their more cunning and calculating employers seek by every means to discourage, sometimes by ridicule, sometimes by invective, as truly incompatible with all plans of misgovernment.

The benevolent cast of his disposition was far from confining itself to those sublimer views. From earnest wishes, and active, victorious exertions for the prosperity of the species, he descended perpetually to acts of particular kindness. He seems to have felt an unwearied satisfaction in affording assistance, instruction, or amusement to all who stood in need of it. His Letters are full of passages which bear testimony to this amiable solicitude for the happiness of his fellow-creatures individually; it seems the chief cause of his writing, in most cases; and, if he ever deviates from his habit of keeping out all superfluous matter, whatever be the subject, it is when he seems tempted to give some extra piece of knowledge or entertainment. So, if ever the serene and well-natured cast of his temper appears ruffled by anger, or even soured for the moment, it is when some enormities have been committed which offend against the highest principles which he professes.

We have said little respecting his language, which is pure, and English. A few, and but a few, foreign expressions may be traced, and these French, rather than American; as, for instance, *influential*. Indeed, we cannot reckon him more as an American than an European. He lived so much among us, frequenting the best society, cultivating the habits, and conversant with the authors of the Old World, that the peculiarities of the New, neither as to language nor character, seem to have retained any impression upon him. Those peculiarities, moreover, have been exceedingly increased since the separation. We can offer the Americans no better advice, than to recommend to them a constant study of Franklin, of his principles and his political feelings, as well as his compositions: They will gain as much

of what is sound and useful, and that they will of what is correct in taste, from the other side, and we shall not be suspected of sharing in the odious and unwelcome spirit of abuse which a small party among us is fond of displaying against our Kinsmen of the West, we do hope that the recommendation which we now tender to them will be taken as coming from a friendly quarter. If they refuse, from national prejudices, to imitate European models, let them study Franklin; and we shall cheerfully forget that he lived among us, when we see them make him really their own.

If the example of this eminent person may well teach respect for philanthropic sentiments to one set of scoffers, it may equally impress upon the minds of another class the important lesson, that veneration for religion is quite compatible with a sound, practical understanding. Franklin was a man of a truly pious turn of mind. The great truths of natural theology were not only deeply engraven on his mind, but constantly present to his thoughts. As far as can be collected from his writings, he appears to have been a Christian of the Unitarian school; but, if his own faith had not gone so far, he at least would greatly have respected the religion of his country and its professors, and done every thing to encourage its propagation, as infinitely beneficial to mankind, even if doubts had existed in his own mind as to some of its fundamental doctrines. To this, as well as other matters now generally mentioned, we shall, in the course of this article, recur more particularly. At present we hasten to examine the volume before us a little more closely.

The letters upon miscellaneous subjects, which occupy three-fourths of the first volume, contain, in almost every page, something interesting or pleasing. All of them bear the clearest marks of having been written on the spur of the occasion, without any more premeditation than ordinary conversation requires, or admits of. Yet, such was the effect of businesslike, careful habits, that the composition is as correct as the most finished discourse, while it has all the ease of extemporary effusions. As to the value of the matter contained in these letters, we confess ourselves to be under some difficulty in exactly estimating it; because we cannot easily forget whose correspondence we are reading, and are very apt to confound what is merely curious as coming from such a quarter, with what is intrinsically important; to think we are prizing remarks for their own sake, when we are rather enjoying them as the observations, on some familiar topic, of a very great man in other more serious points of view. However, we feel pretty well assured, that there is much interesting discussion—many sagacious and useful remarks—many plain, but original and striking

any suggestions, or familiar thoughts expressed in a novel and forcible manner, with no little portion of agreeable and happy pleasantry, which would have instructed and amused us had they come without any recommendation from the author's name. In the specimens, however, which we are about to give, we have no thought of separating those passages that interest from their intrinsic merits, from such as derive a great part, or, it may be, the whole of their value, from being Franklin's.

The cordial detestation of war which breathes through these letters, is extremely satisfactory, when we consider that it could only have arisen from an enlarged patriotism, not incompatible with love of mankind. For as America was successful generally in the contest, and as, at some moments, her arms gained the most extraordinary advantages, considering the comparative resources of the two parties, a person of ordinary ambition, or feelings of vulgar national animosity, would frequently have shown exultation; rejoiced at periods of prosperity, without reckoning the cost; and indulged in those expressions of triumph, which a person, largely contributing to the result, might naturally enough use, if he looked no further than to the goodness and success of the cause. At no period, however, do we perceive Franklin so far thrown off his guard as to forget the unspeakable miseries which the most glorious war unavoidably occasions. He may be glad that his country prevails—he may exult, when he reflects that it is for her liberty she is conquering;—but the evils of the conflict are still uppermost in his mind. It is plain, that he never for an instant, not even upon the memorable events of New York and Saratoga, is reconciled to the war by the happy result; and that '*peace, blessed peace,*' is the thought ever uppermost in his mind.

'We have had a hard struggle,' (says he, writing to a friend in Kent, in May 1779); 'but the Almighty has favoured the just cause, and I join most heartily with you in your prayers, that he may perfect his work, and establish freedom in the new world, as an asylum for those of the old, who deserve it. I find that many worthy and wealthy families of this continent are determined to remove thither and partake of it, as soon as peace shall make the passage safer; for which peace I also join your prayers most cordially, as I think the war a detestable one, and grieve much at the mischief and misery it occasions to many; my only consolation being, that I did all in my power to prevent it.'

'When all the bustle is over, if my short remainder of life will permit my return thither, what a pleasure will it be to me to see my old friend and his children settled there! I hope he will find vines and fig-trees there for all of them, under which we may sit and converse, enjoying peace and plenty, a good government, good laws, and liberty, without which men lose half their value.' I. 33.

To Dr Price he writes in February 1780.

' Your writings, after all the abuse you and they have met with, begin to make serious impressions on those who at first rejected the counsels you gave; and they will acquire new weight every day, and be in high esteem when the cavils against them are dead and forgotten. Please to present my affectionate respects to that honest, sensible, and intelligent society,\* who did me so long the honour of admitting me to share in their instructive conversations. I never think of the hours I so happily spent in that company, without regretting that they are never to be repeated; for I see no prospect of an end to this unhappy war in my time. Dr Priestley, you tell me, continues his experiments with success. We make daily great improvements in *natural*—there is one I wish to see in *moral* philosophy;—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this? When will men be convinced that even successful wars at length become misfortunes to those who unjustly commenced them, and who triumphed blindly in their success, not seeing all its consequences? Your great comfort and mine in this war is, that we honestly and faithfully did every thing in our power to prevent it. Adieu, and believe me ever, my dear friend,' &c. I. 51, 52.

The following in 1782 is to the venerable Bishop Shipley, a man whom to name is to praise; and if there be any of our readers who have forgotten his truly Christian devotion to the sacred cause of freedom and peace, let us only add, for to say more would be impossible, that he was, in those days of trial to that cause and its followers, what Bishop Bathurst is amongst ourselves.

' I received and read the letter from my dear and much respected friend, with infinite pleasure. After so long a silence, and the long continuance of its unfortunate causes, a line from you was a prognostic of happier times approaching, when we may converse and communicate freely, without danger from the malevolence of men enraged by the ill success of their distracted projects.

' I long with you for the return of peace, on the general principles of humanity. The hope of being able to pass a few more of my last days happily in the sweet conversations and company I once enjoyed at Twyford, is a particular motive that adds strength to the general wish, and quickens my industry to procure the best of blessings. After much occasion to consider the folly and mischiefs of a state of warfare, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations who have conducted it with the most success; I have been apt to think that there has never been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war or a bad peace.

' You ask if I still relish my old studies? I relish them, but I cannot pursue them. My time is engrossed unhappily with other

\* Supposed to allude to a club at the London Coffee-house.

concerns. I requested of the Congress, last year, my discharge from this public station, that I might enjoy a little leisure in the evening of a long life of business; but it was refused me, and I have been obliged to drudge on a little longer.

' You are happy, as your years come on, in having that dear and most amiable family about you—Four daughters! how rich! I have but one, and she necessarily detained from me at a thousand leagues distance. I feel the want of that tender care of me which might be expected from a daughter, and would give the world for one. Your shades are all placed in a row over my fire-place, so that I not only have you always in my mind, but constantly before my eyes.

' The cause of liberty and America has been greatly obliged to you. I hope you will live long to see that country flourish under its new constitution, which I am sure will give you great pleasure. Will you permit me to express another hope. that, now your friends are in power, they will take the first opportunity of showing the sense they ought to have of your virtues and your merit?' L. 110, 111.

To Sir Joseph Banks he thus writes, on the return of peace in 1783

' I hope soon to have more leisure, and to spend a part of it in those studies that are much more agreeable to me than political operations.

' I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for in my opinion, *there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing nursery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labour!' L. 129.

Sometimes he rises into a higher tone of indignation at the atrocities of war. The following passage is written evidently under the impression of strong feelings, upon learning the horrors committed by our Indian allies; the subject of a celebrated speech by Mr Burke, and of one still more memorable by Lord Chatham—and which we may therefore be permitted to blame without incurring the charge of disaffection; though we are certainly as far as possible from supposing that the idea of this degrading alliance originated in the quarter to which he seems disposed to refer it. The passage occurs in a letter to Mr Hut-

ton, a man of the greatest worth and respectability, for many years secretary to the Society of Moravians in England.

MY OLD AND DEAR FRIEND, *Passy, July 7, 1782.*

A letter written by you to M. Bertin, Ministre d'Etat, containing an account of the abominable murders committed by some of the frontier people on the poor Moravian Indians, has given me infinite pain and vexation. The dispensations of Providence in this world puzzle my weak reason; I cannot comprehend why cruel men should have been permitted thus to destroy their fellow creatures. Some of the Indians may be supposed to have committed sins, but one cannot think the little children had committed any worthy of death. Why has a single man in England, who happens to love blood, and to hate Americans, been permitted to gratify that bad temper by hiring German murderers, and joining them with his own, to destroy, in a continued course of bloody years, near 100,000 human creatures, many of them possessed of useful talents, virtues, and abilities, to which he has no pretension! It is he who has furnished the savages with hatchets and scalping knives, and engages them to fall upon our defenceless farmers, and murder them with their wives and children, paying for their scalps, of which the account kept in America, already amounts, as I have heard, to near *two thousand*! Perhaps the people of the frontiers, exasperated by the cruelties of the Indians, have been induced to kill all Indians that fall into their hands without distinction; so that even these horrid murders of our poor Moravians may be laid to his charge. And yet this man lives, enjoys all the good things this world can afford, and is surrounded by flatterers who keep even his conscience quiet by telling him he is the best of —. I wonder at this, but I cannot therefore part with the comfortable belief of a Divine Providence; and the more I see the impossibility, from the number and extent of his crimes, of giving equivalent punishment to a wicked man in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state, in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right, all that is crooked made straight. In this faith let you and I, my dear friend, comfort ourselves; it is the only comfort in the present dark scene of things that is allowed us.

I shall not fail to write to the Government of America, urging that effectual care may be taken to protect and save the remainder of those unhappy people.

Since writing the above, I have received a Philadelphia paper, containing some account of the same horrid transaction, a little different, and some circumstances alleged as excuses or palliations, but extremely weak and insufficient. I send it to you enclosed. With great and sincere esteem, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately. I. 115—117.

In the following passage we recognise a good deal of Swift's manner; though, it must be observed, that the bitterness of the sarcasm is much beyond any thing usually to be found in

Franklin; and that no approach to it, or to feelings of a misanthropic cast, is ever to be perceived in his writings, except where his indignation is roused by the crimes of tyrants, and the cruelty and folly of war-makers.

‘ I have always great pleasure in hearing from you (Dr Priestley) in learning that you are well, and that you continue your experiments. I should rejoice much if I could once more recover the leisure to search with you into the works of nature; I mean the *inanimate*, not the *animate* or moral part of them: The more I discovered of the former, the more I admired them; the more I know of the latter, the more I am disgusted with them. Men I find to be a sort of beings very badly constructed, as they are generally more easily provoked than reconciled, more disposed to do mischief to each other than to make reparation, much more easily deceived than undeceived, and having more pride and even pleasure in killing than in begetting one another; for without a blush they assemble in great armies at noon-day to destroy, and when they have killed as many as they can, they exaggerate the number to augment the fancied glory; but they creep into corners, or cover themselves with the darkness of night when they mean to beget, as being ashamed of a virtuous action. A virtuous action it would be, and a vicious one the killing of them, if the species were really worth producing or preserving; but of this I begin to doubt. I know you have no such doubts, because in your zeal for their welfare, you are taking a great deal of pains to save their souls. Perhaps as you grow older, you may look upon this as a hopeless project, or an idle amusement, repent of having murdered in mephitic air so many honest, harmless mice, and wish that to prevent mischief you had used boys and girls instead of them. In what light we are viewed by superior beings, may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction, the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another; he turned angrily to his guide, and said, You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell! No, Sir, says the guide, I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.

‘ But to be serious, my dear old friend, I love you as much as ever, and I love all the honest souls that meet at the London Coffee-house. I only wonder how it happened that they and my other friends in England came to be such good creatures in the midst of sc

perverse a generation. I long to see them and you once more; and I labour for peace with more earnestness, that I may again be happy in your sweet society.' L. 107—109.

The remark in the following passage, from a letter to the French minister in America, Chevalier de la Luzerne, is obvious; and yet we do not remember ever to have met with it before.

'One of the advantages of great states, is, that the calamity occasioned by a foreign war falls only on a very small part of the community, who happen, from their situation and particular circumstances, to be exposed to it. Thus as it is always fair weather in our parlours, it is at Paris always peace. The people pursue their respective occupations: the playhouses, the opera, and other public diversions, are as regularly and fully attended, as in times of profoundest tranquillity, and the same small concerns divide us into parties. Within these few weeks we are for or against Jeannot, a new actor. This man's performance, and the marriage of the Duke de Richelieu, fills up much more of our present conversation, than any thing that relates to the war. A demonstration this of the public felicity.' L. 57.

We shall close our extracts on the head of war with an interesting letter addressed in 1780 to the other great founder of the American republick, Washington.

'I have received but lately the letter your Excellency did me the honour of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de la Fayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honour of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause, and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your Excellency's letter would have done, had it been immediately delivered to me.

'Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and cotemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit. Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance. At present I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old Generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct; and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age.

'I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish; as it will, amazingly and rapidly, after the war is over; like

a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thunder gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

‘The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honour, and happiness, ever attend you.’ I. 55, 56.

In various passages of this correspondence, we can trace the alteration in Franklin's sentiments with respect to England and her rulers; nor is there anything more instructive than to view the progress of this change; for there is no doubt that he felt like all the rest of the well-informed colonists, and consequently his sentiments were either an exponent of the popular opinion, or must have influenced it sooner or later. By attending, then, to the measures which produced the alienation of this distinguished patriot, we may trace the steps by which England lost her colonial dominions; an empire of incalculable value, and which, as Franklin in another place observed, she might have continued to govern at the expense of a little pen, ink and paper, for ages. Now, it is plain from the letters before us, that the original bent of Franklin's mind, was a strong, affectionate attachment to the Mother Country. We see this in every point of view in which such a feeling can be expected to show itself. It appears in his distrust, and even personal dislike of the French, afterwards the objects of his constant love and gratitude, when they had rendered America the highest services; in the general goodwill expressed towards England and her constitution, and in his anxiety to perpetuate the connexion, and avoid a war; and, perhaps, still more strikingly, in warm expressions of what is commonly called loyalty, that is, attachment to the King, as distinct from the other branches of the State; and a disposition to excuse him at the expense of his ministers, his parliament and his people;—the same King, be it remarked, of whom he latterly spoke on all occasions with extreme personal dislike and resentment.

A few specimens of these early prepossessions, so fondly cherished by Franklin and his countrymen, may prove serviceable as hints to those who inherit the very prejudices which, in a few years, violently rooted them out all over America, and are still acting as if it were a benefit to perpetuate the hatred of the colonists, after losing their affections. Speaking of De Guerchy, the French Ambassador in 1767, he says, ‘He is extremely curious to inform himself in the affairs of America; pretends to have a great esteem for me, on account of the abilities shown in my examination; has desired to have all my political writings; invited me to dine with him; was very inquisitive;

' treated me with great civility, makes me visits, &c. I fancy  
 ' that intriguing nation would like very well to meddle on occa-  
 ' sion, and blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies;  
 ' but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.' (I. 293-4.) After  
 a spirited and very indignant account of Wilkes's mobs in 1768,  
 he concludes with this remark. ' What the event will be, God  
 ' only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a peo-  
 ' ple who are ungratefully abusing the best constitution and the  
 ' best King any nation was ever blessed with; intent on nothing  
 ' but luxury, licentiousness, power, places, pensions and plun-  
 ' der; while the Ministry, divided in their councils, with little  
 ' regard for each other, worried by perpetual oppositions, in  
 ' continual apprehension of changes, intent on securing popu-  
 ' larity in case they should lose favour, have for some years past  
 ' had little time or inclination to attend to our small affairs,  
 ' whose remoteness makes them appear still smaller.' (I. 325.)  
 ' There was at this time, evidently, no great contentment with  
 the conduct of colonial affairs. Indeed, we know that the dis-  
 putes had begun; but the attachment to the Mother Coun-  
 try, and to the King individually, was as strong as ever. Even  
 in 1773, when the acts of the Legislature had passed, which  
 were the proximate cause of the rupture, we find an attempt  
 still made to separate the King from the Parliament and  
 the country; and excuses offered for his conduct. ' When  
 ' one considers the King's situation, surrounded by Minis-  
 -ters, Counsellors, and Judges learned in the law, who are  
 ' all of this opinion, and reflect how necessary it is for him  
 ' to be well with his Parliament, from whose yearly grants his  
 ' fleets and armies are to be supported, and the deficiencies of  
 ' his civil list supplied, it is not to be wondered at that he should  
 ' be firm in an opinion, established as far as an act of Parlia-  
 ' ment could establish it, by even the friends of America at the  
 ' time they repealed the Stamp act; and which is so generally  
 ' thought right by his Lords and Commons, that any act of his,  
 ' countenancing the contrary, would hazard his embroiling him-  
 ' self with those powerful bodies. And hence it seems hardly to  
 ' be expected from him that he should take any step of that  
 ' kind. The grievous instructions, indeed, might be withdrawn  
 ' without their observing it, if his Majesty thought fit so to do;  
 ' but, under the present prejudices of all about him, it seems  
 ' that this is not yet likely to be advised.' I. 368.

Up to this period, as he afterwards thought, he had been  
 deceived in the King; but this was the last moment of his de-  
 lusion. In a few days after the date of the last cited letter, we  
 find him informing his son, who was a staunch royalist and go-  
 vernor of a colony, that he had got a new light. ' Between  
 you and me,' he says, ' the late measures have been, I suspect,

‘ very much the King’s own ; and he has, in some cases, a great share of what his friends call *firmness*.’ He still, however, speaks charitably of the Royal prejudices, and even suggests that they might possibly be removed by a little pains ;—he terms them ‘ wrong impressions which he has received.’ Soon after, it would appear, these fond hopes, these favourable opinions, gave way to the evidence which each succeeding day seemed to produce ; and Franklin could no longer doubt, that the hatred of colonial independence, the personal love of dominion, and the dislike of the people who thwarted these inclinations, had their seat in a quarter where far other feelings ought alone to have reigned. Hence, on the part of our author, too, a vehement dislike of the Royal personage in question ;—‘ a love to hatred turned ;’—which bursts forth repeatedly in these letters. We do not chuse to repeat the most indignant passage in which he has recorded those feelings, because it might be objected to by some persons under existing circumstances, although in reality the whole subject has become a matter of history. But the sentiment seems to have taken firm hold of his mind ; he regards the King as the origin of the war, and ascribes to his deep-rooted prejudices the pertinacity with which it was pursued after all prospect of success was gone for ever. He saw too clearly, no doubt, to disguise from himself the great popularity of that ruinous and iniquitous contest in the country ; but he appears to have deduced its popularity from the influence of the court, or to have supposed, (in which we must agree), that it would very soon have ceased to be a favourite with the people, had it not found patrons in higher quarters, who supported it through all reverses of fortune, and were at length only forced, by absolute compulsion, to give it up. We shall here only notice a few characteristic *traits* of the feelings, with respect to the exalted person in question, which appear as often as he is named or alluded to. Speaking of a projected change of ministry in 1784, he says, ‘ If the king will have a war with us, his old servants are as well for us, as any he is likely to put in their places. The ministry you will see declare, that their war in America is for the future to be only *defensive*. I hope we shall be too prudent to have the least dependence on this declaration ; it is only thrown out to lull us. For, *depend upon it, the king hates us cordially, and will be content with nothing short of our extirpation.*’ (II. 87.) In another letter, alluding to an expected improvement of measures, from a change of ministers forced on the king, he says, ‘ The *unclean spirits* he was possessed with, are now cast out of him ; but it is imagined that as soon as he has obtained a peace, they will return with others worse than themselves ; and the last

'state of that man' (as the Scripture says) *shall be worse than the first.*' (I. 106-7.) And, upon the occasion of recommending, in 1779, a new device for the American coin, he flings out a blunt and seemingly a very hearty sarcasm against the Monarch.

'Instead of repeating continually upon every halfpenny the dull story that everybody knows, (and what it would have been no loss to mankind if nobody had ever known), that George III. is King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c. &c. to put on one side, some important proverb of Solomon, some pious moral, prudential or economical precept, the frequent inculcation of which, by seeing it every time one receives a piece of money, might make an impression upon the mind, especially of young persons, and tend to regulate the conduct; such as on some, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*; on others, *Honesty is the best policy*; on others, *He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive*; on others, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; on others, *A penny saved is a penny got*; on others, *He that buys what he has no need of, will soon be forced to sell his necessaries*; on others, *Early to bed, and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise*; and so on to a great variety. The other side it was proposed to fill with good designs, drawn and engraved by the best artists in France, of all the different species of barbarity with which the English have carried on the war in America, expressing every abominable circumstance of their cruelty and inhumanity, that figures can express, 'to make an impression on the minds of posterity, as strong and durable as that on the copper. This resolution has been a long time forborne; but the late burning of defenceless towns in Connecticut, on the flimsy pretence that the people fired from behind their houses, when it is known to have been premeditated and ordered from England, will probably give the finishing provocation, and may occasion a vast demand for your metal.' I. 46, 47.

It is due to Franklin to add, that no sooner was peace restored between the two countries, than he resumed his liberal and enlightened views of the attachment due to the parent state. The advice which he mingles with these sentiments, in the following passage, is as unquestionably sound as it is likely to be at all times thrown away, both upon the people and the rulers of this empire.

'I read with pleasure,' says he to an English gentleman in 1787, 'the account you give of the flourishing state of your commerce and manufactures, and of the plenty you have of resources to carry the nation through all its difficulties. You have one of the finest countries in the world; and if you can be cured of the folly of making war for trade, (in which wars more has been always expended than the profits of any trade can compensate) you may make it one of the happiest. Make the best of your own natural advantages, instead

of endeavouring to diminish those of other nations; and there is no doubt but you may yet prosper and flourish. Your beginning to consider France no longer as a natural enemy, is a mark of progress in the good sense of the nation, of which posterity will find the benefit; in the rarity of wars, the diminution of taxes, and increase of riches. \* I. 219, 220.

Among the many incidental discussions to which the course of hostilities gave rise, one related to the well known capture and detention of President Laurens. After he had been for some time kept a close prisoner in the Tower, Franklin, then minister at Paris, being informed that his health was suffering through the rigour of his confinement, wrote to Sir Grey Cooper, Secretary of the Treasury, to beg that the harsh treatment might be mitigated. The result was, a letter from Sir Grey, stating, that he had lost no time in making inquiries, and that 'the enclosed letter from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, will prove, that the intelligence received abroad of what passes in England, is not always what is to be depended on for its accuracy and correctness.' This is exactly in the manner, and indeed much in the language of such letters at the present day. The enclosure from the Tower equally reminds us of our own times. Mr Laurens himself is there made to refute the charges of rigorous treatment. The Lieutenant-Governor says, he went immediately to know from him 'if he had any cause of complaint.' His answer (says the Lieutenant) 'was full and frank to the questions; that he had received every reasonable indulgence since his confinement; and that, by the liberty allowed him of walking, he found his health much mended.' So that, not only he had not suffered; his health had positively been the better for his confinement. Moreover, he had been pleased and flattered, as well as cured by his residence. 'He said at the same time, he had always thought himself highly honoured by the distinguished place of his confinement.' In short, 'he has but one regret—one wish on earth ungratified, to supply which, too, the kindest of the Lieute-

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\* We have seen Franklin's opinion of the King, and the change which it underwent. These volumes give us incidentally another eminent politician's sentiments upon the same subject. Lord Shelburne in a letter to Mr Oswald, the gentleman employed by him in the negotiations at Versailles, after expressing his own great contempt of political intrigues, and his determination rather to resign than share in any, adds, that 'it is only doing the King justice, to say he abhors them.' This was written in 1782. Whether Lord Shelburne, like Franklin, lived to change his opinion, we have no means of knowing; but he saw both 1780 and 1784.

nant-Governors contributes all in his power. 'He regretted much it was not in his power to make known to all the world the acknowledgements he had more than once made to me upon this subject.' So far all went very well; and had a question been put to the ministers in parliament, (according to the invaluable practice of our times), there would have arisen a mighty cheering in the official parts of the House, upon some publick officer reading the Lieutenant-Governor's letter. But, unfortunately for Mr Laurens, he found it necessary to tell his own story about a year afterwards, by presenting a petition, in which he stated, 'that he was captured on the American coast, and committed to the Tower on the 6th of October, 1780, being then dangerously ill: that in the mean time he has in many respects, particularly by being deprived (with very little exception) of the visits and consolations of his children and other relations and friends, suffered under a degree of rigour, almost, if not altogether, unexampled in modern British history: that from long confinement and the want of proper exercise, and other obvious causes, his bodily health is greatly impaired, and that he is now in a languishing state.' (I. 72.) Nay, so rigorous was his confinement, for the benefit of his health, in that honourable and highly distinguished fortress, the Tower, that he could not send his petition to Mr Burke, who presented it, any otherwise than by writing it with a blacklead pencil, on a blank leaf torn out of an octavo book, and having it privately conveyed out of the place. Perhaps when a person of such high rank as the Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower could be so widely misled, in his report of Mr Laurens's situation and contentment, we may be still more suspicious of inferior superintendants of jails, when they describe the comforts of their prisoners, and attempt to refute, by their own testimony, complaints of which they are themselves the objects.

Before quitting what we have to say upon the political parts of these letters, we must remark the singular justness of the author's views on almost all the various topics which he has occasion to handle. Indeed, if we except some very loose and inaccurate strictures upon the constitution and conduct of Parliament, and especially an observation, perhaps the effusion of a splenetic moment,—that as this body always follows the minister of the day, the country would be as well and much cheaper governed without it;—making allowance for one or two such hasty remarks, there is nothing in the political reflexions, every where scattered through these pages, which the most accurate thinker could object to, and scarcely any thing in the predictions which experience has not sanctioned. There are

some passages, indeed, so strongly marked with Franklin's sagacity, that we must advert particularly to them. When discoursing, in 1778, of the terms on which England should make peace with the Colonies, he recommends at once giving up Canada, not merely as a measure of conciliation, but as the best means of removing a bone of contention, and a fertile cause of future wars. Unpopular as the suggestion may now appear, we suspect many years will not elapse before we see reason to wish that this course had been pursued. Already we have sacrificed largely to Canadian interests, by commercial losses in other quarters; we shall, in all likelihood, sustain a long contest for that unprofitable colony, and end by losing it, after adding many a million to our debt in attempting to keep it. The experience of the American war will prove to have been thrown away upon us; and we shall lose the opportunity of honourably terminating the political connexion between the colony and the mother country, and substituting for it one of mutual commercial advantage, until our pride gets up; and, being attacked, we feel it impossible, with honour, to yield before we are beaten. That Franklin foresaw accurately the course which the American affairs would take, at a very early period of the resistance, or rather preparations to resist, appears from a remarkable passage in a letter written at the beginning of 1773. After mentioning different circumstances to which the Americans might look for security, he adds—

“ But our great security lies, I think, in our growing strength both in numbers and wealth, that creates an increasing ability of assisting this nation in its wars, which will make us more respectable, our friendship more valued, and our enmity feared: Thence it will soon be thought proper to treat us, not with justice only, but with kindness; and thence we may expect in a few years a total change of measures with regard to us; unless by a neglect of military discipline we should lose all martial spirit, and our western people become as tame as those in the eastern dominions of Britain, when we may expect the same oppressions, for there is much truth in the Italian saying, *Make yourselves sheep, and the wolves will eat you*. In confidence of this coming change in our favour, I think our prudence is meanwhile to be quiet, only holding up our rights and claims, on all occasions, in resolutions; memorials, and remonstrances; but bearing patiently the little present notice that is taken of them. They will all have their weight in time, and that time is at no great distance.” I. 351.

We have already observed, that the characteristic of Franklin's understanding, was his always choosing the shortest and easiest way to his object. A remarkable simplicity, a strict

economy of the means employed, was always to be seen in his operations. The parsimony with which he was, from his narrow circumstances in early life, obliged habitually to conduct himself, seems to have sharpened his ingenuity in all respects, and taught him how far industry and contrivance could go in sparing the use of adventitious helps. In him, more than in any other philosopher, we observe all the web of speculation to be wrought out of himself. He conducts his inquiries with fewer appeals to detailed experiments, and more constant reliance upon known observable facts. When he has recourse to any experimental process, he contents himself with the smallest quantity of apparatus, and of the simplest kind. He often stops to simplify and to reduce it; stepping aside from the course of the investigation, to show how the experiment may be made with the most ordinary implements—a very important advantage gained to the evidence on which the inferences rest. His moral and political speculations are carried on with a similar frugality; he delights in homely illustrations; he chooses the plainest and most obvious topics; and he throws away neither ideas nor words—employing only the reasons or remarks requisite to explain and to prove his positions—and the language necessary to carry these distinctly home. His benevolence was exerted with a similar regard to the economizing of his powers,—without the least parsimony, but so judiciously as to make his limited means produce the greatest possible effect. And, in the management of publick concerns, whether connected with the affairs of the political or literary world, the same rigid economy of resources was to be observed, and the same happy facility of converting trifles into engines of great power.

In illustration of these remarks, we might state his plan of giving charity, or rather assisting meritorious persons who applied to him for relief in seasons of difficulty, and the kind of benevolence which he chiefly practised. He lent them the funds required, upon condition that they should repay them to some other persons similarly circumstanced, who might happen to want assistance afterwards. This is a plan on which he seems to have greatly valued himself; he often describes it, and nearly in the same words—‘Some time or other you may have an opportunity of assisting, with an equal sum, a stranger who has equal need of it. Do so. By that means you will discharge any obligation you may suppose yourself under to me. Enjoin him to do the same on occasion. By pursuing such a practice, much good may be done with little money. Let kind offices go round. Mankind are all of a family.’ (I. 92.) In another place he says, he believes none of the sums he had ever

sent round the world in this way had been stopt. As a further illustration of the same peculiarities, we shall extract a letter respecting Mr P. Collinson the botanist, of whom he writes the eulogium, plainly because of his having contributed greatly to promote science in America by the judicious use of very limited means; and the letter happens to contain a most signal proof to what important ends such means may conduct us; for we here have, from Franklin himself, the statement, that nothing less than his grand discoveries upon the Electric fluid were owing to the trifling circumstance of Mr Collinson sending over a letter with a glass tube to Philadelphia.

Understanding that an account of our dear departed friend Mr Peter Collinson is intended to be given to the public, I cannot omit expressing my approbation of the design. The characters of good men are exemplary, and often stimulate the well-disposed to an imitation, beneficial to mankind, and honourable to themselves. And as you may be unacquainted with the following instances of his zeal and usefulness in promoting knowledge, which fell within my observation, I take the liberty of informing you, that in 1730, a subscription library being set on foot at Philadelphia, he encouraged the design, by making several very valuable presents to it, and procuring others from his friends: and as the library company had a considerable sum arising annually, to be laid out in books, and needed a judicious friend in London to transact the business for them, he voluntarily and cheerfully undertook that service, and executed it for more than thirty years successively, assisting in the choice of books, and taking the whole care of collecting and shipping them, without ever charging or accepting any consideration for his trouble. The success of this library (greatly owing to his kind countenance and good advice), encouraged the erecting others in different places on the same plan; and it is supposed there are now upwards of thirty subsisting in the several colonies, which have contributed greatly to the spreading of useful knowledge in that part of the world; the books he recommended being all of that kind, and the catalogue of this first library being much respected and followed by those libraries that succeeded.

During the same time, he transmitted to the directors of the library, the earliest accounts of every new European improvement in agriculture and the arts, and every philosophical discovery; among which, in 1745, he sent over an account of the new German experiments in electricity, together with a glass tube, and some directions for using it, so as to repeat those experiments. This was the first notice I had of that curious subject, which I afterwards prosecuted with some diligence, being encouraged by the friendly reception he gave to the letters I wrote to him upon it. Please to accept this small testimony of mine to his memory, for which I shall ever have the utmost respect. I. 10, 11.

The peculiar sagacity of perception, and force of plain expression, which distinguished every effort of Franklin's mind, gave an especial value to his practical philosophy; and it derived an additional charm, from the lively fancy with which he was also largely gifted. His fondness for matter of fact, and his constant habit of attentive observation, directed to every thing that passed around him, great and little, threw many of his remarks or arguments into the form of stories, in so much that a cursory observer would think he was only amusing himself with these little narratives, while he was, in reality, proving or illustrating some important principle. The love of conciseness gave him a tendency to deliver apophthegms of a proverbial cast, in which he could at once condense his meaning, and make it easily remembered, by the sport and epigrammatic turn of the proposition. His predilection for whatever was the result of actual experiment, inclined him to adopt, and, as it were, rely upon those received adages, in which mankind have embodied the lessons of practical wisdom taught them by experience and observation. When we recollect, also, the constant play of a good-humoured imagination, which, through all his moral writings, enlivens without fatiguing, and enlightens without ever giving pain, we cannot wonder at the extraordinary merit universally allowed to those productions. In truth, they are superior to almost any others, in any language; whether we regard the sound, and striking, and useful truths in which they abound, or the graceful and entertaining shape in which they are conveyed. The Letters before us come clearly from the same master hand, and are a truly valuable accession to what we before owed to it.

We give the following remarks on Marriage, not for their originality—for what new thing remained to be said on so trite a subject?—but for the characteristic style in which they are delivered. They are taken from a letter written, in 1768, to a friend who had asked his impartial thoughts on his own match.

‘Particular circumstances of particular persons, may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. “*Late children,*” says the Spanish proverb, “*are early orphans;*” a melancholy reflection to those whose ease it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful lei-

sure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It can't well cut any thing. It may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

'Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandying, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy; at least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend.' I. 8, 9.

The following passage from a letter to his daughter, Mrs Bache, in 1779, shows how highly he valued economy, deeming it, as unquestionably it is, a virtue of no little rank in itself, the parent of many others, and the preventive of numberless vices.

'I was charmed with the account you give me of your industry, the table-cloths of your own spinning, &c.: But the latter part of the paragraph, that you had sent for linen from France, because weaving and flax were grown dear; alas, that dissolved the charm: And your sending for long black pins, and lace, and *feathers*! disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball! You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that of all the dear things in this world, idleness is the dearest, except mischief.

'When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, *a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way,* I expected you would conclude with telling me, that every body as well as yourself was grown frugal and industrious;

and I could scarce believe my eyes in reading forward, that "*there never was so much dressing and pleasure going on*;" and that you wanted *black pins and feathers from France*, to appear, I suppose, in the mode! This leads me to imagine, that perhaps it is not so much that the goods are grown dear, as that the money is grown cheap, as every thing else will do when excessively plenty; and that people are still as easy nearly in their circumstances as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown. The war indeed may in some degree raise the prices of goods, and the high taxes which are necessary to support the war, may make our frugality necessary; and as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency encourage the contrary, by my example, in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest; for as you say you should "*have great pride in wearing any thing I send, and showing it as your father's taste*," I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail.' I. 43-45.

In a letter to Dr Priestley, he gives this striking illustration of the trite argument for contentment.

All human situations have their inconveniences. We *feel* those that we find in the present; and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the River Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor, and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read (having a book in my pocket), and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the muskitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.' I. 53, 54.

We have already remarked, and in some of these passages exemplified also, the pleasing vein of humour which frequently appears in his familiar writings. It is at once strong

and chaste; it has nothing coarse or inelegant; above all, nothing provincial, or confining its effects to the circle in which it was used. How few private letters, or private conversations, will stand the test of publication, however successful their humour may have been, with the correspondents or the company to whom they were addressed? Franklin's jokes are such as all the world, old and new, may be entertained with. 'You are too early, *Hussy* (says he, in a rallying letter to a fair Royalist), as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel*; you should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is a rebellion or only a revolution.' After mentioning how happy he is to hear of some one's good fortune, he adds—'Pray learn, if you have not already learnt, like me, to be pleased with other people's pleasures, and happy with their happiness when none occur of your own; then, perhaps, you will not so soon be weary of the place you chance to be in, and so fond of rambling to get rid of your *ennui*. I fancy you have hit upon the right reason of your being weary of St Omers, viz. that you are out of temper, which is the effect of full living and idleness. A month in Bridewell, beating hemp upon bread and water, would give you health and spirits, and subsequent cheerfulness and contentment with every other situation. I prescribe that regimen for you, my dear, in pure good will, without a fee. And let me tell you, if you do not get into temper, neither Brussels nor Lisle will suit you.' 1798.

There are several letters, in this book, to Mr Strahan, the King's printer, with whom Franklin appears to have lived upon a footing of most intimate friendship. The style of these letters is quite jocose and playful; and the humour is frequently borrowed from the circumstance which began their acquaintance, their common profession. Take the following specimen, which we give only for the curiosity of the thing; and as an instance of this great man in his old age, (for he was eighty), delighting to unbend in a strain of professional drollery with his ancient brother in trade. He is speaking of the evils which he is fond of deducing in our constitution, from the number of profitable places under Government.

'Those places, to speak in our old style (brother type) may be good for the CHAPEL, but they are bad for the master, as they create constant quarrels that hinder the business. For example, here are two months that your government has been employed in *getting its form to press*; which is not yet fit to *work on*, every page of it being *squabbled*, and the whole ready to fall into *pye*. The founts, too, must be very scanty, or strangely *out of sorts*, since your *compositors* cannot find either *upper* or *lower-case* letters sufficient to set

the word ADMINISTRATION, but are \*forced to be continually *turning for them*. However, to return to common (though perhaps too saucy) language, don't despair; you have still one resource left, and that not a bad one, since it may reunite the empire. We have some remains of affection for you, and shall always be ready to receive and take care of you in case of distress. So if you have not sense and virtue enough to govern yourselves, e'en dissolve your present old crazy constitution, and send members to Congress.

' You will say my *advice* "smells of *Madeira*." You are right. This foolish letter is mere chit-chat *between ourselves*, over the *second bottle*. If, therefore, you show it to any body (except our indulgent friends Dagge and Lady Strachan) I will positively *solless* you. Yours ever most affectionately.' I. 144.

It is a memorable proof of the force which his patriotism acquired during the American war, and of the strength of feeling excited in him by the sufferings of his country, that a letter is to be found, in which he thus addresses this same dear and familiar friend, then a steady supporter in Parliament of Lord North's measures.

' MR STRAHAN,

Philadelphia, July 5, 1775.

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends:—You are now my enemy,—and I am yours,

B. FRANKLIN.'

We have reserved for the last place among these extracts, a few passages which contain Franklin's thoughts upon religious subjects. It is not, indeed, in set dissertations alone that we are to look for the evidence of his sincere and habitual piety. Feelings of a devotional cast everywhere break forth. The ideas connected with this lofty matter, seem always to have occupied his mind. He is to the full as habitually a warm advocate of religion, as he is a friend of liberty. The power, the wisdom, and the beneficence of the Deity are as much in his thoughts, as the happiness and rights of mankind. We consider him as affording a complete answer to the position of Voltaire, still more dogmatically asserted by his biographer (Condorcet), that there is no such thing as natural religion. They imagine, that reason cannot warm the heart into any feelings of contemplative devotion; that the light of nature gives no evidence, teaches absolutely no lesson of a future state; and that all the progress man can make, unaided by revelation, is to infer the being of a God, immensely powerful, but with no other definable attributes; and

that towards this being no homage is due. Now, the following passages seem to show, that Franklin, though he might be a Christian, rested his belief in things unseen, almost entirely upon the evidences of natural religion; and he certainly is the Deist who approaches, by the help of natural light, nearer than any other of whom much is known, to the habits of thought and feeling common among the disciples of revelation.

\* You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour, in a few words, to gratify it. Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him, is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life, respecting its conduct in this.\* These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion; and I regard them as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon \* an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure. I shall only add, respecting myself, that having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter enclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from an old religionist whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather impertinent caution. I send you also the copy of another letter, which will show something of my disposition relating to religion.'  
I. 277—279.

The two letters supposed to be alluded to in the conclusion of this passage, are so admirable, and contain such sound advice; the one against religious dogmatism and intolerance; the other against disseminating infidel doctrines, that we cannot refrain

from extracting them. The first is to the well-known Mr Whitfield.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men, I can therefore only return on their fellow men, and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children, and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they *deserve* heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit: how much more such happiness of heaven! For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable; and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has certainly its use in the world: I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works, than I have generally seen it: I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon-reading, or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty: the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions, than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word to the mere *hearers*; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands; to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan; to the uncharitable though orthodox priest, and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry,

drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations; and that whoever omits them, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness; being your friend and servant.' 1. 2--4.

The other letter is to one who had asked his opinion of an irreligious work which he proposed to publish, and sent to Franklin in MS. We recommend the great philosopher's answer to all those who, holding certain sceptical or infidel opinions with great sincerity, believe it to be a duty which they owe to truth, that they should advance them into public notice, and endeavour to unsettle the faith of the people. The authority of so honest a man as Franklin, a man too of such undoubted boldness in maintaining the truth, may weigh with persons labouring under such unhappy mistakes, more perhaps than any argument.

'I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognisance of, guards and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it

becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it*? I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours. I. 279—281.

This article has already extended to so considerable a length, that we shall only close it with expressing our great satisfaction at finding, that the Memoirs of Franklin are likely soon to make their appearance. Whatever may have at present been omitted in our observations upon his character, genius and life, may be supplied when that interesting work is before us.

ART. II. 1. *Travels in the Caucasus and Georgia, performed in the years 1807 & 1808, by Command of the Russian Government.* By JULIUS VON KLAPROTH, Aulic Counsellor to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, Member of the Academy of Sciences of St Petersburg, &c. &c. Translated from the German by F. Schobert. London. 1814.

2. *Reise in die Krym und den Kaukasus*, von MORITZ VON ENGELHARDT, und FRIEDRICH PARROTT, Doct. Med. Mit Kupfern und Karten. Berlin. 1815.

3. *Lettres sur le Caucase et la Georgie, suivies d'une Relation d'un Voyage en Perse, en 1812.* A Hambourg, chez Perthes & Besser. 1816.

IN the Fifth Number of this Review, we gave a summary view of the principal books of travels which had then appeared, concerning the Southern and Eastern provinces of the Russian Empire. The works which we shall now notice, follow in succession, and continue the history of these countries down to the present time.

M. von Klaproth's title-page gives nearly as much explanation respecting his book as is requisite. He has not the faculty of being entertaining; but he knows much, and he is an excel-

lent linguist. His disquisitions on Tartarian antiquities are curious; and his illustrations of the history of Georgia, and the adjoining states, are new and important.

Englehardt and Parrott are scientific travellers of a superior order. They undertook their journey for the purpose of investigating the geological structure of the Caucasian mountains; and they also accomplished a very accurate barometric admeasurement of the levels between the Black Sea and the Caspian. In these labours, they were necessarily compelled to associate much with the natives; and they have added considerably to our knowledge of the manners and customs of the Tartars of the Crimea and of the Caucasian tribes.

The French work is written by a female, who is not named, but who appears to be the wife of a Russian functionary. She followed her husband to Teflis in the year 1811. It was a journey of some danger; and yet she ventured on it within 'three weeks' after the birth of her 'dear little Catherine.'—'Ah, ma chere,' is her exclamation, on her addressing her friend, who she supposes will consider her journey as an 'extravagance'—'Ah, ma chere, ayez un mari— aimez le—et vous le comprendrez.' The lady's account of Georgia possesses some interest, and her style is pretty and lively. There is learning too in her letters, though it is not easy to understand how it came there. All these travellers followed nearly the same track; and they confirm or correct each other's accounts, and supply each other's deficiencies.

The extensive Steppes between the Don and the Wolga, are inhabited only by the Calmucks, who are divided into three hordes—the Torgotians, the Darbatians, and the Choschotians. These singular tribes are best and most fully described in 'Benjamin Bergmann's Wanderings amongst the Calmucks,' a book which was published at Riga in 1804–5. We like the narrations of plain, suffering travellers: and Bergmann's Wanderings are of this description.

He was first introduced to his Calmuck heroes at the Moravian colony at Sarepta, where the striking peculiarities of their character gave him a strong desire of taking a nearer view of this '*interesting nation*;' and certainly he deserves great praise for the assiduity with which he prepared himself for his wanderings. At Sarepta he had an opportunity of learning the rudiments of the Mongol-Calmuck language; and he judged rightly, that, in order to form a just estimate of the people, he ought to ground himself in their literature. Our readers must not be startled at the expression. The Calmucks, in spite of their 'horrid and inhuman appearance,' are decidedly a liter-

ary nation. The benefits of education are widely diffused amongst them; and, in many respects, they may shame more polished societies. Bergmann found sufficient materials to work upon in the archives of the foreign department at Moscow, and in the library of the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg; and, by dint of unwearied application, he completed some translations from the Calmuck language, which were transmitted to M. Nikolai Nokolaitch Nowossiltzoff, the well known and respected President of the Russian Academy. He also received some pecuniary assistance, of trifling amount, from the Government, to enable him to prosecute his plans; and when he could read and write, and speak the Calmuck language with tolerable fluency, he left Sarepta for the chief camp of the Dardanian horde; and 'eat the salt' of the Calmucks during the best part of the years 1802 and 1803.

The appearance and manners of these wanderers are not peculiarly inviting; and the travellers who have hitherto described them, have avoided coming in close contact with these unclean nomades. Bergmann had none of this shyness; he sojourned amongst them until he became half a Calmuck. Hence he asserts, and we believe with great justice, that his account of the Calmuck nations has more truth, than is to be found in all the works of his predecessors. The accuracy of the minute, learned, laborious and unreadable Pallas is unimpeached; but the Professor's pen deadens whatever it touches; and when he describes a Calmuck or a Nogay, he uniformly presents us with a dried and stuffed specimen of a Tartar, instead of a living, lively savage.

It will be seen hereafter, that the treatment which Bergmann received from his Calmuck friends, was not of the most flattering description; and therefore, he is entitled to more credit for the pains which he has taken to vindicate these innocents from the obloquy which has been heaped upon them. There is one 'European prejudice,' in particular, which he is most anxious to disprove. It is an opinion of universal prevalence and long standing in this part of the world; that the Calmucks

— 'stew their meat between their bums

And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle;'  
—and that, after the meat is so stewed—every man, as the poet sings, 'eats up his saddle.' Great is the uncertainty of human knowledge; we have long believed this saddle-eating story to be a fact; and we are unwilling to part with it even now; yet its credibility doth seem to be shaken by Benjamin Bergmann's asseverations. The interpreter Gerbunow ought to have known the truth, for he 'lived forty years amongst the

Calmucks;’ and he ‘crossed himself in surprise,’ when he heard it mentioned: And, as to the Calmucks, they laugh at the simplicity of the Europeans, in giving credit to it. Bergmann supposes that the notion has originated from the Calmuck custom of occasionally placing a piece of raw flesh under the saddle, to ease the galled back of the horse. There is usually a fair exchange of mistakes and prejudices of this nature. The Calmucks are persuaded that the colonists at Sarepta eat *dogs*. ‘The eldest son of Tschutchei the Chan, was convinced that he had actually seen a large dog boiling in a cauldron;’ and no argument which Bergmann could employ, was capable of convincing them that the Moravians were not dog-eaters.

Bergmann employs much cogent reasoning to extenuate the failings of the Calmucks;—he is least able to justify their pride. The haughtiness of the Calmucks seems to have been grievous to him, and particularly as their incivility was deliberate and prepense. The Calmucks, amongst themselves, observe the etiquette and ceremonials prescribed by their code of politeness, with Chinese exactness. *Thou* must never be employed in addressing an equal, who must be spoken to in the plural number. ‘*I approach your vicinity*’ is a fit form of speech in addressing a Calmuck of consequence—and ‘*is your vicinity in good health*’ is a proper salutation for such a person; but, on the other hand, ‘*is your countenance in good health*’ would imply more respect than his vicinity would be entitled to; and this phrase must be reserved for Chans and Lamas. These distinctions, as is the case with other Eastern nations, occasion variations in the language. Food, which is called by one name in the presence of a Saissang, receives quite another denomination when mentioned before a person who ranks a degree lower in the scale of precedency.

Our philosophic wanderer met with none of these courtcies;—and that for a reason, not very creditable to his favourites—the poorness of his own circumstances. He compares the tented Calmucks, wandering with their flocks and herds, to the Patriarchs in the land of Canaan. The comparison will not go far; for ‘mine own purse’ is the only true friend amongst these pastoral tribes, who pay as much respect to ‘Don Dinero’ as the degenerate inhabitants of European cities. The acute Calmucks easily discovered that Benjamin’s stock of rubles was very small; and they treated him accordingly. The meanest Calmuck, as he complains, would ‘thee and thou’ him, and stare him in the face all the while.

Bergmann considered himself under the special protection of Tschutchei the Chan, and of the Chan’s family; and he speaks

in grateful terms of the condescension of these exalted characters. As a specimen of the ambiguous civility with which he was treated, we shall give his adventures on the '14th Sept. 1802;' on which day, the mother of the Chan, an old lady of seventy years of age, sent him an invitation to take his morning tea with her. The Calmucks are great consumers of tea, which, like Boniface's ale, is meat and drink to them. The tea which they use, is of the coarsest sort; it is brought from China in large tablets composed of the leaves and stalks of the plant; and the decoction is mixed with milk and salt and butter—so that it forms a far more substantial diet than the fragrant fluid which smokes upon our tables. This preparation requires time and care, and the 'tea-cook' is an important domestic in the train of a substantial Calmuck. Whilst Bergmann was partaking of his tea, the crone teased him with an infinity of unmeaning questions, in order, as it seems, to ascertain his proficiency in the Calmuck language. Her most reasonable inquiry was, whether he had any remedy for sore eyes. On taking his leave, she asked him with great kindness, 'whether he could eat horse flesh; for if he could, she would send him some for dinner.'—Bergmann could not only eat horse flesh, but he had taken a liking to this unusual viand; and as he saw half a dozen prime joints of horse-beef hanging in different parts of the tent, he gladly answered in the affirmative. At noon the promised meal was sent; but alas, it made its appearance in a very small dish! The scantiness of the mess lowered his spirits; but when he tasted it, he could scarcely swallow the meal of rank horse-tripe which the old princess had sent him. In the evening, supper was brought up—the standing dish appeared again: It consisted of dirty lumps of horse flesh; and the black broth in which those lumps were swimming, was 'filled with hairs and other things which, according to the wanderer's pathetic phrase, *had no business there.*'

Bergmann took great pains to become instructed in the Calmuck religion—hence he associated much with the Gallungs or priests. The yellow cassock of the Gallungs is not a habit of humility. And, although they would allow him to listen to their expositions of the mysteries of 'Bokdo Gassarchan,' the destroyer of the 'root of the tenfold evil,' yet they never lost an opportunity of impressing the 'dog-eater' with a due sense of his unworthiness. A bitter quarrel took place between two of these reverend gentlemen, because one of them had condescended to allow Bergmann to smoke out of his own pipe—which his clerical brother considered as a most unpardonable degradation of the order. It was to no purpose that the more tolerant Gallung attempted to pacify his opponent.

by representing, that Bergmann, had smoked out of *Bitsch-Chan's* pipe, and out of *Dsujanah's* pipe ; ' and Bitsch-Chan and Dsujanah were both Gallungs of high rank and sanctity. From words they came to blows, and Bergmann's friend soon silenced his opponent—he floored his brother Gallung, and stamped upon him. However, after the heat of the battle had subsided, it was very evident from his behaviour, that he repented him of the passion into which he had been betrayed for the sake of an unbeliever. The same evening Bergmann contributed to the amusement of Prince Aerdani and his Calmuck courtiers; and after they had diverted themselves enough at his expense, he stole off to his khabitka. ' I heard Aerdani still tinkling on his *domburr*. ' The *domburr* is a kind of rude guitar; and Aerdani was an amateur of poetry and music; ' and being very drowsy, I sat in a doze waiting for the hour when it would be time to lie down and sleep, when one of the body-guards of the prince stepped in, and ordered me to wait upon his master. ' Bergmann adds, with a laudable adherence to truth, that if he were to say that the soldier ' invited him, ' he should tell a falsity. The music in Aerdani's khabitka did not proceed from his Highness himself, but from an old Calmuck sennachie, for such he was in strictness, who was accompanying his chant with the music of the *domburr*. The minstrel was placed on his knees; and he had been singing so long and so enthusiastically, that he was now quite hoarse with continued exertion,—although he occasionally refreshed himself with a comfortable saucer of bohea. Bergman inquired what were the subjects of his songs. He received for answer from the minstrel, that he was singing the deeds of the heroes of past times.—' Do you know many such ballads ? '—' Yes, ' replied the singer, ' *I am filled with them up to my very throat* ; ' and he lamented that his feeble voice did not equal his memory. The prince and princess were by this time in bed, or, to speak more correctly, on their sleeping couch, which was partly hid from view by the white curtains which were drawn in front of it. They were reclining at opposite ends of the couch. Aerdani took up more room than her Highness considered as a fair proportion of the couch—so she called him a ' clumsy bull, and ordered him to get out of the way ; ' but Aerdani, whose soul was wrapt up in the strains of the minstrel, paid no attention to her reproof. Bergmann began to be tired of his entertainment; and he pitied the hoarse and exhausted songster. He therefore solicited the prince to allow the bard to retire. ' No, ' answered the prince, ' have not I just given him two camels ? Let him

sing on.'—And the bard, hoarse as he was, was therefore compelled to sooth his master's ear till midnight.

The Calmuck minstrels are called Dschangartschi, or singers of Dschangar, the principal hero of their rhapsodies. This personage, who conquers earth, heaven and hell, in company with his twelve peers, is probably to be identified with some one of the incarnate deities of the Hindoo mythology. The songs of Dschangar are said to be three hundred and sixty:—and there is evidently more than meets the ear in this astronomical number. If Bergman be correct in his statement, this hero and his deeds have only become known to the Calmucks in modern times—though in a manner sufficiently extraordinary to be worthy of the remotest antiquity. A Calmuck of the vulgar herd, as the story goes—and there are many persons yet living, Russians as well as Calmucks, who knew the man—fell sick and died; and his corpse was exposed on the steppe, where the dogs began to gnaw it. Upon this the dead Calmuck came to life again, returned to his khabitka, and lived on just as before. Some time after, it came to pass that, one evening, a Galling of high rank was entertained in the tent of the resuscitated Calmuck. The evening was long, and the guest accidentally inquired, whether there happened to be any one in the hut who could relate stories—a usual pastime amongst the Calmucks. Upon this, our Calmuck, who had not hitherto shown the slightest trace of poetical talent, immediately poured out his lay, and recited a canto of the Dschangar-yuna. The Calmuck replied to the questions of his astonished auditory, by informing them, that when his soul was in the palace of *Aerlick Chan*, the Pluto of the Mongols, his disembodied spirit heard the poem sung by the minor deities who surround the throne of the god; for Aerlick Chan has a well furnished band of vocal and instrumental performers.—‘Some played on the *Churr*,’ or the fiddle; ‘others on the *Zurr*,’ or the flute; ‘others on the *Dom-burr*, the *Kangarga*, or the *Bisch-kurr*.’ We are further told, that when the god of the departed consulted his register, he found that the Calmuck had been cited before him by mistake. ‘Why hast thou brought this man here?’ said he, turning to the infernal messenger; ‘his time is not yet come; take him back again.’\* Aerlick Chan was desirous, not only of restoring the Calmuck to the upper world, but also of making him a-

\* This story may be compared to the return of Cleodemus from the infernal regions; and Aerlick Chan acted and spoke as Pluto did under similar circumstances—ὁ δὲ Πλούτων ἡγανακτήσῃ τότε, καὶ πρὸς τοὺς μηχανοτάμους. Οὕτω πεπλήρωται. Φησι, το νῆμα αὐτοῦ, ὥστε αἰῶνα.

mends for the anxiety which he had sustained. He therefore desired the trembling visitant to 'choose such of the songs of the minstrels as pleased him most,' and which he was to be allowed to recollect on his return to the flesh; and the Calmuck accordingly selected the lay of Dschangar.

It might be thought that the deity bestowed a very doubtful boon upon the Calmuck Orpheus, by thus recompensing him with

‘ ————— idle poetry,  
That fruitless and unprofitable art;  
Good unto none, but least to the professors.’

But the event proved the prescience of the judge of hell. The poet was summoned into the presence of Zabach Dorschi, where he sung another canto of his lay, which continued till midnight. The Chan was delighted with the miraculous talent which had thus developed itself in his vassal, whom he immediately created his poet laureate; and, for this first specimen of his skill, he bestowed no less than forty sheep upon him—a truly munificent gift. The Nojones and Saissangs, or noblemen and grand dignitaries, vied with each other in imitating the example of their master: They took off their robes and castans, and threw them on the back of the Laureate, till he was almost overwhelmed with their liberality. The poet's imagination, or his memory, if his verses are to be considered as the reminiscences of the strains of Aerlick Chan's minstrels, seemed to be inexhaustible, and every day produced its song. These rhapsodies were listened to with eagerness by his admirers. When Zabach Dorschi fled to China, the minstrel accompanied him; and the songs of Dschangar were only preserved by the retentive memories of his former auditors.

The 18th of May 1800, was the first day of the feast called the Uerruss, one of the great festivals of the Calmucks, which is celebrated in honour of their chief idol, 'Dschagdschamuni.' It continues during seven days; from the eighth to the fifteenth of the first summer month. Uerruss is a holiday of good cheer and merriment. During the *white feast*, and during the *feast of Lamps*, brandy, the koumiss or milk brandy, is prohibited by the Calmuck ritual; but, in this holy week, Dschagdschamuni allows his votaries to partake of their favourite liquor to their hearts' content.

The ceremonies began at break of day; the whole assembled horde—princes and people, clergy and laity—kneeled and prayed, and prostrated themselves three times before the rising sun;

and streams of brandy were spurted into the air, † and poured out as libations. Prayers were then resumed; and after the prayer, the brandy vessels again made their appearance; but this time their contents were not spurted in the air, or poured on the ground. The god had received his share, and priests and people now partook of their portion, with the most edifying fervour. The horde then breakfasted on boiled mutton and whey, which had been provided at the public expense; and then they dispersed to their tents, where each pious Calmuck 'had provided himself with a sufficient stock of brandy, by which the feast of Dschagdschamuni was to be duly honoured.'

The first day of the feast was distinguished by a grand wrestling match. Four khabitkas, and two tents, were pitched in a proper spot, and between the khabitkas and tents a ring was formed by the fifty lancers who constitute the body guard of the Chan, and attend on him by night and day.

The Darbatian horde is divided into two great parties—the party of the *right sides*, and the party of the *left sides*. The right sides belong to the Chan, whilst the left sides are considered as constituting the party of the Chan's wife, who, for shortness sake, we will call the Chanina. The distinction is hereditary. The son of a 'right side' always continues a 'right side.' The nature of these parties is not sufficiently explained; they can scarcely be considered as castes, nor does the division appear to have a religious object. The Russians are all reckoned as belonging to the right sides. Chan Tschutschei and his wife sat at a fashionable distance from each other, on opposite sides of the ring, in the tents which had been prepared for them. The princess of the Calmucks has no political authority over her party, or the party of the left sides; yet on public occasions, in games and shows, and such like, the distinction of the 'sides' is carefully preserved; and the spectators and wrestlers therefore took their places accordingly. The wrestlers are exceedingly anxious to keep up the honour of the sides to which they belong. And the Chan

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† 'The woman who had the management of the distilling,' says Dr Clarke, in his account of the Calmucks, 'thrust a stick, with a small tuft of camel's hair at its extremity, through the external covering of the clay; and thus collecting a small quantity of the brandy, she drew out the stick, dropped a portion upon the retort, and, waving the instrument above her head, *scattered the remaining liquor in the air*. I asked the meaning of this ceremony; and was answered, that it is a religious custom to give always a first drop of the brandy from the receiver to their god.'

and his spouse are equally jealous of the reputation of their partisans. At the onset, the right sides began to triumph. The first match, by means of a little management, was decided in favour of the Chan's favourite wrestler—not indeed to the satisfaction of the umpires of the field, who presided on the side of the Chanina; they maintained that the victory was not clearly won, and that the wrestlers should try another fall; but their objection was overruled, to the great mortification of the princess and her left sides. The second match, however, had a different termination. Tuka, the champion of the Chanina, overcame his opponent in a few seconds; and, most manfully,—he caught the Chan's wrestler by the feet, and fairly threw him over his head, with such violence, that, according to the boxing phrase, all his senses were beat out of him. The field now resounded with the cheering of the left sides. Tuka was conducted to the Chanina, who presented him with a pelisse, amidst the cries of *woih! woih!* from the victorious party. Tuka's success was a good omen for the left sides. And in the succeeding matches, it was evident that, in strength, in conduct, and in skill, the right sides were exceedingly inferior to their adversaries. The Chan lingered in expectation that the luck might turn: But during dinner, and after dinner, the wrestling continued; and the left sides still maintained their superiority in the most provoking manner.

The Calmucks are strongly attached to their religion, although, for many years, they have been cut off from all communication with the visible head of the church—the Dalai Lama. It is true, that they allow themselves to dispense with some inconvenient precepts and ordinances; yet they defend themselves stoutly against all attempts which can be made to abandon their national tenets. Bergmann, by mere accident, gave great offence in relation to this tender point; his companions often took the liberty of prying into his trunks and travelling bags. 'Even the Prince's sons would tumble' his 'effects about' in his presence, as well as in his absence. During one of these inspections, they unfortunately discovered a tract containing a dialogue in the Calmuck language—an attack on the divinity of *Manshushari*, printed by the Missionaries at Sarepta. 'The book lies! the book lies!' exclaimed the young Chan; and he threw it on the ground with indignation. Nor could Benjamin allay the anger of the bystanders, until he surrendered up this heretical composition, which they cast into the fire with great joy, and burnt it to ashes.

Our readers will recollect Dr Clarke's engravings from the Calmuck paintings:—Painted gods are by no means considered

as equal to gods of molten-work; but almost all the metal-workers fled to China with the Torgotian horde; so that the Calmucks are now compelled to put up with second-rate deities. The Gallungs are the only painters of sacred subjects. Thus also in the Greek church, the Popes enjoy an exclusive monopoly of the saint manufacture; and in Turkey, a material portion of their income arises from this profitable employment;—Nor would a Russian Bog be worth the lighting of a farthing rush-light, were the stiff saint portrayed by any other than a canonical pencil. The pious Russian cannot abide the sight of the paintings of Calmuck Burchans, which, in his opinion, are all portraits of Satan. It must be confessed that the hooded snakes and diabolical countenances of these incarnate deities, are by no means prepossessing. But, on the other hand, the Calmucks are inclined to consider the Greek saints and Bogs as entitled to considerable respect; and, when no one observes them, they often try to win their favour, by showing tokens of veneration and worship to the Russian Burchans.

It would be a deadly sin if a Gallung were to ask to be paid for his workmanship; but he may receive whatever the person who employs him to paint the Burchans, chooses to bestow. The Calmucks know, that whatever is given to the Gallung, will be immediately carried to the credit of the donor in the *Atban Tooli*, or golden book, which lies before Aerlic Chan, and in which all the good deeds of the departed are entered; so that on these occasions they generally remunerate the sacred artists with great liberality. One of the most celebrated Burchan painters in Tschutschei's horde, is Zagaan-Gallung, who is worth upwards of 5000 head of cattle. As a tailor, and as a shoemaker, none of Zagaan's competitors in the useful arts can at all pretend to rival him. In saddle-making he is also without an equal. Excellence, however, is not to be attained in every pursuit; and, although Zagaan is an artist of great eminence, yet he is not quite at the head of the profession; for, in the opinion of the Calmuck connoisseurs, there is one other Gallung in the horde who excels him. The second son of the Chan bespoke a new god, Burchan-Sankuta by name, from this industrious priest. His reward was to be an hundred rubles, and Bergman obtained leave to see the Gallung working at his task. The process elucidates the state of the arts amongst these people. The picture was painted on linen in body colours, on a ground of whiting, which was laid on with size, and smoothened with a dog's tooth. The centre of the cloth was ascertained with mathematical precision, by drawing diagonal lines from the corners of the cloth, and Burchan Sankuta was placed exactly at the intersection. The

outline was drawn in Indian ink, on a sheet of Chinese tracing-paper, from which the Gallung mechanically transferred it to the cloth. The pattern was probably brought from China. Like the Greek priests, therefore, the Gallungs are merely illuminators, who fill up an outline which they cannot draw. There is great reason to suppose that the Egyptian artists often worked in a similar manner.

Prayer is one of the principal duties enjoined by Lamaism ; and the Calmucks discharge this duty in the most exemplary manner, and with very little trouble to themselves.

It is well known that a Romish priest must say his breviary five times a day. Among other stories which are told of Jesuitical casuistry, it is said that the sons of St Ignatius invented a convenient method of complying with the injunctions of the church. At the canonical hour, the Jesuit repeats the alphabet from A to Z, to which he adds a short collect, in which he begs that the Christ-Cross row may be taken as an equivalent for all the prayers which can be made out of the combination and repetition of the letters. The Calmucks have displayed still greater ingenuity. We Europeans pride ourselves upon the superiority which we have attained, by substituting machinery for human labour. We think we have accomplished miracles, by employing the 'strong arm' of 'unconquered steam' in twirling the spindle, or in setting the wool card in motion. The followers of the grand Lama have done more—they have invented praying-jennies, which do the business in perfection. It is a doctrine amongst them, and it is so convenient to saints and sinners, that no Calmuck, whether freethinker or devotee, has ever ventured to call it in question ; that as often as the paper, or other substance upon which a prayer is written, is set in motion, this movement of the written prayer is as meritorious as its oral repetition. The Kurada, or praying machine, is therefore constructed upon this principle ;—it consists of two cylinders, or drums, filled within-side with rolls of paper covered with prayers and ejaculations, written in the Tangotian, or sacred language. The drums are hung in a neat frame, and are kept on the whirl with great facility, by the simple contrivance of a string and crank ; and every turn of the cylinder is perfectly equivalent to the repetition of all the prayers contained in it. The turning of the Kurada is an agreeable pastime in the long evenings of winter ; but Tartar ingenuity has discovered a method of dispensing even with the slight degree of exertion which this compendious substitute requires. We make 'swift trochais' roast our meat—they employ the smoke-jack to say their prayers for them ;—and the kurada which spins over the fire in the midst of the

hut, transfers all its devotional merit to the owner. The Mongols are yet more wisely economical of individual responsibility and labour. Amongst them, the inhabitants of a district construct a kurada at their joint expense, which is placed in a mill-house by the side of a running stream; and this subscription kurada is made so large, that it holds prayers enough to serve for all the parish; and, consequently, except in seasons of uncommon drought, when the water is too low to turn the mill which grinds prayers for the parishioners, they are completely exonerated from the obligation of wasting their time in the *Churule*, or temple. The *Kimorin* is another dumb substitute for devotion, of the same nature. It is a flag, upon which the air horse or *Kimorin* is painted, together with an appropriate selection from the Calmuck ritual. Such were the consecrated ensigns seen by Dr Clarke. As long as the *Kimorin* flutters in the wind, the inhabitants of the tent upon which it is hoisted, are making their way to heaven by help of the air horse.

If Captain Raggado, had lost any of his gifted followers, such as Fine-ear, who could hear the grass grow—Strong-back, who could carry a hog'shead of wine under each arm—Sharp-eye, who could see a needle in the grass fifty miles off—Never-miss, who could transfix an orange with his arrows at the same distance—or Fleet-of-foot, who could fetch the arrow back again in five minutes time;—he might, if credit be given to Benjamin Bergmann, have easily supplied the loss, by recruiting amongst the Calmucks.

Benjamin describes the happy organization of the Calmuck frame, by detailing the excellences of their senses—all five follow in due order. In the first place, we must begin with Sight. He says, that the constant exertion which the Calmucks make to discern objects across the steppes, converts their eyes into natural telescopes. 'A party of Calmucks'—this is one of his illustrative anecdotes—'had lost their way in the steppe, and were unable to recover the track of the horde.'—'Ha, exclaimed one of the troop, I see a horseman mounted on a piebald horse, riding up the hillock.' The others took the direction pointed out by their leader; and, at the end of a journey of *twenty versts*, they arrived at a hillock—a drunken Calmuck was asleep on the turf, and his piebald horse was standing by his side. Let the Wolga be ever so troubled, the Calmuck fishermen can always see where the fish are to be found; nay, many are able, not only to discern the wake of a fish which has escaped from the net, but even to point out the spot in the water where such a fugitive fish has remained stationary. Cal-

muck ears can distinguish a voice many versts off, and are serviceable to the latest period of life. The Calmuck nose, although it is nobly indifferent to many odours which would create no agreeable impression on the denaturalized olfactory nerves of a European, is full worthy of a place between a pair of Calmuck eyes. The Calmuck can smell the smoke of the watch fire, long before the blaze is discernible; and some Calmucks possess the sense of smelling in such perfection, that, in the darkest nights, they can ascertain in which part of the steppe they are, and how far they have yet to travel, by the smell of the herbs they tread upon. Benjamin thinks that his readers may be inclined to dispute their superiority in the two remaining senses, taste and feeling. The palate he vindicates with success; and as for feeling, if the gentlest breeze finds its way through the top of the tent, they can immediately tell from the temperature, or some other occult peculiarity, from which quarter it blows; yet, he adds with candour—‘if any one will maintain, that the sense of feeling is the weakest of the senses of the Calmucks, he may be right; I will not dispute it.’

The Calmucks are intelligent and acute in no ordinary degree. They are all natural orators, and speak with great fluency. They can argue soundly; and their discourses abound with happy turns, and ingenious parables. The Scythian of the ancients is characterized by wit and acuteness. He appears well spoken, ready, and confident. The ‘Scythian answer’ became proverbial. Anacharsis and Toxaris have been drawn by masterly hands, and they are not imaginary portraits; and the Calmucks have not degenerated. Their faculties are not uncultivated. Almost every Calmuck can read and write his own language; and many are also capable of reading and writing the Tibetan language, although, it is true, that few of them understand it. Bergmann gives a much better account of the literature of the Calmucks than is to be found in Pallas. In fact, they may be considered as the scholars of the Hindoos;—and, notwithstanding their roving habits, they have attained a considerable degree of proficiency in the *humanities*.

When Bergmann returned to Sarepta, and exchanged his tent for a house, he could not easily accustom himself to the fixed, close habitation. He lost his appetite and his rest; and the close atmosphere of the room was intolerably oppressive to him: And if circumstances would have allowed him to do so, it is evident that he would have wished to end his days amongst the Calmucks. The state of nature seems to suit us best after all. The ‘noble savage’ has been long reclaimed; yet he soon

runs wild again. A man of full age, bred up in the wilderness, cannot be made to obey the lessons of civilization; but he will easily unlearn them. The European prisoner becomes a Cherokee; and the North-wester accustoms himself to the wigwam, and the fare of the forest.

‘ When I returned to my native country in 1809, after many years absence,’—it is Englehardt who is speaking,—‘ I determined to pursue, in the mountains of Russia, the Geognostic inquiries which have been begun in France and Germany. It was my intention to begin with Caucasus; when I received an invitation from Bucharest to travel amongst the mountains of Wallachia.’ Moldavia and Wallachia were then occupied by the Russians; and he thought he had a favourable opportunity ‘ of supplying an important chasm’ in geognosy. And Dr Parrott resolved to accompany him, for the purpose of ‘ studying the vegetation of the Southern provinces of Russia.’ Count Barclay de Tolly, furnished them with letters of recommendation to Count Kaminisky, the commander in chief of the Moldavian army; and they began their journey in 1811. The great events which were then taking place in Europe, prevented the completion of the tour. The greater part of the Russian army withdrew from Wallachia and Moldavia, and marched to Poland; and the country was in too perturbed a state to allow it to be visited. Thus disappointed, they proceeded to the Crimea. After they had satisfied their curiosity by exploring it, they resumed their former plan. And Count Barclay de Tolly, to whom they applied, again facilitated the enterprise.

Their travels in Caucasus begin at the important fortress founded by Potemkin, and called by the appropriate name of ‘ Wlădi-Kawkas.’ The ‘ Ruler of Caucasus’ performs its duty; and the garrison is sufficient to check the Karbadinians, Tchetshenzians, Jugurhis, Kists, Ossetes, Durgues, and the other restless tribes who surround it. The Russians, governing by policy as well as strength, seek to maintain their influence by bestowing military rank and pay, and orders of knighthood, upon the Caucasian chieftains. Kasbeck *of that ilk*, is a Prince in his own right; and although he has condescended to accept a colonelcy in the Russian service, he is one of the most powerful of these leaders. He is lord of the village Stephan Zminda, otherwise Kasbeck, which is situated at the foot of the lofty mountain which bears the latter name; and the Ossetes who inhabit the valley of the Terek, ‘ from the fortress Dariel to mount Kaschaw,’ are subjected to him. This valley is upwards

of 40 versts in length; and all the villages within it are either under his *protection*, or peopled by his immediate vassals.

General del Pozzo, the commandant of 'Wladi Kawkas,' invited Kasbeck to the fort, in order that he might introduce him to Englehardt and Parrott, who were desirous of visiting the sources of the Terek, and of exploring the mountain which Kasbeck considers as his property. The Prince attended accordingly, accompanied by a train of well-armed followers. He was distinguished amongst them by his white horse and his dress; and there was a slight and superficial appearance of European breeding about him.

Near Stephan Zminda is the castle of the Prince, formed by a high wall, enclosing his dwelling-house and several other buildings. The castle of the Baron in Candide was the finest in all Westphalia, because it had a door and windows; and Kasbeck is not a little proud of his residence for the same reason. The fastness, it seems, wore rather a forbidding aspect. Kasbeck's retainers came out to meet him; they were all armed; and they evidently looked on the strangers with an eye of suspicion. Englehardt and Parrott did not dare to dismount, till the dogs, who were ready to tear them in pieces, were driven away. They were then shown into a kind of neglected barn; the walls were damp—it received the light only through a loophole; nor did it contain any furniture whatever. Preparations, however, were soon made for their entertainment. The servants brought in chairs and tables, and beds, and their dinner made its appearance;—it was a European meal, but badly dressed. Kasbeck filled a silver beaker with wine, which he drank off to the health of his guests.—When they had finished eating, the Georgian servants took possession of the remains of the feast, and quarrelled and fought for the scraps and bones.

The villagers would not give a clear account of the relation in which they stood toward their chieftain. They said that they were not *obliged* to obey his orders;—'they worked freely, and of their own accord;—he paid them either in victual or in money;—and, in their turn, they made him *presents* of a portion of their crops.' The true nature of these feudal benevolences, however, might be easily judged from the care which Kasbeck took to number the sheaves in the fields; and the chastisement which was inflicted on two of the villagers, who had attempted to quit the valley, and to carry off their cattle to Wladi Kawkas, gave a practical illustration of their rights and privileges. The tributes, however, which Kasbeck can exact from his vassals, must be of small account. The Ossetes are miserably poor; they cultivate no other grain but rye and barley; and

these in small quantities. Kasbeck is proprietor of numerous flocks of sheep; but he has no opportunity of turning them into money. Englehardt therefore conjectures, that his income arises, not from his chieftainship, but from his trade. He is a carrier on a large scale, and supplies the Russian government with forage and draught cattle; and he is without a competitor in this profitable calling.

The first excursion of Englehardt and Parrott was to the springs of the Terek. The guides on this occasion were seven sturdy Ossetes from the village Kobi. Their departure was accompanied with a certain degree of solemnity. Kasbeck ordered his attendants to quit the room; and after having divided amongst the guides the money which had been promised to them, he addressed their leader in the Russian language—‘Gegor Machmetiew Tawamiew.’ I deliver these men into thy care—their heads are as my head; lead them truly and faithfully to the springs of the Terek, and conduct them safely back again; if they separate from each other, each must be equally protected; and now depart with the Lord.’

The valley of the Terek is peopled by the Ossetes. This tribe is said to have been antiently converted to Christianity by the Georgian missionaries. But their conversion was probably little more than nominal; and at present they are in great peril of being doomed to partake of the bitter fruits of the tree Zaccoum—for they are very sinful and lukewarm Mahometans—we will not insult the prophet by calling them his followers. A Turkish Mullah ventures among them now and then, to instruct them in the law of the faithful—and the Ossetes treat the Mahometan missionaries with great personal respect, at the same time that they are wholly heedless of their exhortations.

The excursions of Englehardt and Parrott furnish us with striking pictures of the manners of the Caucasians. Their guides avoided coming too near to the hamlets. ‘The villagers,’ as they told the travellers, ‘often fire at one another from the towers of their houses, if any trifling dispute has taken place;—and strangers are in still greater danger.’ The guides added, that if they felt themselves ‘somewhat assured, it was because they had numerous relations in the neighbourhood, who would avenge them if they were killed; yet it was necessary to be on their guard.’ Near *Abana* they discovered a mineral spring. Englehardt and his companion ‘tasted the water, which is strongly astringent.’ Animals ‘which drink it do not live long.’ We should doubt whether any animal would taste this poisonous water. They wished to examine the strata from

whence it sprung ; but, when they came near to the rocks, the women, who observed them, screamed out their threats and vituperations. The guides feared that the male Ossetes would come to the assistance of their screaming helpmates ; and our travellers withdrew. On their return, they had better success ; and they procured specimens of the rock—a clay slate, which is very rich in alum and sulphur. The women were well aware of the mineral contents of the rock ; and hence arose their jealousy of the strangers ; for the Ossetes make their own gunpowder, which is of an excellent quality ; and they are very careful to conceal the processes which they employ, and the places where they collect the materials for this important manufacture.

The mountains of Caucasus form two chains running parallel to each other. The highest range is covered with perpetual snow. The lower or northern mountains are called the Black Mountains. In the snowy chain, the mountains Elbrus and Kasbeck rise towering above the rest, the former of which is supposed to exceed Mount Blanc in height ; and its base is unapproachable during the greater part of the year, when it is surrounded by swamps formed by the melted snows. Englehardt and Parrott anticipated the delight they would have in collecting specimens from these ‘ rocks of primitive formation ; ’ but their plans were disappointed, and, in some measure, by the scruples of Aslam Beg their intended guide.

The neighbourhood of Mount Kasbeck affords greater facilities ; they were, however, compelled to wait many days before the weather was such as to allow them to make the attempt of attaining the summit of the ‘ snow mountain,’ till at length a brisk south wind dispersed the clouds which hung upon it.—‘ It is now a good time to ascend the mountain,’ said the old Georgian Prince, ‘ and your guides are ready.’ These guides were two Georgian hunters, and an interpreter ; and the travellers were also furnished with a horse, upon which their instruments and baggage were loaded. The way up the side of the mountain lay through romantic ravines ; and after they had journeyed up hill during some hours, the top of Kasbeck appeared yet more distant than when it was seen from the banks of the Terek, as they were now at the foot of a lofty cliff of rock over which it was just perceptible. They rested themselves in a hut belonging to Kasbeck’s shepherds ; and the two Georgians already began to be faint-hearted, and proposed to stop there till ‘ tomorrow : ’ But our travellers were not to be deterred ; and after a toilsome ascent, they found themselves at the verge of the fields of frozen snow, which perpetually cover the upper parts

of the mountain. From this spot they proceeded, accompanied only by one of their guides.

We are now literally on fairy ground. These are the mysterious mountains of the mighty Caf, the dwelling of the Preadamite monarchs, the retreat of the Dives, the Peris and the Genii. It is here that Eblis was commanded to imprison Gian ben Gian, the ruler of the Peris, together with his train of rebellious spirits, to whom the earth had been subjected during two thousand years. Here also the Dives were humbled before the race of Adam, the beings whom they had despised, when they were conquered by Thaimath, the owner of the sevenfold constellated shield, which once belonged to the Preadamite Solomons. \* Caucasus is yet the seat of fiction. The legends which have been embellished by the inventive fancy of the Arabs and Persians, are found even now amongst the inhabitants. These mountains have been considered as the cradle of the nations of Europe and Asia; and, if we knew more of the traditions which are remembered in this district, much curious illustration would be given to the mythology of the old world. The Caucasians believe that Mount Elbras is haunted by numberless spirits and demons, whose sovereign Dschin Padischaw, strikes the wretch who invades his dominions, with instant blindness. Dschin Padischaw is undoubtedly the Gian ben Gian of the *Tarikh Tabari*, though now he is no better than King Puck. Elbrus 'the gracious, the holy mountain,' is also venerated, because the Ark of Noah first drifted there; the vessel afterwards floated to Mount Ararat:—nor can the summit of the mountain be attained by sinful man. Kasbeck is viewed with equal awe. The neighbouring tribes, whose creed is a strange amalgamation of Paganism and Christianity, and Judaism and Mahometry, revere it under the name of *Christe-Zup*—the hill of Christ. It was once inhabited by the Virgin Mary, and an enormous bird, a roc, or a simorgh watches over the cradle and the garments which she left there. And sacrifices are offered up by them to the prophet Elias, who also affects this 'high place' of devotion.

In the reign of Heraclius, a couple of adventurous priests—a father and his son—undertook to visit the relics in the mountain. The old man succeeded; he brought down a rag of the tent in which the cradle is placed, and a chip of the cradle itself, both of which bore the most authentic marks of antiquity, for the cloth was moth-eaten, and the wood was worm-eaten—besides which, he obtained a sample of the trea-

sure of the Virgin Mary, from which it appeared, that, in the days of the Virgin Mary, the current coin was very much like the Turkish paras which were afterwards coined in the days of the Emperor Selim. The old priest presented his acquisitions to his son; and then he informed him, that it was his intention to ascend the hill again, to rejoin the company of the holy angels:—and the story ends in mystery, for he certainly never returned. It is thought that he perished amongst the snows. We can recognise the same vein of fabling in the tales which Sir John Mandeville has given respecting ‘Mounte Ararathe,’ which ‘a man maye not gon up for gret plentie of snow that is alle weys in that mountayne.—So that no man may gon up there; no, never man did sith the tyme of Noe, saf a monke, that by the grace of God’ brought one of the planks of the ark down, ‘which is yet in the mynster at the foot of the mountayne.’

Englehardt and Parrott were labouring up the glaciers, when their guide told them they must stop. ‘No one dares to go further than yonder crag; if you try to pass beyond it, the mountain will disappear in darkness, and your lives will be forfeited:’ But from ‘this spot,’ he said, they could see the wonders of Kasbeck—‘the cross on that ridge of rocks, and the monastery on the inaccessible cliff, in which the cradle of Christ, and other invaluable treasures, are deposited.’ Whilst he was speaking, two pillars of cloud emerged out of the gulph before them, and hid the rocks to which he was pointing. The Georgian now appeared seized with a fit of enthusiasm, which caused him to forget his warnings; and he ran beyond the fated crag, crossing himself, and exclaiming aloud, *Christe, Christe, Christe*. The clouds became thinner, and he lifted up his voice, and he repeated his ejaculations, when all at once there arose a violent gust of wind, which rent the cloudy veil. The guide was overjoyed at the success of his exorcisms: he snatched the telescope from Englehardt, and exclaimed, that he saw the cross, and the iron door and shining pillars of the monastery. The travellers took the telescope in their turn, but they could discover nothing save rocks of porphyry, shivered and broken in fantastic forms; and they began to suppose, that the wondrous objects in which the hunter was rejoicing, were nothing more than the creations of his fancy; when at length they also distinctly saw the cross on the rocks. They would gladly have pursued the enterprise: But the clouds gathered round them again, and it was near night-fall; and they were compelled to make the best of their way to the shepherd’s hut—a mere hovel of stones rudely piled; where they passed the night.

On the next day they renewed their endeavours to surmount the difficulties which opposed them; but there was no possibility of persuading the guide to proceed much further than they had done on the preceding day. Dr Parrott showed him a couple of ducats; but neither bribes nor threats, nor entreaties, could move him; and the Doctor was compelled to proceed alone along the glaciers, bearing his barometer in his hand. As he ascended, the fissures in the frozen snow became wider, the slope became steeper; and when he had reached a station which he ascertained by barometric admeasurement to be 2003 toises above the level of the Black Sea, he was reluctantly compelled to desist. By dint of great exertion, however, he reached the cross which he had seen from below; it was hewn out of a block of porphyry, and fixed, by means of smaller stones, on another block which projected from the face of the cliff. Near the cross was a low circular wall of loose stones; and, on the other side, there is a cairn of stones of considerable height, near which is standing a rude pillar of porphyry. The monastery, as the guide called it, and which is the subject of so many legends, is a grotto excavated in the cliff, about 150 toises higher than the cross: It appeared wholly inaccessible from beneath; but Dr Parrott conjectured, that it might be entered by gaining the top of the rocks, and then letting the adventurer down in front by means of a rope. A part of the rock was cut smooth; and in the centre of this space was the portal of the cavern, which is partly closed by two slabs of stone resembling folding doors. They are supported on each side by pillars; and the stone doors, as well as the pillars, glitter like mica. The great elevation of this grotto, renders it exceedingly remarkable. The rock is at least 500 toises above the boundary of perpetual snow; and, in this respect, we believe that, whether it be of Christian origin, or whether, as is more probable, it should be referred to a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity, the grotto of Mount Kasbeck is without a parallel amongst the cavern temples and sepulchres of antiquity.

Dr Parrott was indefatigable; and he made a third attempt to gain the summit of Mount Kasbeck, in company with four Russian soldiers from the garrison of Stephan Zminda; and although he did not reach the very top, yet he came sufficiently near to it, to enable him to ascertain the total height of the mountain with tolerable accuracy. He reckons it at 2400 toises above the level of the Black Sea.

Our travellers lament that they had not an opportunity of extending their botanical researches through the Caucasian ranges, particularly as they found the vegetation of Mount Kas-

beck was rich in new and interesting appearances. 'At the height of 1800 toises above the level of the sea, and 400 higher than Ramond, under an equal parallel of latitude, found the last plant in the Pyrenees; they discovered a new species of *Cerastium*, to which they gave the name of *Cerastium Kasbeck*. The plants which sprung from the debris of the decomposed porphyry rocks, in which there was not the slightest admixture of vegetable mould, were both in bud and in flower. — 'It was to be expected that such an unusual habitat would be attended with corresponding phenomena in the structure of the plant; and many particulars were observable, which were sufficiently remarkable. The buds, the capsules and the seeds, had sustained no alteration; the first were full as large as in the *Cerastium Alpinum*. On the contrary, the stalks and leaves wore a new appearance. The former were exceedingly thin and creeping. The leaves were of a yellowish green; some of the usual form, but very small; others were very long and narrow, like the leaves of grasses.'

The tribe of the *Galga-Ingushes* maintains its independence in the recesses of Caucasus. Pallas describes the Ingushes as 'semi-barbarians,' although 'he had heard that they were honest and brave;' and a Roman Catholic Missionary informed him, that a church was situated in their territory, built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre, and which contained books and manuscripts, and Gothic inscriptions. These relations excited the curiosity of our travellers: and as Pallas had not penetrated into the glens of the Ingushes, they resolved to visit them.

Some years ago, a colony of the Galga-Ingushes established themselves at Nasiran. When Pallas travelled in this district, some of these people were desirous of living under the protection of the Russian government, a permission which was afterwards granted. General del Pozzo selected the principal elders of this colony, as proper guides for our travellers. These men feared, or perhaps pretended to fear, to undertake a journey amongst their kinsmen, and it became necessary to overcome their reluctance, by promising them a handsome reward. But, even with this stimulus, they refused to undertake the guidance of more than one of the travellers; besides which, they stipulated, that he should be disguised in the country dress.

Englehardt set out, in company with the five elders of Nasiran, together with two interpreters, who were in the service of the General. It may be noticed, that it was thought advisable to detain the son of one of the elders in the fort, as a hostage for the fidelity of his father. Englehardt and his train passed through a chain of fertile glens, watered by strange-

named rivers—the Tchoppi and the Bhars. Pallas describes the Ingush deputies as ‘speaking as if their mouths were filled with stones;’ and we suppose that these harmonious names are specimens of the Ingush language.

Towards the end of the fertile and picturesque glen of the Axxai, the path became narrow, and wound upwards along the rocks of limestone: It ended abruptly at a fissure in the rocks, which was to be crossed by a slight and insecure bridge, composed of poles interwoven with withies, and covered with shivers and fragments from the rocks. On the right, they saw a pillar erected on the cliff. ‘This,’ said the guide, ‘is the gravestone of a murdered man; and it is a holy place, where the Ingushes are used to pray.’ The narrow extremity of the glen is completely closed by a wall, which extends from the rocks on the western side, to the banks of the Axxai. The Axxai runs close under the feet of the jutting rocks which form its eastern bank. It is a rapid mountain stream, and the clear green water is constantly covered with foam. There is a single gate in this wall, flanked by a tower; and this is the only entrance to the secluded valley of the Galga. They passed through the fortified gateway, without encountering any of the inhabitants of the valley; for the tower is deserted, and in decay. Just within-side the wall, a cavern was shown to Englehardt, which was anciently the retreat of a warlike maiden:—she was also a saint; and the hunters go there in pilgrimage. The traditions of warlike women, of a race of Amazons, are current in many parts of Caucasus; but, as Englehardt observes, they cannot be investigated in a satisfactory manner, until the languages spoken by the inhabitants are better understood. Chardin scarcely doubted of the existence of the Amazons; for although he ‘did not meet with any one who had been in their country,’ yet he heard several people talk about them; and, what was more, the prince of Georgia showed him an Amazonian dress, ‘of coarse woollen cloth, of a very strange fashion, the spoils of an Amazon who was killed near Cachet during the last wars.’ Chardin expected that we should soon hear more of the Amazons; for the Capuchins at Teflis informed him, that in the ensuing spring they intended to send ‘two missionaries’ to these warlike ladies, special order of the congregation of the Propaganda. And, doubtless, the Fathers would have found much employment in the Amazon country.

Opposite to the cavern are the ruins of a hamlet, which was destroyed by the fall of the impending rocks. Here a council was held by the guides. They took into consideration, that

Englehardt's disguise could only conceal him whilst they were on the road, and travelling in a body. If they stopped any where, he would be inevitably discovered. At length they determined to give out that he was General del Pozzo's plenipotentiary, and that he was sent for the purpose of concluding a treaty of amity with certain of the Galga villages, which were then on ill terms with the Russians; and, as we gather from the sequel of the narrative, the interpreters and the elders were really charged with this mission.

About the 'mountance' of a verst beyond the ruinous houses, the solitary defile suddenly expanded into a wide valley, surrounded on every side by lofty rocks and mountains. It wore a cheerful look. It was chequered with pastures and corn fields. The villages were thickly set: there were some on the acclivities of the rocks, others on the tops of the lower hills, and others on the level ground. At a distance they appeared like little towns. Some of these were walled; and, in all, numerous towers arose amongst the white stone houses. The fortification which protects the valley will remind the reader of the wall of Alexander, so celebrated in the romances of the Eastern as well as the Western world, by which he enclosed Gog and Magog within the hills of Caucasus, lest they should break loose and waste the land. The interpreter Salem discovered the country of *Jajcouge* and *Magiounge* in the midst of Caucasus, a country full of 'cultivated fields and cities, and encompassed by inaccessible mountains, perpetually crowned with snow and thick clouds.'† The valley of the Ingushes seems to have been the prototype of this place of seclusion. If one Alexander enclosed the Caucasians, it seems to have been decreed that another should let them loose. And Mr Penn and Mr Frere will do well to consider, whether the late campaigns may not have verified the prophecy which was current amongst the men of that 'countre' in Sir John Mandeville's days, namely, that 'in the tyme of Antichrist they were to comen out agayn.'

One of the guides had a relation in a considerable village, called Agican; and Englehardt and the interpreters remained behind, whilst the Ingush rode on to ask permission to introduce the stranger. This was granted; but the arms of the guests were taken from them before they entered the dwelling, and they were conducted, not into the house, but on the flat roof of the lower story. The houses are built in three divisions, each rising higher than the other: these communicate on the outside

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† Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 326.

by light ladders, which can be removed in an instant ; so that, in war-time, each division can be defended by itself. Near the house is a lofty tower, in which the women and children take refuge. The door is several feet above the ground ; and it receives the light only through loopholes. Some of the houses have another tower on the upper story, which is used as a granary. Englehardt and his companions remained about half an hour on the roof of the first story. They were then conducted to the roof of the second story, where they were regaled according to the Ingush fashion—a fire was kindled in a cavity of the flat stone terrace ; and the two sons of the master of the house brought a sheep, which was led before the fire. The old man made a long and solemn oration on the occasion. ‘ The sheep, he said, was born on the day when his relative left the village—he had fed it in hopes of his return ; and now, after two years, how happy he was to be able to offer it to his relation, and to the friends of his relation ! ’ The speech was accompanied by much oratorical action ; and when it was ended, the sheep was led away to be killed. Englehardt’s escort would not part with the animal, till they had admired its good points, and its fatness—and they praised the liberality of their host. And when he left them to superintend the preparations for the meal, the discourse still ran on the superior hospitality and good housekeeping of the Ingushes. Even the Ossetian interpreter agreed that the Ingushes were better off than his own people.

When night came, the maid-servants of the house strewed a bed of straw for Englehardt’s companions ; and the damsels assisted the guests in doffing their shoes and stockings, or rather gaiters. The girls made a show of concealing their faces ; but an old woman who stood by, seemed to try to tease the good bashful creatures, by throwing the light of the torch which she held, full on their countenances, whilst they were thus employed. The villagers assembled on the following morning, to consider the proposals of the Russian Governor ; they were all armed with daggers and clubs ; but the congress ended without bloodshed ; although some angry talk arose during the debate. Our supposed negotiator was seated on a stone ; and the diplomats, who were attached to the legation, stood round him, and managed so well as to appear to receive instructions from the chief of the embassy :—Nothing definitive was settled ; but it was agreed that, in the course of the day, a general conference should be held, at which the inhabitants of *Targien* and *Chas-ni* should be invited to assist.

This arrangement gave Englehardt time to visit the church ;

of which he was in quest. It is situated about three versts from Agican, at the end of a delta formed by the Axai. This building is called '*Gallert*' by the inhabitants: and is traditionally supposed to have been built by Tamara, a Queen of Georgia, who lived in the middle of the 12th century. Englehardt considers the tradition to be a true one. It is in the same style of architecture as the Church of Zminda Zamoba, which is known to have been erected by that princess; and he judges that the inscriptions, which however he could not decipher, are written in the ancient Georgian language. The architecture of such a country, at such an era, is an object of curiosity; and Englehardt has given a plate of the details. The plan of the building is a parallelogram;—so that it does not bear the slightest resemblance to the holy sepulchre. The windows, on each side, as well as the south door, are formed by pointed arches; the vaulting is pointed; and at the western extremity is a very large compartment, also formed by a pointed arch, containing a *grande* alto relievo, and the inscriptions, of which we have already spoken. The centrie figure is a strange squat figure with a pointed beard, dressed in a long cloak, with a church standing on his head; on each side are two saints, with forked beards. Englehardt discovers St George in this basso relievo; but, as no emblem of the saint is to be found in his representations, we cannot divine which of the uncouth figures is intended for the patron of chivalry.

At the eastern extremity is a window, divided by a mullion or central pillar. On the whole, the building bears a striking similarity to such of the ancient churches of Venice as are *not* in the style of the Lower Greek empire. We will not call them Gothic; and we can therefore only describe them by this periphrasis. Those who maintain that the pointed style travelled from the East, may adduce the church of '*Gallert*' in support of their theory. Tamara's missionaries converted these tribes; but Paganism and Mahometry have ultimately gained the victory. All traces of the Christian faith are obliterated amongst the Ingushes, yet they retain much veneration for the old church, where they offer sacrifices of sheep as peace-offerings to the demons who haunt it. They also told Englehardt, that within the church he would find books and holy utensils, and a burning lamp; but, when he came there, and asked for these curiosities, he was told that they were buried under ground.

Each village in the valley of the Ingushes, is the seat of a distinct clan, and frequent feuds arise between them—yet they are industrious husbandmen. The corn fields are neatly fenced with dry-stone dikes, and are well planted with barley and rye.

Great pains are taken to irrigate the meadows; and the sheep and cattle which the Ingushes breed are in good condition. And the industry and cheerfulness of the tribe was such as to surprise our traveller, who had formed a gloomy anticipation of the reception which he was to meet with amongst the Caucasian robbers.

We must now join the lady and her family in their route to Georgia.—After a great many disasters, which would take up a great deal of time in telling, they proceeded to Douhet, a mountain fortress, which was formerly the palace of the celebrated Heraclius, the father of George, the last King of Georgia—but, since the change of government, it has become desolate. The palace, which is built and furnished in the oriental taste, forms a quadrangle, surrounded by a gallery—the windows are without glass, and the floors are of stone. It is now used as a kind of caravanserai, and contains no one inhabitant who recollects its days of splendour, except the head cook of the late King, who is maintained by the Russian Government, and who is allowed to live there. The ci-devant head cook attended on the visitors, who saw the audience-chamber of the Kings, and the hall of justice where Heraclius used to sit in judgment. When the King pronounced sentence of death, there was little reason to complain of the law's delay, as it was usually carried into effect in his presence. On the 26th November 1811, they reached the city of Mshet, which was anciently the capital of Georgia. Mshet is finely situated at the confluence of the Kur—the Cyrus of the Greeks, and the Aragva. The site was tastefully chosen by Mshet, one of Noah's grandson's, who founded this city, which was also the favourite residence of Shem, Farsis, Tangamos and Kartlos. This seat of the patriarchs has dwindled into a small assemblage of mean houses, inhabited by Georgians and Armenians of the poorest class. And on viewing it in its present condition, 'it is difficult to believe, that it was once thirty versts in circumference, and that it was defended by eighty thousand warriors.' Mshet possesses many vestiges of its former importance. Near the cathedral are the ruins of the palace of the archbishops of Georgia. This building contains the oratory of St Nono, the slave girl who converted King Mirian and his subjects in the time of Constantine the Great. When journeying through Georgia on her mission, she used to bear a cross formed of vine branches, which she had tied together with locks of her own hair. The relic used to be carefully preserved in the custody of the Kings; but when they were out in the wars, it was deposited in the cathedral of Mshet. The cross of vine branches was carried to the

mountains when the Turks and Persians invaded Georgia in 1720, and concealed for some time in the church of Ananour. Afterwards it was entrusted to the Czarowitch Wachtang, who had fled to Moscow. In more tranquil times, Wachtang's family refused to return the cross to the Georgians; and it was in vain that Heraclius reclaimed this national relique. Its restoration has now been effected, thanks to Prince Bakrew, Wachtang's descendant, ' who lately laid the cross at the feet of the Emperor Alexander, whereupon his Imperial Majesty deigned to restore this precious deposite to Georgia.' There is also a sumptuous ancient monastery on the bank of the river Kur. Whilst Georgia was an independent state, the Kings were crowned in the church; and it is also their place of burial. The last Kings of Georgia, Heraclius, and George his son, who ceded his dominions to the Emperor Paul, rest amongst their predecessors, and not unhonoured; for the tombs which cover their remains were erected by the express orders of the present emperor. The cupola is surmounted by a gilded globe. The Persian invaders endeavoured to bring it down, by firing at it; and the cupola is pierced in all directions with cannonballs; but the globe maintains its place. The Persians thought it was a treasure or a talisman. The saints in the interior of the building have also suffered much from the zeal of the Mahometan invaders. On the north of Mshet are more ruins,—the remains of a castle built ' at least two thousand years since by the princes of the Amilarchwerow family.' In this ruin there dwelt, in times of old, a fair but cruel Queen, whom our authoress characterizes, in guarded language, as ' une princesse aux passions vives.' The Russian Czarinas, ' *aux passions vives*, ' were angels compared to her. This treacherous queen had a way of enticing young travellers into the castle; and, after giving them as hospitable a reception as ever was earned by a repetition of the paternoster of St Julian the herbergeour, she used to dispose of her luckless lovers by hurling them from the top of a lofty tower into the river Aragva. The state of morals in these countries has never been very edifying. Sir John Chardin gives a sad account of the effrontery and lasciviousness of the beautiful queen of Imeritia, who took no pains to disguise the affection which she bore towards her ghostly father Bishop Jaunatelle. The last piece of antiquity which we shall notice, is the bridge over the river Kur, ' one verst from Mshet.' It is flanked by two ruined towers which once defended the passage; and they say it was built by Pompey, when he crossed this country at the head of his army. Our authoress, however, is persuaded it is ' more

probable it was built before Pompey came, by the princes of the Gedewanow family, who then had their estates in that neighbourhood.'

The city of Teflis, as is recorded in the history of Georgia, was founded by King Wachtang Georgaslaw, who discovered the warm baths for which it is celebrated, whilst he was hunting. His Majesty was pleased with the salutary springs; the amenity of the surrounding country took his fancy; and he founded the city which afterwards deprived the city of Noah's grandson of its preeminence, and became the capital of Georgia. The city of Wachtang Georgaslaw obtained the name of *Bath*, for this is the meaning of *Twelis* in the old Georgian language. The word is now corrupted into *Teflis*. M. von Klaproth spells it otherwise, and interprets it, 'the warm city.' It seems to have been the fashion among the old chroniclers to connect the history of thermal springs with regal names. The waters of Aix-la-Chapelle bubbled forth at the approach of Charlemagne, who conquered the devil who haunted them, by running his sword through the body of the imp of darkness; and the King's bath is warmed to this very day by the 'ginnes of thilk Master Bladud that was Kynges son Lud.' It is probable that the history of Teflis, though less marvellous, is equally authentic.

The baths of Teflis are ten in number. The warm springs flow into caverns, which, as well as the stairs which lead to them, are cut in the live rock. There are no apertures by which daylight can penetrate into the grottos; and the visitors therefore descend by torch-light. The bathers first enter a vault or antebath, if we may be allowed the expression, which is lighted with lamps, and furnished with sofas, where they rest themselves awhile; from hence they pass into the succeeding vaults, which contain the basins, into which the steaming fountains gush from the rock. In the furthest vault, the temperature is usually the highest. The temperature of the waters differs in the different baths; there is only one in which it is as low as 15 degrees of Reaumur's thermometer. The others vary from 40 to 50 degrees. Our authoress usually bathed in the tepid spring; once, and once only, she was persuaded to try one of the warmer springs, as a remedy for the rheumatism; but the heat was too intense for her. The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur; and, to strangers, the stench is intolerable; but habit enables the Georgians to regard it with indifference. The waters are considered as a sovereign remedy for the rheumatism and for old wounds and ulcers, and for certain complaints in which brimstone is known to effect a radical cure,

The Zenana of Jehanguire, as Lalla Rookh was told by Feramorz, was adorned by

———— a lovely Georgian maid,  
 With all the bloom, the freshened glow  
 Of her own country's maiden looks,  
 When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks.

We must not question the accuracy of Feramorz, when beauty is the theme; yet, upon comparing the plain prose description of the 'brooks of Teflis,' with his lay, we think it is evident that he has availed himself of a bold and almost unpardonable poetical license, in attributing such bracing virtues to these sweltering streams. It is a wonder that it escaped the censure of Fadladeen, unless indeed that judicious critic was willing to think that the poet had been misled by the description which he found in the geography of that villanous bearded Arab, old Ebn Hankil. It cannot be denied that the 'bloom and glow' which, the poet informs us, adorn the countenances of the Georgian maidens when they rise warm and reeking from the sulphur bath, is not altogether the creation of the poet's fancy. And ~~this~~ same bloom and glow is produced in the most natural manner; for it appears, from the narrative of Madame ——— (we wish we knew her name), that the Georgian ladies employ the antecaverns as dressing rooms. There, says she, they pass the day, and sometimes the night, in plastering their cheeks with rouge and white paint, and in undergoing the martyrdoms which are necessary to compel the obstinate eyebrows to join one another in a straight line; for, in Georgia, the straight line is the line of beauty, at least as far as eyebrows are concerned.

Georgia has now passed under the Russian sceptre. After Paul had recalled his armies,\* the Lesgians and other barbarous hordes invaded this defenceless country; and to their ravages were added the calamities arising from intestine divisions and civil war. Upon this, as M. Von Klapproth states, the Emperor Paul, in the plenitude of his good-will towards mankind, 'resolved to terminate these misfortunes, by incorporating Georgia with the empire,' or, to speak more correctly, by reducing it to a dependent sovereignty; for King George continued the vassal ruler of Georgia whilst he lived; and it was not until his death, that the country was completely incorporated with Russia. This event took place in 1802. Lieutenant-General Von Knowing assembled the inhabitants of Teflis in the great church, which was surrounded by the Russian soldiers; and this prudent precaution having been taken,

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\* *Ed. Review*, Vol. XXVI. p. 303.

he read the ukase, which 'declared Georgia to be a Russian Government.' It is now subdivided into five districts, viz. Gori, Lori, Douhet, Felaw and Sagnark, all under the jurisdiction of the Governor-General, who resides at Teflis. The union of Georgia with Russia—as the aulic Counsellor tells us—*accomplished the wishes of the inhabitants*, of King George himself, and of the majority of the Princes and Nobles. M. Von Klaproth himself hath furnished us with some cogent evidence to prove the perfect satisfaction which the union occasioned amongst the Georgians. General Lassarew was stabbed by the Queen Dowager Mary, the widow of King George, whilst he was communicating to her the Emperor's command to repair to Russia. And M. Von Klaproth, who has thus commemorated the *happy accomplishment of the wishes* of the Georgians, and of the majority of the Princes and Nobles, informs us, in a subsequent chapter, that the Georgians lie in wait for the Russians in disguise, and assassinate them whenever they have a convenient opportunity; 'for nothing is so ardently wished by the *whole nation* as to disengage themselves from the Russian authority, and either to be governed by their own Kings, or to become dependent upon Persia.'

This became evident after Klaproth wrote. In 1812, the province of Kahetia rose against the Russians. The rebellion was fomented by Alexander, a claimant of the throne, who was then assisted by the Shah; and it spread rapidly through the country. The rebels, however, were soon reduced by the Russian forces.

Georgia has not monopolized the good offices of Russia. An obstinate war had been carried on, for many years, between Solomon, the Keppe or King of Imeritia, and George the Dadian of Mingrelia: the ancient title of the sovereigns of Mingrelia signifies 'the chief of justice;' and it was probably assumed in imitation of the name given to the first dynasty of Persian kings.\* King Solomon won the throne of Imeritia in 1793, when, with the good help of his grandfather, Heraclius of Georgia, he expelled King David, the son-in-law of the late King Solomon. King David, after his dethronement, wandered about as a fugitive for many years, and at length died at Azalubi. These are family names of the Imeritian dynasty. The Kings of Imeritia trace their ancestry to Solomon and David of Israel, from whom the Dadian of Mingrelia and the late Kings of Georgia are also supposed to descend. The present King Solomon waged a successful warfare against the

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\* Ed. Rev. Vol. XXVI. p. 285.

Mingrelians, and conquered their most important provinces. The Dadian, who found that he could not resist King Solomon, sought the protection of the Russian Emperor. This was no sooner asked than granted. 'General Belowski's regiment of musketeers was sent to his assistance;' and the Russians took possession of the country. The Dadian had reason to be very grateful to his allies, for he was allowed to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and to become a feudatory of the Russian Crown. He was formally received into the number of its vassals; and, according to the tenor of his act of submission, which was ratified on the 4th July 1804, he and his successors are to enjoy all the privileges conferred on them by the laws of their country.

King Solomon, with great wisdom, immediately imitated the example of the Dadian, in soliciting Russian aid. As it had been afforded to the Dadian, the Russians would not have acted equitably had they refused this request. We find, accordingly, that, in 1801, Prince Cziziano, 'after leaving the seventeenth regiment of Jagers to garrison Gandscha,' advanced into Imeritia, for the purpose of taking that country and King Solomon under the 'protection and dominion of Russia.' Some little time before, Anna, the widow of King David, who, in her youth, was one of the most celebrated beauties of Georgia, endeavoured, but in vain, to induce the Emperor to favour the claims of the young prince Constantine, King David's son; but Queen Anna came too late—her suit profited nought—and the house of David was set aside for King Solomon, who took the oath of allegiance in 1804, upon which he received a patent from the Emperor Alexander, by which he and his successors were declared legitimate sovereigns of Imeritia, and confirmed in all their privileges, excepting only the power of inflicting the punishment of death,—of which privilege of legitimacy King Solomon is deprived.

King Solomon, who takes the title of King of Kings, and the present Dadian Lewan, who succeeded Dadian George his father, hate each other as much as ever; but, instead of deciding their disputes respecting the province of 'Ledschedami' by an appeal to arms, the vassal kings are now under the necessity of submitting their rights to the judgment of the Emperor Alexander, their common liege lord. This contest affords a pregnant exemplification of the truth of the warning of the fabulist.

Petits princes, vuidez vos debats entre vous ;  
De recourir aux rois vous seriez de grands fous :  
Il ne les faut jamais engager dans vos guerres,  
Ni les faire entrer sur vos terres.

When Georgia was subjected to Persia, the native sovereigns were allowed to govern it in the character of Viceroys. The yoke was sufficiently light. The Kings were nominally Mahometans; but no questions were asked as to the soundness of their faith; and the Georgian nation enjoyed full liberty of conscience. The townsmen of Teflis used to amuse themselves by pelting the Muzzein; and pork was sold in every street, to the great mortification of Shiites and Sunnites, who were compelled to devour their griefs in secret. The Russian administration is represented, and we believe with truth, as mild and paternal; and therefore, there is no very obvious cause for the impatience with which the Georgians bear the dominion of a sovereign of their own religion, if we except the wound which their national pride has sustained from the loss of their national government. A shadow of independence was preserved under the sway of the Shah: And it would have been politic in the Russians to have indulged them with a King of their own, who could not have easily become mischievous. If the Georgians had seen him keeping his court, and riding out with hawk and hound, and getting orthodoxly drunk at Easter, they would not have cared about the allegiance which was due from him to the Court of St Petersburg.

The commerce of Georgia has increased since its union with Russia,—although one gainful branch of trade has been annihilated. The sale of the Georgian beauties who used to be exported, for the use of the Harams of Turkey and Persia, has ceased; and they are now retained in Georgia for home consumption. The Marquis *Paulucci*, the present Governor-General, is praised for the laudable efforts which he makes for the improvement of the country which is confided to his care. He has founded a hospital at Teflis which is well administered; and the public school which he has instituted, has already produced some tolerable scholars. Chardin praised the aptitude of the Georgians for learning, and judged that they only wanted instruction. The Georgians will also owe much to ‘Madame l’Epouse du Gouverneur-General,’ who receives the visits of the Georgian ladies at her house every evening. Most of these ladies are princesses. There are one hundred and sixty Georgian princes at Teflis; and we suppose the princesses are proportionably numerous. Some are of royal blood. Amongst the latter, our authoress was most ‘interested’ by the princess *Thekla*, the daughter of the late King *Herachius*, ‘and who does not disgrace her ancestors.’ She is the wife of the Prince *Orbelianow*. The Georgian elegantes pay their visits on horseback. They are covered from head to foot with a long

white veil; and when they are going to an evening party, the procession might easily be mistaken for a calvalcade of ghosts. When the spectral ladies arrive at the house of 'Madame le Genérale,' they take off their veils, and appear in full Georgian costume. The Marquis Paulucci does not think that this whimsical habiliment becomes his lady's visitors; and he employs all his influence to induce them to exchange it for the European dress. And we are happy to find that many of the Georgian beauties have taken courage and 'risked the innovation.'

The school of the Marquis Paulucci will be useful: It will help to banish the customs of Asia. But we may venture to assert, that the evening parties of the Marchioness will be a more effectual mean of introducing the ways of Europe. The Georgian women who can recollect the time when they were valued at so much a head, and sold and bartered as suited the interest of their proprietors, will fit themselves for converse, and become changed into reasonable creatures. It must remain with the Georgians to consider whether they will be gainers by such a metamorphosis of their dames and damsels, or whether it would not be better for all parties to let the fair ones remain without souls, just as they used to be in days of yore, when all things went on in peace and quietness.

ART. III. *Select Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By the late JOHN BOWDLER junior, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 683. London, Cadell & Davis. 1817.

**A**MONG the instances in which an untimely grave has closed upon the brilliant prospects of genius, and the useful course of virtue, we feel it a duty to record this of Mr Bowdler, chiefly because his amiable character and his uncommon talents were only known among his private friends, and in the profession which he was sure to have adorned, had his life been prolonged. The well-earned praise which is yielded to such worth, is calculated to inspire, with a noble emulation, those who are placed in situations which renders it doubtful whether their utmost efforts may ever raise them to ordinary distinction. It affords something like a security to merit against fortune; and teaches the candidate for fame, that he may command a certain portion of success by deserving it. Nor let philosophers austere-ly condemn the doctrine which regards honest applause as a real good. The shouts or the gaze of a giddy multitude may indeed be unworthy of a rational being's regard; but the wisest and best

of men have in all ages felt that there was a solid gratification in the approval of the wise and good—in the sympathy which unites the patriot and the sage with the estimable part of his species, when he toils for their instruction, or suffers for their rights. At all events, the fact is certain, that those feelings tend to bear up languishing virtue, under the disappointments, and the labours and the sufferings of its lot.

The publication of these posthumous volumes affords us the opportunity of mentioning Mr Bowdler, which, from his early fate, we should otherwise have been denied. They contain a number of ingenious pieces in prose, and a few verses; prefaced by a very brief account of his life; which we wish had been much more full, although we highly respect the delicacy of feeling that appears to have dictated its curtailment.

He was born in London in 1783; educated at Winchester; and, being a younger son, was sent to a solicitor's office, where he learnt the practical part of the profession for which he was destined, with a degree of precision very unusual in persons of his talents, acquirements, and taste. While enduring the confinement of this severe, though useful discipline, he applied himself to the continuance of a classical and scientific education, so as to make up for the want of that academical course of study which had been sacrificed to professional views. At the expiration of his clerkship, he pursued the plan usually adopted to prepare young men for the Chancery Bar, to which he was called in the year 1807.

These volumes would, taken alone, furnish an inadequate estimate of the great promise of distinction which Mr Bowdler now gave; because his literary talents, though great, had been less cultivated than his professional pursuits; and of these this work can of course convey no idea. When we speak of his professional pursuits, we certainly mean not to restrict the word to the technical parts of the law. He had applied himself, with singular success, to the noble study of eloquence; and possessed a style of speaking unusually nervous, manly, and original. With this great excellence, with general knowledge foreign to the habits of most lawyers, and with technical acquirements which hardly any one so gifted as he was in other respects, ever brought to the Bar at his outset in life, his rapid attainment to the heights of his profession was a matter of certainty, had life only been accorded; the more especially, as his political opinions, though liberal, were on the whole favourable to the ruling party, and as a similarity of religious opinions ensured him the support of a powerful body in the country. All these hopes were, however, soon blasted, by the appearance of a pulmonary complaint, which

forced him, in 1810, to remove to a warmer climate; and, after allowing him the chequered and mournful kind of existence which is generally found compatible with the silent but unceasing progress of that malady for a few years, terminated his prospects and his sufferings in 1815. The last exertion of private duty of which he was capable, was in attending the sickbed of his ever-to-be-lamented friend,—the friend of his country and of mankind, the late Henry Thornton,—who rested from his virtuous and enlightened labours only a few days before him; and, if we mistake not, the last public duty performed by Mr Bowdler, was his attendance at a meeting of the African Institution.

The tracts now before us contain, in every page, evidences of a most upright and amiable mind; a conscience ever watchful over the thoughts as well as actions; and more, perhaps, to be blamed for being too difficult, than for the proneness to be satisfied, which most men naturally give way to. Mr Bowdler was a religionist of the strictest school—one whose principle it was, that Christianity ought ever to be present to the mind—to be a habitual feeling of the heart, as well as a general doctrine adopted by the understanding. But it is plain, from his contemplative habits, and the naturally serious turn of his thoughts, that if his education had not led him into this form of faith, he would still have been a believer in the truths of religion generally; and it is equally apparent, that his virtuous habits, and amiable dispositions, depended not upon the accidents of his creed. Respecting his theological tenets, or parts of them at least, readers may form different opinions; but no one who peruses these volumes can entertain a doubt of his sincerity, or withhold his respect for his piety, and his esteem for his morals.

Upon the literary merits of the productions before us, it would be improper to enter with critical severity, considering that many of them were never intended for publication, and none of them (in all probability) received the author's last polish. Yet, as compositions, we know not that they have any cause to shrink from the impartial justice of criticism. They evince an enlarged and well informed understanding, active as well as strong; with sufficient liveliness of fancy, and great ease and correctness of style. They consist of a Journal and Letters, written during his two residences in the Mediterranean; a few pieces in verse, chiefly of a familiar, or of a religious cast; several essays which seem to have been published in periodical works—of which, one upon Mr Stewart's last work was given, we believe, in the *Quarterly Review*, and possesses very distinguished merit;—and, lastly, a number of Theological Tracts.

or rather Discourses upon Religious subjects—seemingly rather intended to rouse the affections, than to convince the judgment. We do not mean, that the positions which they contain are fallacious, generally speaking, or that he could not have enforced them by argument and authority; but his plan led him to handle the topics in a learned way; but only that the design appears to have been rather to take the popular view usually adopted in sermons, than in *Conciones ad Clerum*, which the title given by the editor of *Theological Tracts* would seem to imply. We give, as an instance, his illustration of the position, that there is merit in faith,—put certainly in the form of an argument, and in answer to a remark of Condorcet in his life of Turgot,—but such as his powerful and logical head must, in any other sort of discourse, have rejected as superficial and inconclusive reasoning. ‘M. Turgot (says his biographer) was too enlightened to expect that any thing but abuses could arise from any scheme of religion that makes the salvation of men depend upon their creed.’ This is, of course, intended by Condorcet as a censure upon revealed religion; but the position itself is only a statement of what vast numbers of pious Christians believe: it is, in truth, only a censure upon the Antinomian heresy. Mr Bowdler thus exposes it—

‘But M. de Condorcet would have had no difficulty in admitting, that “a man who believes diligence and honesty to be the road to wealth, is likely to be diligent and honest.” He would freely have acknowledged, that, to convince men of the benefits which ultimately result from the regulation of their appetites and passions, is a very rational and sober method of inculcating the principles of morals. He would have confessed, without hesitation, that the authors of l’Encyclopedie were animated, in their understanding, by a persuasion that the destruction of prejudices would tend to the general prosperity; and that when M. Turgot undertook the administration of the finances, he believed he should be able to render material service to the publick. And probably, after having made these admissions, he would not have denied that the characters and conduct of men, and therefore their wellbeing in this life, are very materially influenced by the opinions they entertain; or, in other words, “depend upon their creed.” And, after all these acknowledgements, surely any body but Monsieur de Condorcet would confess that the religion which says that the wellbeing of men in another world, or, in a single word, their “salvation, depends upon their creed,” is not, upon the face of it, false or chimerical. The truth is, as any one, upon a moment’s reflexion, must admit, that men, so far as they are under the direction of reason, always act with reference to something they believe. Why do we rise in the morning? Because we believe it to be moral, healthful, necessary. Why do we go to rest at night?

Because we believe that we shall be refreshed by repose. Why do we attend in our shops, or prosecute diligently our professions? Because we believe that it will conduce to the advancement of our fortunes. Why do we travel into foreign parts? Because we believe that there is something to be learnt or to be enjoyed. And thus, through every department and subdivision of human life, it is most plain, that a previous persuasion of some nature must precede every voluntary action whatever. Can it then be doubted, that a serious and cordial recognition of all those momentous truths which revelation has taught us, will bring with it important practical consequences? II. 243.

Now, it is plain that this reasoning wholly avoids the position which it is brought against. Condorcet objects to making the *faith*—the *mere belief*—the title to salvation; and Mr Bowdler shows, that the result of faith, or belief, is good conduct, which neither Condorcet nor any body else ever objected to as a title to salvation. What they do object to, is the substitution of the belief for the conduct. To say that faith is meritorious, because it leads to virtuous life,—and to prove it, by showing that we act in all matters from a belief of certain things,—is wholly inconclusive. The parallel fails at the first step: For who ever supposed there was any merit in believing that industry advanced a man's fortune? The merit lies in the industry, not in the opinion respecting it. To reject churlishly or thoughtlessly the evidence offered of any truths so important as those of religion, may be criminal; and is certainly wretchedly foolish: But a conscientious disbelief, or a conscientious belief of them, are clearly no more matters of censure or of praise, than the colour of the skin, or the functions of the body.

We scarcely know, however, why we have made these remarks; since they relate to a passage which probably the author would have modified essentially, had he given it himself to the publick. But it is fair to add, and it is a duty towards his memory, as well as towards the infinite importance of the subject, that we are here paying the feeble tribute of our admiration and of our unavailing regret, for one whose opinions, even when deliberately fixed and settled, differed upon many points, as well spiritual as secular, most widely from our own. His writings bear, throughout, the stamp of his rigorous devotional feelings and habits. And we venture to think, that the entire abnegation of worldly views and enjoyments, which this creed inculcates, being unattainable by mortal man, the belief that it is necessary to eternal salvation must be attended with misery, unless accompanied with frequent self-deception. That no such

system is agreeable to the analogy of the universe, or can be pleasing to the Author of our being—the Creator of all our senses, and feelings, and faculties,—we hold to be a position as certain, as that virtue itself is becoming, and the pursuit of truth rational.

ART. IV. *Medical and Miscellaneous Observations relative to the West India Islands.* By JOHN WILLIAMSON, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and late of Spanish-town, Jamaica. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. 840. Edinburgh, Oliphant. 1817.

BEFORE we proceed to offer any remarks upon the contents of these volumes, and to extract from them the important testimony of a most unexceptionable witness in behalf of the Abolitionists, we shall take this opportunity of entering into some discussions relative to the great questions of African and West Indian policy, which, for an unusual period of time, we have thought it right to leave untouched. The grounds of this forbearance must at once appear obvious. We had laid before the publick, at great length, our views of the important controversy respecting the Registry Question, and the points connected with it. The West Indians and their antagonists had entered at large into the conflict. The passions of men on either side were kindled; the one party warm in defence of their supposed interests and fancied rights; the other in behalf of the highest interests of justice, and the inalienable rights of human nature. The press teemed with almost daily publications, in every shape, and of all sizes—it is scarcely necessary to add, of various merits, both critical and moral—from the calmest and most convincing vindication of truth, and of character wantonly assailed, to the coarsest ribaldry, and the dullest misrepresentation. Parliamentary discussion soon followed; and, an accidental riot in a small district of one of the Islands being heard of about the same time, the alarm was industriously spread, that the Abolitionists, the English *Amis des Noirs*, were spreading the devastation of Negro insurrection over the English settlements, which their predecessors in Frattée had established in St Domingo. The mass of materials which we should have had to wade through, might have justified our delaying the continuation of the subject, until a little time had rendered so minute a review of it unnecessary. But we were still more powerfully withheld, by a wish that the clouds raised by the animosities of

the moment should pass away, and leave the facts of the case to appear, as we knew they soon must, in their true colours and just proportions. We consider the period now to have arrived, at which these interesting topics may be advantageously resumed; and the delay, while it throws upon the question the light of some additional experience, spares us the labour of going minutely through much of the controversy which last year occupied the attention of the publick.\*

In looking back to the statement which we made nearly two years ago, at the commencement of the controversy, (see the No. for November 1815), it is extremely gratifying to perceive, that the argument and the facts there urged in defence of the Superintendence of the mother country generally, and more especially in behalf of the Registry, stand unmoved by all that has taken place, whether in England or in the Colonies. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly strengthened by what has since passed, and by many things which have come to light during the controversy.

The first great argument used by the Planters, was the incompetence of the British Parliament to legislate for the internal affairs of the Colonies—which they said might safely be left to the local governments, who would do all that sound policy could sanction, or justice require. It may now be gathered from what took place in Parliament at the close of the Session 1816, and from what has since been done in Jamaica, that the West Indians have materially lowered their pretensions to exclusive legislation. They seem only to require a priority of law-making; a sort of option to pass the acts themselves, or suffer them to be passed in England. For it was distinctly stated in the debate, that the Registry bill should be given up for that Session, in order to see whether the colonies would adopt the plan of registration themselves; and with a distinct understanding, that if nothing were done, the measure should be revived next Session. Instructions were sent by the Crown to all the Islands, urging the adoption of the plan, as the only alternative to having it forced upon them by act of Parliament. And the West Indians felt, by a kind of instinct, that the sense of the public at home was as strongly

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\* It is with some regret that we abstain from noticing that part of the dispute which was studiously made to take a personal turn towards some most worthy and meritorious individuals, tried friends of the African cause. But their vindication has been so complete in the eyes of all impartial men, that we should be afraid of preserving the charges so rashly and unjustly brought against them, and now sinking into oblivion.

against them as ever. The consequence has been, a partial acquiescence, sufficient to justify the friends of the question in allowing the last Session to pass without renewing its discussion : And we should not be surprised to find the whole of the Islands pass bills similar to that recently carried in Jamaica.

If this shall happen, all that will remain on the part of the Abolitionists will be, to watch over the execution of those acts ; to see that they do not become a dead letter, like so many other Colonial laws, made to silence complaints at home, and never intended to be effectual. Now, one way of accomplishing, or at least furthering this object, is the establishment of a Duplicate Registry for all the Colonies, in London, and a statutory provision, that no money lent upon mortgage of Colonial property shall be recoverable in the Courts of this country ; nor any money lent upon such mortgage by British subjects in the mother country, shall be recoverable in the West Indian Courts, unless the slaves belonging to the mortgaged estates are registered in the Records of the London office. The creditors of West Indian estates almost all reside in England ; and, without supplies from hence, the business of planting could not be carried on. The proposed enactment would prevent any money from being advanced to estates deficient in registration. To prevent frauds by the mortgager upon his creditor, it would only be necessary so to frame the provisions of the law, that the mortgagee could not proceed against the estate in equity, except in so far as the slaves were duly registered ; or sue upon the specialty at law, except for a sum proportioned to the number of registered slaves. It would further be requisite, to prevent omissions in the registration subsequent to the date of the mortgage, without throwing upon the mortgagee the burthen of seeing the title to the slaves kept up, that any omission should operate as a foreclosure.

To a provision of this kind, the objection of internal legislation is inapplicable. Parliament has not yet been told by the Planters, that it has no right to make laws binding upon British subjects within the realm. But we conceive it to be equally clear, that if any of the Colonies shall make a Registry law, with defects likely to prevent its efficacy within the settlement, Parliament ought to interpose, and supply the deficiency by a general enactment, extending to all the Islands, and declaratory of the universal law, by which it is now understood that the title to a slave really and effectually depends upon his being duly registered. To make such a statute, undoubtedly, is an act of internal legislation ; but as, both on this and other branches of the question, such an interference seems to be absolutely necessary, where the Insular assemblies refuse to perform

their duty, we shall shortly remind the reader, of a few, among the many acts of internal legislation of which Parliament has been guilty. The groundlessness of the clamour raised by the West Indians upon this topic, will thus be made apparent.

Doubts having arisen, whether money lent in England upon West Indian securities at the Colonial rate of interest, was not illegally lent, as being within the Usury laws, the statute 14 Geo. III, c. 79, was passed, to render all such loans valid; that is to say, to enable the lender to recover in the courts of the Colonies, and to prevent the borrower from availing himself, in those courts, of the defence that the transaction was illegal. A condition was annexed, requiring the registration of the securities in the colonial registers; that is to say, giving validity to every such transaction, provided it were recorded in a particular manner within the colony in which it terminated. This was manifestly as much an interference with the legislation of the Islands, as it would be to enact, that no lender should recover in the Colonial courts, unless certain previous requisites were complied with—it signifies not of what kind, or whether the system of registry had been established before the passing of the act or not; the interference consisting, not in the nature of the thing required, but in permitting or requiring any thing in the proceedings of a Colonial court.

There is certainly no point of greater delicacy in the whole subject of West Indian claims, than the law of debtor and creditor; and if to any act of interference we should naturally expect to see a resistance on the part of the Planters, it would be to a law giving their creditors new remedies for recovery of debts already contracted. Yet the 5 Geo. II, c. 7, was precisely such an act. It did that, with respect to all real property in the colonies, which the landholders in the mother country have so strenuously and so successfully resisted in their own case; it made all real estates assets for the payment of all debts whatever, whether by simple contract or specialty; it made them liable to the same process to which personal estates are subject; and it included slaves, making them equally liable to the remedies of the creditor, as if they were personal chattels to be severed from the plantation. In 1797, long after the arguments against Internal Legislation had been familiarly urged, not only with respect to Taxation, but also with respect to the Slave questions, another act was passed, excepting negroes from the provisions of the former statute; and this act (37. Geo. III, c. 122.) was brought into the British Parliament by the West Indian body themselves; they, at least, affected to be its authors, as well-wishers to whatever could meliorate the condition of the slaves.

In 1741, it being found that the penalties of the statute 6 Geo. I. (the *præmunire* act) against joint stock schemes, could not be enforced in the colonies, because that statute refers to the courts of Great Britain and Ireland only. An act was passed, 14 Geo. II, c. 37, extending the whole provisions of the former touching those speculations, to all the colonies in America and the West Indies, and enabling the colonial courts to proceed against all persons charged with such offences. This was a law made in England, for subjecting to the most severe penalties known to our jurisprudence, short of capital punishment, all persons who, in the plantations, should traffick in certain speculations formerly permitted.

In 1773, at the very time when the disputes respecting internal legislation ran highest between England and the Colonies, the stat. 13 Geo. III, c. 14, was passed, to encourage aliens to lend money on the security of West India estates. This act enables alien creditors, whether friends or enemies, to bring actions at law, or to pursue equitable remedies in the courts of law and equity within the Islands; and it enters into a considerable detail of judicial proceedings, for the purpose of facilitating the relief of the parties in those courts. As if to mark more strongly how completely this was an act of interference on the part of the Parliament, with the internal affairs of the Islands—how completely this was a *local act* passed by the Legislature of the mother country,—the clause now usually added to local acts is found at the end of it, declaring that it shall be deemed and taken to be a publick act, and taken notice of judicially, without being specially pleaded,

Now, in all these cases, some of them before, others since the American Revolution, it might have been contended by the Planters, that the subject-matter of the enactment was local and colonial. They might have urged, in each instance, the very same reasons which they now bring forward. In some of the cases, they had even a better show of argument—for it could hardly be denied that the powers of the local governments extended to the object in view; and there could be no doubt of their willingness to exert them. Yet not a complaint was heard, nor an effort made to set up the West Indian against the British Parliament. No one dreamt of saying, the rights of fraudulent debtors are sacred, and can only be restrained by themselves, or their representatives in Assembly. It was reserved for the present day to produce the doctrine, that the rights of cruel slave-drivers are too high matters to be touched by any body not composed of themselves. No one thought of bidding Parliament leave to the Islands the passing of laws to

regulate their own judicial proceedings: But now, it seems, they alone must exercise this function; and not having even asked the exclusive performance of it, in cases where there was every reason to expect they would *bonâ fide* have made the provisions required, they are to insist upon being entrusted with it, where no man can pretend that they are friendly to the object in view. We are not, however, at present, contending for Parliamentary interference, unless where the Colonies have had the opportunity given them, and neglected it. The understanding which was come to in the debate of 1816, makes it fitting that this interposition should be confined to such a case, as far as regards the Registry Act. In all other questions, the Legislature is fully entitled, and is clearly bound, by the duty it owes to the people in every part of the empire, to enact whatever laws may appear to its wisdom necessary for their protection.

It may be asked, then, why the exception has been made of the Registry Act, which is left to the local authorities in the first instance? and it may further be demanded, whether, in all other cases, we are for Parliament legislating at once upon the first question?—we have to observe, that it would have been unwise, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, to have done otherwise. The extraordinary pressure of business which occupied the Session 1816, is fresh in the reader's recollection. The nine or ten weeks before Easter were wholly unexampled in the history of Parliamentary business, for the importance of the matters canvassed, and the constant occurrence of long and vehement discussions. The reduction of war-taxes, the peace establishment, the negotiations, the agricultural distresses, beside incidental matters, created, almost every week, six nights of keen debate, from five o'clock till two or three in the morning. The consequence of so fatiguing a Session before Easter is, that for some time after the recess, no attention can be obtained to any but the regular and necessary business of the season; and when it was possible to bring on the Registry question, it was much too late to carry so important a measure through both Houses. Even if there had been time allowed, an accidental occurrence made it unwise to press the bill. A negro revolt or riot had broke out in one or two parishes in Barbadoes; and the enemies of the bill lost not a moment in raising the outcry, that this unfortunate event had originated in the hopes of emancipation which the Registry debates had given to the negroes. The alarm thus excited could not be allayed until time had been given for making inquiries into the fact, and for showing, merely by the cessation of the tumult, the groundlessness of the clamour. At this juncture, the West Indians prudently enough

urged their readiness to pass Registry acts in the Islands; and the Government at home professed the strongest disposition to use its influence with the local authorities for this purpose; so that the friends of the bill were willing to see how far those professions of the Government and the Assemblies could be trusted. Jamaica, early in the ensuing winter, passed a Registry act; and other Colonies showed a disposition to follow this example. Therefore the last Session also has been allowed to pass without further interference; and it only remains to wait till the beginning of the next Session, in order to see how far Parliamentary proceedings may still be required.

To the question, whether, in other cases, Parliament should legislate without waiting for a failure on the part of the local governments,—we answer, that though the right is incontestable, standing upon principle, positive statute, and invariable, undisputed practice,\* yet it by no means follows, that it would always be expedient to take the legislative power out of the hands of the Colonies. In many cases, much advantage may be obtained from the local knowledge of the Assemblies, which no one ever undervalued, how absurd soever might be the pretensions, founded upon it, of exclusive right to make laws for themselves. But, wherever there is reason to believe that the Islands will not pass the laws which justice, and a due regard to the prosperity of the community require, or where there is ground for suspecting that the laws passed by them are intended only to blind the publick at home, without being honestly executed, it becomes the duty of Parliament to interpose its authority, exactly as it would in controlling any subordinate body at home. In all cases, however, the anxiety of the West Indians to carry through the measures proposed, deserves attention, and furnishes a *prima facie* argument at least for permitting them to undertake the desired reformation. It will frequently be found the best way of beginning a salutary change, to moot the subject in Parliament, and there show the intention of carrying the measure into effect, unless some such plan shall be in the mean time adopted by the local authorities. But it will always be necessary to watch strictly over the enforcement of the law; and, where a manifest repugnance to proceed has been exhibited in the colonial legislatures, or where evasive measures have been adopted, Parliament ought at once to interfere.

The success with which clamours were raised last year respecting Negro rebellion, and the dangers of teaching the slaves notions of emancipation, demands a few remarks. It is a strange

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\* See our Number for November 1815.

and rather a humiliating thing, to see how surely every attempt to spread an alarm is successful, for a certain time at least, in this country. Let but a few striking facts be published; and the comments which accompany them are swallowed along with the stories. The press, no doubt, is open to those who can either deny the statements, or refute the inferences; but, for a certain time, one side only is listened to by the multitude. In a little while, the truth makes its way by means of the free discussion which substantially prevails; but irreparable mischief is often done in the interval. To take a few instances.—The whig ministers, in 1807, brought in a bill to give certain privileges to the Roman Catholics. The boon was extremely trivial, compared with the concessions made by the Court upon former occasions; it was indeed as nothing, contrasted with what the tories had done in the most critical periods of our history, the end of the American war, and the beginning of the French revolution. Yet it suited the purposes of party intrigue, to set up a religious outcry; and the yell was raised all over England, that the Church was in imminent danger from the progress of Popery. That so vile a trick should be ultimately successful, was impossible; the more especially as some of those who patronized it underhand, were more willing to profit by it than to own it. But many a grave statesman avowed his fears, and many an ignorant mob acted upon the alarm. A few months, we might even say weeks, were sufficient to dispel the illusion. In the course of a year or two, several of those who had obtained office because the partial bill of 1807 was attempted by their adversaries, joined those very men in attempting to carry the whole Catholic emancipation; and latterly, all the persons who turned out the government on account of that bill, themselves brought in and carried through a bill with the selfsame object. Yet the cry of *No Popery*, though shortlived, served its purpose; and, we much doubt, if the victory gained over it by the good sense of the people in 1807, would prove a sufficient security against their being again duped, for the requisite time, should it be found expedient once more to raise the same clamour. In like manner, it was thought convenient to proclaim an insurrection extending over great part of England in 1812. Sufficient credence was given to it, to make Parliament pass an act hostile to the spirit of the Constitution. It was not enforced; the lapse of a few months not only disproved the existence of the plots, but made all men forget the existence of the story. Last session, a demand much more urgent for plots arose. The tales were believed as before; the Constitution, practically speaking, was suspended; and already,

we will venture to say, the most credulous alarmist has seen enough to make him doubt, while doubts have with thousands been turned into contemptuous or indignant disbelief. The alarm is daily subsiding; but the faction that raised it, has been enabled to gain its object; and we greatly fear, that many who are now ashamed, or sorry for their infatuation, would again be taken in with a new plot or fresh panic.

The Barbadoes Insurrection deserves a place among these incidents. It had a somewhat better foundation in fact; for there had been a riot; some outrages were committed by the slaves; and a number of lives were lost, almost entirely among the negroes. But this occurrence, unhappily not very rare, or of any very alarming importance in a slave colony, probably of no greater relative magnitude than a meal mob in this country, was described as the beginning of a Negro war—a massacre of the Whites—a second St Domingo. It was imputed to notions of emancipation received from the language and measures of the Abolition party; and, more especially, it was connected with the expectation of a Registry Act being passed, which the slaves, it was boldly asserted, had been taught to believe had their liberty for its object. We need not weary our readers with exposing the falsehood of these stories. A single fact puts them down,—but a fact which could not, from the nature of the thing, be known at the time of the discussion. Nothing further was ever heard of this Negro rebellion. Now, had the stories propagated respecting it been true, it is in the highest degree unlikely that any measures pursued by the Government at home should have been able to quell it so entirely; but, at all events, something must have happened during the three or four months which elapsed between the insurrection breaking out and the arrival in Barbadoes of the Parliamentary Address and the Royal Proclamation, to which the West Indians are, by the course of their argument, compelled to ascribe the restoration of tranquillity.

This consideration is indeed sufficient to show the absurdity of the alarm raised upon the subject of Negro rebellion. But as it is a topic constantly resorted to, and forms the principal ingredient in all the arguments urged to deter the British Parliament from interfering in behalf of the slave population, in whatever way the interference is proposed, we must stop to mention another circumstance of a more general nature, and perfectly decisive of the question respecting the dangers of insurrection. The conduct of the West Indian body themselves, not only in the mother country but in the Colonial Assemblies, clearly evinces, both that there is no such ground of apprehen-

sion, and that they themselves know there is none. From the early periods of the Abolition controversy, they have never ceased to hold out this argument; contending, that all attempts, directly or indirectly, to alter the condition of the slave,—to interfere, as it is called, between the master and his property,—would be fatal to the security of West Indian society. They have maintained, that it would be impossible for the unlettered Negro to understand nice distinctions; that a proposal of abolition would be confounded with a plan of emancipation; and that the harangues of enthusiasts against the cruelties of their treatment, would operate as incentives to resistance. When the horrors of the revolution in St Domingo first appealed men's imaginations, those arguments assumed a more imposing shape. We were now told that experience proved the dangers of Parliamentary interference; we were desired to look at the French plantations, and see the effects of discussing the rights of savages and slaves; and we were bid to take warning, lest misguided zeal at home, backed by the conflagration in their immediate neighbourhood, should spread devastation over the English settlements also. For the moment, those topics had their effect, slackened the perseverance of the Abolitionists, and probably retarded, by a few years, their final triumph. It was discovered, however, both then and in more recent times, that a great deal of discussion upon the most delicate matters relating to their condition, may take place, almost in the hearing of the poor Negroes, without producing the slightest tendency towards rebellion against their masters. The calamitous events which desolated St Domingo, for many years operated as among the most powerful of the arguments for abolishing the Slave trade; and, if that argument had any weight then, it ought to possess the very same now, in promoting every measure for meliorating the condition of the slave population, and securing its allegiance by the best of all bonds, contentment and affection. That the West Indians know full well how safely all topics relating to the Negroes may be discussed among them, is plain, from the speeches both upon the Abolition and upon every matter relating to the treatment of slaves, which are delivered in the Colonial Assemblies, and published in the gazettes; from the resolutions of those Bodies, often vehement and even violent, regarding the proceedings of the British Government on questions connected with Slavery, and published, without hesitation, in all the Colonial papers; and from their own Parliamentary speeches, far exceeding any that proceeded from other quarters, in topics which may open the eyes of the Negroes to their own strength, and the frail tenure whereby the Whites

maintain their West Indian dominion. To give only one specimen:—A most respectable member of the Colonial Body, a man eminent in any circle for his talents and information, scrupled not to avow, in the debate of 1816, that the breaking out, and the complete success of Negro insurrection were synonymous terms, as far as related to Jamaica; and that he should, upon its commencement, ship off his whole disposeable property, and all his White dependents, as a duty he owed to his own interest and to their safety, considering all delay or resistance as only insuring expense and loss of lives, without the possibility of preventing the final result. We do not cite this opinion as at all coinciding with our own; we hold the contrary to be clearly supported by the whole history of the West Indies. But the deliberate promulgation of such sentiments is a most complete proof that the West Indians do not believe the poor Negroes are very easily roused to revolt; and the perfect tranquillity of the slaves in all the the sugar colonies, in the midst of such incentives to try their strength, is a sufficient justification of what to us appeared a somewhat rash disclosure. In plain truth, no Parliamentary discussion can add to the conviction of their own wrongs which those unfortunate beings have hourly brought home to their feelings, by arguments far more powerful than all the eloquence of civilized man. Those whom the rhetoric of the cart-whip has not urged on to rebel, may well be entrusted with the perusal of Mr Wilberforce's speeches, and the African Institution's Reports; and if the knowledge that their own colour reigns triumphant almost within sight, has not given them a disposition to throw off the White yoke, we may, with all safety, adopt measures for mitigating the evils of their condition, and gradually restoring them to the rank of citizens,—and, with their restoration, securing, by the only effectual means, the permanent tranquillity of the Islands.

Having premised these general remarks, with the view of clearing the ground for a more particular consideration of the measures fit to be adopted in order to protect the negro population, we shall now proceed to examine the evidence that might be collected from the work before us, in support of the positions maintained by the Abolitionists, more especially as regards the treatment of the slaves, notwithstanding the enforcement of the Abolition Laws, and the large professions of the West India Body. This examination will lead us to consider the proper remedial changes in the Slave Laws.

The testimony of Dr Williamson is valuable from his peculiar opportunities of knowledge, and eminently free from suspicion when it is given on the side of the negroes. He resided,

in a medical capacity, during fourteen years, upon different plantations in Jamaica, the colony where the treatment of the slaves is justly believed to be the best. His book is a dry journal, at least a monthly account of his observations respecting the diseases which fell under his treatment or notice, and the facts more or less immediately relating to the condition of the persons whom he attended. His prejudices are all one way; all pointed strongly in favour of the side of the question which the West Indians in general espouse; all directed keenly against the Abolition party. It is necessary, in order to show the value of Dr Williamson's evidence, that we begin by giving proofs of his being an adverse witness.

We have only to open his general dissertation upon the condition of the slaves, or, as he elsewhere terms them, the labouring classes. After a somewhat reluctant admission that the African traffick was abused, although he seems to think it had its foundation in the nature of things, *i. e.* 'the unfortunately barbarous state of the great African continent—the more civilized and powerful condition of Europeans—the want of labourers for the colonies—the encouragement and facilities afforded by the Africans themselves, on the coasts to which European Guineamen resort for cargoes,'—he acknowledges the propriety of the Abolition, conditionally; and as this condition is a curiosity, we must give it—'if progressive improvement is making to convert the natives of Africa to Christian habits.' We may observe that it is not the language which we here note as curious, for in the same tongue the whole book is written;—indeed, the worthy Doctor cannot be said to use any of the known dialects of English, as we shall frequently have occasion to see: But we believe this is the first time that a man ever has made his approbation of the Abolition Laws depend upon the subsequent conduct of the British nation towards the Africans. New as the idea is, we admit it to be a plausible corollary from a very old heresy on Dr Williamson's side of the question, namely, the happy state of the negroes in the West Indies. In the leaning towards this doctrine he largely partakes. He says, 'it must be admitted that they are more comfortably situated than they were in their native country.' But then comes another conditional remark, which destroys the position altogether—and we give it as a second curiosity. 'If fortunate enough to become the property of a humane and *dutiful* master, their advantages fully considered, they would have little reason to think it a grievance that they have *nominally* become the property of another.' (II. 216.) He then proceeds to illustrate the great blessings enjoyed by the slaves, with a mixture of general prepossession in favour of the system, and honest admis-

sion of its vices as often as he comes to particulars, which is truly amusing. This is, indeed, the prevailing feature of the Doctor's work; in which we are constantly called upon to admire his honesty at the expense of his judgment; to be amused with his *naïveté* in drawing so many dismal pictures in spite of his prejudices; and to contemplate, as it were, the figure of the good man, labouring with all his might in one direction, and making the machine and himself move all the while the other way.

As soon as the slaves arrive, it seems, they may know that they have got into the regions of bliss, the Fortunate Isles, by finding themselves 'under the protection of our colonial laws; which, though imperfect in a few things, embrace all that is necessary for their personal protection,—for their support, clothing, and instruction.' He adds, however, that instances have been produced of defects in the system, owing to the 'corrupt habits of some white persons, who find their way to control:' But he says, 'it is admirable to perceive with what willingness the Legislative Body of Jamaica has expressed itself to instruct and improve the condition of the slaves.' Then follows as complete an admission as could be desired, that the mortality of negroes in the seasoning was often extreme, and was owing to bad treatment; that is, to being sent immediately in numbers to new plantations. He follows with more satisfaction the slaves who were fortunate enough to be purchased by an old and wealthy planter, and who were gradually trained until 'enabled to act for themselves.' The reader is not, perhaps, quite so well trained as to expect what follows, and should seem to be the first fruits of 'acting for themselves.'—'They progressively fall into the labours and penalties of the gangs to which they are appointed.' After going through a number of heads in much the same strain, he closes his view of the negro condition by this remark—'It is not unworthy of consideration, to contrast these circumstances with the condition of the peasantry of the United Kingdom about January 1817; and to consider maturely, whether the attribute of liberty, such as it is, complicated with other disadvantages of so deplorable a nature at this and other times, is not dearly purchased!' IL 233.

We shall now see in what the happiness of the slave consists. And, first, we have some very important general admissions in the same dissertation. The medical arrangements in plantations, generally, are condemned; but our author says, 'It is much more satisfactory to the practitioner to attend negroes under sickness in Spanish Town, where their wants and comforts in that state are attended to with such feeling and kind-

'ness by their masters and mistresses.' Now this contrast between the treatment of domestic and plantation slaves, is exactly what all the enemies of the system have deplored. They have always inveighed against the West Indian slavery, as specifically different from every other, because of the peculiar ill treatment incident to the field negroes; that is, to ninety-nine in a hundred of the slave population. The Jamaica laws, it is well known, provide, that certain precautions shall be taken on each estate to secure a proper extent of provision grounds. Our author admits, that the 'severe penalties' enacted against the contravention of this law, are inoperative; and that all depends, in each estate, upon the opinion of the overseer. But one passage which we shall extract, speaks volumes; it justly blames the frequency of flogging; and although the first part of it seems to confine the remarks to 'some properties,' this manifestly relates to the infliction of a number of lashes as a punishment; while the universal application of the whip, as the regular instrument used to keep the gang at work, is distinctly admitted in the latter part of the passage.

'An abuse at present existing on *some properties*, is, arming the drivers with a power to inflict punishment in the field; and it may be advisable likewise to deny any such discretionary powers to book-keepers. The offences of negroes will more properly come before the overseer at shell-blow, when any complaints may be submitted to him; or, if the fault committed is of such magnitude, to confine the offender till the overseer is found. When punishment is inflicted by flogging, the limits should be extended at no time beyond the number of thirty-nine lashes, which the overseer, or other superintendent, is only empowered to inflict by the letter of the law. It cannot, however, be denied, that this limitation is often outdone; and, by repeatedly punishing offenders, the parts become insensible to that laceration which tears up the skin. When that barbarous consequence is arrived at, its infliction becomes a matter of indifference to the unfortunate negro; and new sources of torture must be found out, by which the commission of crime may be checked. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that such a condition of torpor, in the parts to which punishment has been applied, can never be justified on any pretext; and I blush to reflect, that white men should be the directors of such disgraceful deeds.

'Opinions have been given, that it would be well altogether to do away the possession of a large heavy whip from the driver's hands; and, whether we consider the frightful sound which reaches our ears every minute, in passing through estates, by the crack of the lash, or the power with which drivers are provided to exercise punishment, it would be equally desirable that such a weapon of arbitrary and unjust authority were taken from them. It is at present customary to crack the whip, to turn out the gangs at stated hours to the field.

When a negro seems to be tardy at his work, the driver sounds the lash near to him, or lets him feel it, as he thinks proper, on the occasion. The necessary signals for turning out, and the application of it in the field, might be supplied by means less objectionable; while an impression unfavourably made in the country upon the passenger, who is probably a stranger, is horrible indeed.' II. 222, 223.

The fruitful cause of almost all the abuses in the slave system, has always been traced to the non-residence of proprietors, and the powers confided to overseers, whose interest is not immediately concerned in the kind treatment of the negroes. Dr Williamson confesses, that the cruel punishments which he so humanely reprobates, are owing to this circumstance.

'That estimation which every British subject feels for his inherent privileges, should cherish corresponding sentiments of sympathy for our fellow-creatures in a state of greater degeneracy. It would be more consistent with every principle of character we should be ambitious to retain as Britons, to learn, that universal sympathy and kindness were observed by us towards that unlucky race of people; but it is due to truth, and to those expectations which constitute in a great degree the objects of this work, to declare, that amendment is in some instances loudly called for. That, by proprietors and attorneys, it is necessary to say too much is placed in the overseer's hands. I know that, in general, their own dispositions to prevent improper punishments are sincere; but, as it is wise, in the army, to conduct punishments as they are done, it is still more necessary not to arm an overseer with powers, which it would be unwise to place in the hands of an officer commanding a regiment in his Majesty's army.' (II. 219.)

Among the 'Observations on Europeans who go out to the West Indies,' we meet with many illustrations of the same position. Our author openly laments the 'habits of debasement' into which the book-keepers (the inferior overseers) generally fall, by forming connexions with the female slaves; and he ascribes the bad character for humanity which the West Indians have acquired, to the number of 'uninformed individuals who arrive at an extent of authority for which they are inadequate.' A serious charge of mismanagement in a most important particular, the medical care of the negroes, occurs, among some reflections sufficiently indicative of Dr Williamson's accustomed partiality to the planters. So convinced is he of the necessity for having better practitioners than are usually entrusted with the care of the slaves, that he warmly recommends the formation of a medical staff by public authority, to superintend the plantations by districts, and be answerable to their superiors for the due administration of medical assistance to the sick negroes. He then anticipates a serious opposition to this

plan from the proprietors, and their representatives, with whose patronage it would interfere; but he says there would be no difficulty in proving, 'that this patronage, vested in the discretionary will of representatives and proprietors, sometimes operates more seriously against competent attendance on sick negroes, than most other circumstances connected with the present system of medical arrangement.' 'And if (he adds) the object should be, to render every other view subservient to radical amendment, to subject the Island practitioners to limited practice, (4000 negroes each in the lowland, and 2000 in the mountain districts), and to certain districts, there would be little difficulty in placing that patronage where it could be most wisely rendered effective.' I. 191. We are unwilling to interrupt these proofs, by any remarks upon their import in the argument; but we intreat of the reader to reflect, that he has here the testimony of a champion of the system, an avowed and zealous enemy of Parliamentary interference, \* an eager and lavish eulogist of the Planters; to prove that the highest calls of duty and interest combined, are insufficient to secure a due attention to the preservation of the live stock, if we must still so speak, upon their estates. It is remarkable, too, that nearly half a century ago Mr Long, in his well known History of Jamaica, earnestly urged a more active interposition of the publick authority, to prevent abuses or neglects of the same kind;—so little has the lapse of time, aided by the Abolition law, contributed to correct this important defect.

The author's remarks upon the increase or decrease of the Negro population, in consequence of the treatment of pregnant women and their infant offspring, all point the same way. He offers many sensible as well as humane suggestions; but every page of the discourse proves, that the interruption of a fresh supply by the Abolition of the Trade, has not yet produced the effect of turning men's attention to the breeding system. 'The Abolition,' he says, 'has occasioned the deficiency of labourers, which, it is to be lamented, has been so apparent for some years; and unless such measures as are within the power of our colonists are put in action, the prospect is very bad.' He then states the necessary precautions; many of them so extremely obvious, that nothing but the inveterate habits of neglect engendered by the buying system, could have caused them

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\* He loudly inveighs against the *Registry Act*, as the parent of every mischief; enumerating actual rebellion in Barbadoes, and preparation for it in Jamaica; as among its effects.

to be overlooked. He concludes the discussion by remarking, that 'the desirable object which he has in view, and considers practicable, is an annual increase of Negroes, instead of, as we have seen lately, an annual decrease.'

Having taken notice of the admissions to be found in the general dissertations subjoined to the work, we are now to select some of the facts stated in the details, of which the book in a good measure consists. The first volume, and a part of the second, is occupied with the monthly journal of occurrences kept by Dr Williamson during his fourteen years' residence. Among the observations, by far the greatest part are, as might be expected, medical. And we find, perpetually recurring, illustrations of the general remarks upon Negro treatment, which we have already extracted. He began his practice in October; and, in the entry for November, we find him satisfied already, that the medical accommodations, and the treatment generally of field Negroes, was very defective. He complains that the plantation-doctor has not the weight he ought to have in regulating these matters, and that acute diseases alone are attended to—those, to wit, where the overseer may be alarmed at the prospect of speedy death—while little regard is paid to chronic diseases; though, as he properly remarks, 'if the medical practitioner should meet with support from the attorney, the proprietor's interest, and the cause of humanity, would be successfully promoted.' (I. 55.) He adds, that 'if the practitioner were earnestly disposed to insist on his prescriptions and other instructions being obeyed, he would find his best efforts ineffectual;' and he recommends him rather to 'endeavour to promote his object (that is, the proper care of the sick negroes), by cultivating friendship with the overseer.' (*ibid.*) Again, a few months after, we find him lamenting, that the liberal dispositions of the proprietors should be so often rendered unavailing by the overseers; and how unavailing it is to give the best prescriptions for the removal of chronic diseases, 'and restoring additional healthy labourers to their employers, while these are completely frustrated by the negligence of overseers.' (I. 65.) What is this but saying, that the overseer, careless of the real interest of his employer, which coincides exactly with the duties of humanity, feels no anxiety to have diseases removed, which work the Negroes' destruction by a slow process,—and prefers having the sickly slave crawl about, and do some work, to waiting a few weeks for the full recovery of his health? Accordingly this Journal frequently mentions particular cases, where Dr Williamson gave directions, which were no sooner given than disregarded.

For example; he ordered a course of medicine which would have required some time, to eradicate an obstinate disease in the bones, attended with ulcers. As soon as its worst apparent symptoms were removed, the patient 'was directed, without consulting the medical attendant, to go to work,' (I. 95.) Again, we find a patient die (p. 117), in the author's opinion, for want of attention being paid to his prescriptions. At p. 156, we have the instance of a proprietor humanely giving orders for erecting hot and cold baths in his hospital, according to the plan approved by the physician; but the overseer did not obey the directions. Again, at p. 185, we find the case of a negro, who was going on well under the author's treatment, when the overseer turned him out to work; 'and though,' adds Dr Williamson, 'he might have laboured for a while, most probably he became a victim to incurable disease.' We extract the following passage, of the like import.

'It is painful to me, from a regard to truth, which these memoirs must preserve, to remark that, on a property, a valuable negro was prevented, by the commands of an overseer, from availing himself of medical prescriptions while labouring under a pulmonary complaint.—My opinion was given to the overseer with a prescription. Several weeks after, the negro met me; an increased illness was expressed by his general appearance; and he declared that he had neither received medicine nor indulgence as I had directed. The consequences were in a short time fatal to a decent negro, whose overseer could not deny him to have been a dutiful servant, and respectable in his station. 'On a property, a woman, on a trivial offence, was confined to the stocks in a cold room night and day, and her life endangered by neglect.

'A pregnant woman was confined to the stocks for misconduct; and only liberated a few days before her delivery. Her health had suffered severely; and, after bringing a child, she discovered symptoms of puerperal fever, which terminated her existence in a few days.' I. 191.

In the case of a negress affected with consumption and spitting of blood, our author found that she was kept at work, and proposed to undertake her cure by means of digitalis; but, says he, rather expressively, 'the overseer wanted labour, and in these circumstances we must not attempt to thwart the overseer's efforts.' (I. 249). In the cases now recited, the fault has been on the part of the overseer. We have a few instances, however, in which the owner is to blame. Thus, in vol. I. 273, there is the case of a negress given at length, who had been exceedingly neglected by her master during pregnancy, because she was a rickety, unhealthy slave. After being reduced to a miserable state, the details of which we spare the reader, she was

delivered of a dead child, and had a slow recovery. Dr W. adds this remark—‘ The above case affords an example *how necessary it is to have legislative interposition to secure due attendance to negroes. That poor woman was conceived to be undeserving of the expense of medical aid; and though, on her being taken ill, a visit was required, the subsequent attendance was given contrary to the desire of her owner.*’ I. 274.

We have shown our author’s opinion respecting the medical treatment of the slaves, and we have mentioned some of the instances by which he illustrates it. In other passages he complains of the scanty and reluctant payment of such medical men as they have; he is so impressed with the notion of the insufficiency of their qualifications, that he can see no remedy for so crying an evil, but the direct interference of Government, and the establishment of military discipline. Sometimes he complains of the want of regular hospitals (or hot-houses, as they are barbarously termed, Vol. I. p. 83); always of their bad management (ib. 329): And the disregard of medical authority by the acting managers, except in cases of imminent danger, is the constant burden of his complaint.

Dr Williamson is a sworn enemy to the zealots, as he terms them, who oppose the West India system; he is the champion of the Planters, and extenuates every fault as far as he honestly can. Turn we now to Mr Bryan Edwards, himself a planter, and we shall obtain a new and striking proof how little the evidence of persons under the influence either of a direct interest, or an *esprit de corps*, is to be trusted. ‘ The circumstances (Book IV. Chap. 5.) wherein the slaves in the West Indies seem mostly indebted to their owners’ liberality, are, I think, those of medical attendance and accommodation when sick. Every plantation that I am acquainted with, is under the daily or weekly inspection of a practitioner in physick and surgery, who very frequently resides on the spot; and the planters, being in general men of education themselves, are not easily reconciled, in so important a matter, with such illiterate pretenders in medicine as are very often found in the country parts of England, to the disgrace of the profession. Young men of skill and science are therefore sought for, and encouraged; and as but few single plantations can afford a very liberal allowance, they are permitted to extend their practice in the neighbourhood. For the better accommodation of invalids and women in child-birth, every plantation is provided with a sickhouse, or hospital, divided into different apartments, and over which one or more aged women preside as nurses. The proprietor commonly supplies blankets, flour, rice, sugar, and oatmeal; these things I have known denied; and some gentlemen af-

‘ford, beside fresh beef and mutton, more costly articles, such as spices, sago, and wine. On the whole, notwithstanding some defects, let allowance be made for climate and soil, and it may be asserted, *with truth and modesty*, that if the situation of the slaves in the British West Indies were in all cases on a level with their circumstances in regard to food, lodging, and medical assistance, they might be deemed objects of envy to half the peasantry of Europe.’ (Vol. II. p. 166.) The reader may observe, that, contrary to the usual practice of these guides, ‘*truth and modesty*’ lead the Planter and the Doctor to the same result, by roads so widely different, that one feels it impossible to accompany either; for the Doctor makes that essential particular of medical treatment an exception, upon which the Planter founds his chief claim to credit.

The Journal abounds in remarks upon the importance of humane treatment, to the health, and indeed the life of the slaves, as well as to their quiet behaviour. After telling some instances of the good conduct of the negroes on a plantation where they were well treated, our author takes occasion to observe, that negroes ‘under good management are a contented set of people, looking up to their superiors for protection, and appealing to them as their best friends. It is a violation of truth to assert, that relative sense of duty does not exist between a worthy master and a worthy negro. I know of few ties more binding.’ I. 200. In another place, he says, ‘It must be admitted, that the management of negroes greatly depends on the steadiness, judgment, and humanity of overseers. White men, distinguished for these properties, will generally have thriving negroes.’ I. 93. But strong proofs are also to be found, that bad treatment is very prevalent; and, how unwillingly soever Dr Williamson is to tell it, he betrays this secret of the prison house, perhaps unsuspectingly. The accounts which occur so often of the *Stomach-cvill*, sometimes called *Dirt-eating*, and by the French planters termed *Mal-d'estomac*, are, we think, decisive of this point. We take it to be quite clear that this malady originates in an affection of the mind. It is characterized by loss of colour—bloated and puffed appearance of the skin—sickness, emaciation and loss of appetite, or depraved appetite, leading the patient to swallow sand, dirt, &c.; and, above all, difficulty of breathing—inability to walk up hill—palpitation of the heart and violent action of the great arteries, especially the aorta, carotids or subclavian. As the disease is sometimes cured, it is plain that, in some cases at least, there is no organic affection of the heart or arterial system. But we have very little doubt that in many cases there is; and the high authority of M. Cor-

visart may be cited to prove, that there is no more fruitful cause of maladies of the heart than violent affections of the mind—particularly grief, irritation, and long cherished melancholy. We may add a curious fact, as showing that persons of a melancholic and irritable temperament are subject to the disease, whether organic or not, which we have now described, that Rousseau has in his Confessions given an account of his being attacked in a manner which leaves no doubt of his having suffered under this stomach-evil, of which he never altogether recovered. At first it was believed to be a polypus; but it afterwards, by its duration, without growing worse, showed itself to be that peculiar malady, first, we believe, described by Dr Bailie in the Medical Transactions, and which all the accounts of the West-Indian diseases show to be a slighter species of the stomach-evil. The following passages, while they illustrate this matter, serve to show, that in the negroes it arises from wretchedness of mind. We take them almost at random from the many instances of the kind in the work before us.

‘ A melancholy instance that month presented itself, of the fatality resulting from packed negro gangs, or those formed from Marshall’s sales, and collected in small numbers from different places. I do not mean to blame the proprietor; for never could a master have rendered the duties of humanity more amply than he did,—yet a depression of mind, accompanied by *mal d’estomac*, spread among them.—Though wine, nourishment of every description, and kind attentions, were given, they candidly confessed that death was their wish, and not to survive their companions.

‘ Negroes anticipate that they will, upon death removing them from that country, be restored to their native land, and enjoy their friends’ society in a future state. The ill-disposed to their masters will sometimes be guilty of suicide; or, by a resolute determination, resort to dirt-eating, and thus produce disease, and at length death. It is often necessary to check that spirit; and, as negroes imagine that if decapitation be inflicted after death, the transition to their native country cannot follow; a humane principle leads the proprietor to have the head of such a negro placed in some prominent situation; and such has been found a salutary mode of deterring the rest from conduct so destructive.’ I. 92, 93.

‘ The Angola negroes are more commonly subject to the *mal d’estomac* than other African nations. The Mungolas are of still more tender constitutions, and can less brook the reverses inseparable from removal to a foreign country; but the latter were very seldom imported.

‘ Angolas do not seem to possess that strength of mind or body which Eboes and Coromantees do; yet they become good domestics and mechanics; and it would be better, for the united purposes of humanity and interest, to place them in one or other of these circumstances.

‘ The Eboe negroes, when brought young, became industrious, excellent labourers; and very soon commenced a traffic, by which they accumulated property; but if at an age exceeding twenty or twenty-two, they have been found excessively sulky and untractable to the most kind indulgent treatment. They often terminated the scene by suicide; an instance of which occurred that month.’ I. 177.

‘ My observations on the *mal d’estomac* had been extended in particular to Mr F.’s Mountain, and to Seven Mile Walk. The remedies advised in the former month, assisted by good diet, humane and kind manners, had been in several cases efficacious.’ I. 182.

‘ It has been observed, that, on estates where the establishments of negroes are extremely comfortable, this disease is seldom if ever discovered. On a property of that description, we have rather to fear the lurking and concealed practices of Ohi, the superstitiously depressing consequences of threats from a negro of weight and influence on the estate, against a negro not aware of the futility of such pretensions.

‘ Though the cause of *mal d’estomac* may be often traced to sources which enable us to arrest its progress, we have found that, on mountain settlements, where negroes are much exposed to cold and wet, they sometimes begin to appear uncomfortable; a temperature foreign to that which contributes either to health or their enjoyments, without any hopes of a change, affects them with depression of spirits, languor, and listlessness, disposition to extreme indolence, from which there is scarcely a possibility of rousing them to exertion, laborious breathing, inability to ascend a hill, any attempts to do so accompanied by evidently increased palpitation of the heart, and, in more advanced progress of the disorder, under the *cartilago ensiformis*, or pit of the stomach, throbbing of the *aorta descendens*. When the patients are oppressed by that condition, appetite declines, a puffed appearance takes place over the body, particularly in the face; the eyes are partially obscured, from effusion in the cellular substance: When an attempt to stand up or walk is made, they are obliged to lye down, from giddiness and weakness; increasing debility makes rapid progress, until this distressing affection terminates most commonly in death.” II. 262-3.

‘ It is therefore obvious, that, in a disease more destructive and lamentable than any other to which negroes are liable, we have it in our power, on many occasions, to act materially towards the removal of it, by averting that state of mind which so powerfully tends to produce it.’ II. 266.

‘ There is, however, an opinion, deeply convincing in my mind, that the minuter attentions which will be practised hereafter in the West Indies, on account of the abolition of the African slave trade, must lead to the observance of every thing directly or indirectly tending to the preservation and increase of negro population; and, as the field is wide for improvement, we will cherish the hope, that such a disease as *mal d’estomac*, stomach-evil, or dirt-eating, from

mental affections, and other causes within the control of managers to prevent, may yet have no existence in the list of maladies to which negroes are at present liable.' II. 269-270.

The effects of the Obi sorcery have been glanced at in one of these passages. Another extract will illustrate its influence, and confirm the position, that there is almost always, if not in every case, an intimate connexion between the *stomach-evil* and mental suffering. After describing some cases of the complaint, our author goes on to say,

' These cases were much aggravated on account of Obi impressions which had unluckily laid hold of their minds. A particular terror against returning to the mountain, where these superstitious apprehensions were formed, seemed to gain possession of their minds. It is absurd to reason with most negroes on a subject of that kind; and very often, on grounds we cannot fathom, they will not discover the individuals they have an Obi dread of. On that occasion, Mr ———, though a worthy and humane man, was so unlucky as to lose many negroes on his mountain plantation, from whence these two negroes had come. The deaths of shipmates and companions depressed their minds; disease was formed of that peculiarly destructive kind. Change of scene, good diet, and occupations fitted to improving strength, would have given a very probable chance of recovery; but they viewed with horror a return to that place from whence all their miseries proceeded. As both got better while in Spanish Town, it was recommended strongly to Mr ——— to let Mary remain there, at hire, to see how Bacchus would get on after he returned to the mountain; but it is believed that, owing to his circumstances, it could not be done. Both relapsed, in a few weeks after they were sent home, into their former complaints; and the event could not be doubted.' I. 359, 360.

Another instance of the sensibility of negroes to the terrors of this witchcraft may interest the reader. After describing a cure effected in a paralytic case, he says,

' About that time, Agnes was sitting alongside of the negro doctress in the hospital, amusing herself cheerfully, and exulting in the advances she was making to recovery. In that state she was in the evening. On the following morning, she was accosted by an oldish negro, named Dick, belonging to the estate, who had established his name as a great Obi man. Agnes, not long before, had declined his amorous addresses; on which occasion threats were made by Dick; and she was so much impressed by apprehension from these circumstances, that, on his addressing her, she fainted, and could not be again fully restored to her senses. In course of that evening, she passed ~~the~~ insensibly, and used Dick's name often with horror. In a few days she sunk.

' A general outcry by the negroes succeeded her death against Dick; and such was their violence, that the overseer found it neces-

sary to yield to an inquiry. A party proceeded to his house, to search for Obi implements, which Dick and the overseer accompanied. The floor of his house was dug; a small coffin was removed from it, which he said he had placed there to the memory of a friend. This the negroes denied; and pronounced it to be one of the instruments of his Obi practices.

‘It is incalculable what mischief is done by such designing crafty people as Dick, when they establish a superstitious impression on the minds of negroes, that they possess powers beyond human. Such persons gratify revenge against their own colour in a destructive manner; and, when bent on ruin to their masters, that malignant disposition is gratified by also destroying the negroes his property. Mineral poison has been sometimes artfully procured; and it is believed that there are vegetable poisons which are less likely to lead to a discovery. The agency of neither is often required; for the effect of a threat from an Obi man or woman is sufficient to lead to mental disease, despondency and death.

‘The evidence against Dick was undoubted; and the negroes regarded his stay on the estate with horror. The whole was submitted to the proprietor; and he was transported to some of the Spanish possessions.’ I. 114—116.

We certainly do not strain these facts when we infer from them, that the structure of the negro’s mind is such as to render him peculiarly susceptible of grief and irritation; and that the merciless system of the Slave-trade, and the Cart-whip, could not have been inflicted upon a race of human beings, less calculated by their nature to struggle against its incalculable horrors.

The last head to which the testimony contained in Mr Williamson’s volumes may be referred, is the Religious Instruction of the slaves. Upon this, as upon every other branch of the subject, he is a witness unquestionable, because reluctant. Not, indeed, that he carries his partialities so far as to attempt any general praise of the religious or moral character of the white population in the West Indies. He is forced explicitly to admit the whole truth as to that point, and only expresses his regret repeatedly at the fact being so,—and his opinion of the evils which arise from such a character, especially as it affects the treatment of the slaves: But he adopts all, or nearly all the indiscriminate abuse of the missionaries (excepting always the Moravians), which the planters have heaped upon those pious and useful men;—inserts a long quotation from one of the West Indian pamphlets upon the subject;—and comments on the proceedings in Jamaica, by which, he says, ‘the Legislature so treated them as to secure the departure of many of them from the Island.’ (II. 363.) Yet he bears witness to the truth on

this important branch of the subject, so powerfully, that one can hardly believe the same hand could have written the different passages of the book.

As to the usefulness of Christianity among the Negroes, in a merely temporal view, there never have been two opinions. Bryan Edwards has borne testimony to its increasing the value of a slave in the market; and he has amply commended the zeal and success of the Moravians in converting the Antigua negroes. Our author adds many confirmations of this position, and, among other important particulars, he mentions the security against the morbid dread of the Obi sorcery, which conversion never fails to give these poor creatures. But the question is, in what way those blessings can be propagated among them? From the unqualified praise bestowed upon the Moravians, it might seem that the author expects their labours to complete the task so laudably begun. But it is clear, indeed he by implication admits, that they cannot, and that the work is too great for their numbers and resources. What progress has been in fact made? In Jamaica, from the year 1754 to 1804, a period of half a century, in a negro population of 300,000, only 936, including many free people of colour, had been baptized; 'so great,' says Dr Williamson, 'was the jealousy entertained of every description of Missionaries.'

In truth, the question is not, whether the Methodist Missionaries are as perfect as might be wished; whether their zeal never outsteps their knowledge; whether a more pure and sound channel might not be fancied through which to convey the doctrines of religion to the Negroes. The question, and the only practical one, is whether it be desirable to have them converted and taught? for if the Methodists are not suffered to be the teachers, no other instructors will undertake the work. It is a task only to be performed by that '*burning zeal*' which Dr Williamson, in the language of his party, ridicules so uncensuringly; and if we are to wait until some regular, philosophic divine, some Butler, or Paley, shall resort to the plantations, make himself the familiar associate of these poor savages at their hours of relaxation, and, by this intercourse, find a way through which his preachings can reach their understandings, and his example touch their hearts, we may wait until all the generations, both of Black and White heathens have passed away from the Western world. Our author has shown, in several places, that he was fully aware of this truth. He suggests to the Legislature of Jamaica, the propriety of '*assisting the Established Clergy to accomplish that which, if thus assisted, (how assisted?) should be done*' (does he mean *would*, or *ought* to be done?) '*by them, namely,*

‘ the conversion of the negroes and others.’ But he adds, with his accustomed naïveté—‘ It is however unfortunate, that the clergy of the Established Church are not always possessed of the necessary enthusiasm and zeal, where there is such a wide field for their successful labours; and, therefore, if the enactment of laws could enforce certain rules to govern their operations in the discharge of religious instruction, I see no reason why these men should sit down in the enjoyment of full livings, without doing their duty.’ II. 366.

Unfortunately, this is like our author's other *ifs*. What law could have the effects required? Dr Williamson is aware of the means by which the conversion must be wrought; for he describes the design of some Moravians to sell themselves as slaves, in order the better to have that constant intercourse by which alone the work can be carried on. Yet he talks of churches, in which the rector was willing to perform duty to as many as chose to come, be they of what colour they might; and is quite satisfied with the parson of his parish, who every Sunday preached to all colours ‘ a very good discourse.’ He adds—‘ The People of Colour behaved themselves with the greatest propriety, and went through the forms of service allotted to them; but the Whites present conducted themselves with great indecency. The People of Colour stared at them with surprise, but continuing their devout manner. Such should have served as the strongest and most severe chastisement which could be inflicted; and, if these people had not felt a persuasion of the true and serious nature of the service they were engaged in, they might have been turned from the good path in which they were treading, to the same line of licentiousness as those who ought to have set them a good example.’ (I. 329, 330.) In other passages, as p. 328–331, he extends this censure to the White inhabitants of Jamaica generally, and remarks how hurtful such examples are in their effects upon the Negroes. After observing what a field for religious enterprise the Negro population of Jamaica affords, he asks, with much simplicity—‘ And why should not a Bishopric be raised for Jamaica, with three or four thousand pounds per annum?’ We suspect this hint is a good deal more likely to be taken, than one which immediately follows,—though its adoption is not quite so sure of improving the faith of the slaves. ‘ It would be praiseworthy’ (says he) ‘ in an overseer, or some of his book-keepers, to catechise negroes on Sunday evenings.’ One would almost think the Doctor's Presbyterian notions had made him confound the *overseer* and the *bishop*. Certainly any thing so wild as the idea of converting the slaves by the Sunday exercises of their

task-masters—men who lay down the rod to take up the book—never entered into the minds of those poor missionaries, of whose ‘ burning zeal ’ and ‘ phrenetic understandings, ’ the author discourses so largely.

Enough has perhaps been said, to show some of the reasons which impede the progress of religious instruction in the Islands. It is in vain to allege, that Jamaica, the chief wrong-doer, has been actuated solely by a regard for the publick tranquillity, and a dread of the influence or indiscretion of the Methodist missionaries.\* The plain facts of the case, destroy all such pretences at once. The number of converts in the colonies where the Moravians have laboured, proves, that had they been suffered to teach in Jamaica, their success would have been in some proportion, though not certainly in an exact proportion, to the greater number of the negroes. They could not have sufficed for the whole of the labour; but they would have converted at least as many as they did in Antigua,—where there were, in 1805, nearly 12,000 of the Brethren’s congregation, of whom the greater part were slaves—while in Jamaica there were not one thousand baptized negroes. Besides, the Methodists have about 2400 members among the coloured population of Antigua—in Jamaica not 900;—plainly showing, that the discouragement of all sects is equal in the latter settlement; and that, where the Moravians, whom some of the Jamaica writers praise, succeed or fail, there also the other missionaries, peculiarly the objects of abuse in Jamaica, succeed or fail also. It is scarcely possible to read the accounts given in this, and other works of a similar nature, and have a doubt that the discouragement of the Missionary teachers is owing to the state of manners, morals and religion, among the Whites, particularly the representatives of non-resident proprietors, and in part also to party or political prejudices. Dr Williamson has, by incorporating a large portion of Dr Brown’s valuable work on Missions, in the volumes now before us; given many of his statements the sanction of his own authority. And we shall close our remarks upon this head, with a passage from that extract, containing such a picture of a persecuting spirit, at once cunning and cruel, and also such a view of Colonial legislation, and its *resources*, as may well damp our hopes of any improvement in the condition of the slave population proceeding from that quarter, and lessen the little confidence we formerly had reposed in the good faith of the local parliaments. After stating several cases of fine and imprisonment for preaching and praying, inflicted under the authority of a Colonial act, passed against Missionaries, Dr Brown mentions the disallowance of the act by

the King in Council, and the contrivance of the Assembly of Jamaica, by which they smuggled a bill through the Privy Council, which, in effect, revived the disallowed and persecuting act within the precincts of Kingston. He then proceeds to recite a most notable anecdote of Island legislation.

‘ This cruel law was necessarily confined to the town and parish of Kingston ; but, in the month of November following, the Assembly of the island, under the pretence of exciting the proprietors of negroes to instruct them in the principles of religion, passed an act, ordaining that the instruction of slaves should be confined to the doctrines of the Established Church ; that no missionaries should be allowed to teach them, or to receive them into their houses or assemblies, under the penalty of L. 20 for every slave proved to have been present ; and, if the offender refused payment, he should be committed to the county gaol until the fine was discharged.

‘ The Assembly, knowing that such a measure would be disapproved by his Majesty, resorted to the trick of engrafting it upon an act to continue the general system of the Slave laws, which had been consolidated into a temporary act that was then about to expire. Their agent was of course instructed to represent, that if the act of continuation was disallowed, Jamaica would be left destitute of Slave laws ; a circumstance which could not fail to endanger the peace and safety of the island. But the Board of Trade found a way to frustrate this shameful article, by advising his Majesty to disallow both the act in question, and the act of repeal, which had never expressly received the royal sanction, though it had been several years in force. The general Slave laws, therefore, were by this means still established, and only the persecuting clauses of this new bill disannulled.

‘ But as the legislature of Jamaica, by the stratagem of delaying to transmit the act for the royal sanction, while it had its operation in the island under that of the governor, had, for more than a year, suspended the meetings of the negroes for public worship, his Majesty, to prevent the repetition of such shameful proceedings in that or any other of the islands, issued a general order, in May 1809, to the governors in the West Indies, commanding them, that they should, on no pretence whatever, give their assent to any law relative to religion, until they had first transmitted a draught of the bill to England, and had received his Majesty’s approbation to it, unless, in the body of the act, there was a clause inserted, suspending its operation until the pleasure of his Majesty should be known respecting it.

‘ Enraged at this new disappointment, the Assembly of Jamaica came to various resolutions on the state of the island, in which they declared, that the prohibition of passing laws on the subject of religion was a violent infringement of the constitution of the colony ; that, until it was withdrawn, it was the duty of the House to exer-

ease their privilege of withholding supplies ; and that, after a certain period, until this grievance was redressed, no money should be granted or raised within the island for the support of the military establishment. In consequence of these violent proceedings, the Duke of Manchester, the governor, immediately dissolved the Assembly.

‘ Not discouraged by these strong measures, the Assembly, in 1810, passed a new act on the subject of religion ; and introduced into it such regulations relative to the licensing of preachers, and places of worship, as plainly showed it was their design to prevent the instruction of the negroes by those who alone were willing to teach them. This law, indeed, was to continue in force only during the year 1811 ; but this very circumstance, which might seem trivial, displayed the artfulness of the Assembly, being no doubt intended to elude his Majesty’s disallowance of the bill ; and, by the time that could be notified, the law would have expired, and perhaps a new act passed. How the governor, in direct contradiction to an express command from his Majesty, should have given his assent to such a bill, it is not easy to explain.

‘ The Methodists were the persons chiefly aimed at by the legislature of Jamaica, in all the laws which they passed on the subject of religion ; and it is obvious, that their progress could scarcely fail to be impeded by such frequent acts of hostility. Many of their members, as might naturally be expected, drew back, while others were prevented by their masters from attending divine worship.’ I. 344—347.

When, to all the facts which have been now stated, respecting the treatment of the Slaves, and the conduct of the resident Whites, both individually and in their corporate capacities, we add the more atrocious instances from Nevis and Tortola, of enormities too horrible for detailed description, having been repeatedly perpetrated in the face of day, and in the presence of the persons highest in point of influence, even in the sight of magistrates, we shall feel disposed, without further scruple, to allow of this conclusion, \*—that some interposition of the Le-

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\* Dr Williamson’s inferences all point a different way. He wonders how any one can busy himself with things so remote to British interests as the West Indian plantations—and bids us exert ourselves in behalf of the suffering Irish. ‘ I must repeat, that Ireland presents, in her population and misery, a fairer field for the exertions of the philanthropist. There we see a populous country, immoral, oppressed, and vitiated, so habituated, by its long continuance, to their natures, that it were worthy of men high in influence to turn their minds against the prevalence of such horrors as we know disgrace the animals of that country, so near their own doors.’ (I. 315). To this trite argument, we answer, that the two good works do not interrupt each other.

gislature is imperiously called for, in order to enforce the performance of duties so shamefully neglected by the local authorities. If, indeed, those authorities are again willing, as they professed themselves in the case of the Registry Act, to undertake the reforms essentially necessary for the safety of the colonies, as well as for the preservation of the coloured population, it may be expedient to try them now as before,—always letting it be clearly understood, that it is but a trial, and that Parliament will vigilantly superintend the performance of the engagement, and readily supply any defects that may be left. It remains, that we advert to the points towards which the attention of the Legislature is principally demanded.

*First*, It seems now full time that measures were taken for attaching the slaves to the soil. Although ten years have elapsed since the Abolition fixed the attention of all thinking men upon this primary step towards the gradual melioration of the negroe's station, no one of the colonies has ever shown the smallest disposition to entertain the subject. Whether this change could properly be effected at once, is another question, which would require us to enter into many details. But that, to a certain degree, the internal traffic in slaves might be regulated and abridged, with a view to its ultimate abolition, there cannot be any reasonable doubt. The only difficulty in the way of putting it down at once, is the increase of numbers in overstocked plantations. The want of hands upon other estates, offers no argument whatever for permitting the transference of the negroes to any distance beyond the immediate vicinity of their birth-place.

*Secondly*, The testimony of a slave ought to be admitted in all cases, reserving his credit for the consideration of the Jury. Even this will give him but a slender chance of bringing a cruel superior to punishment; for the negro will rarely indeed be listened to by a white Jury against a white master. So certain is this, that we conceive another step to be almost equally necessary—in the *Third* place; namely, to allow free persons of colour to sit upon Juries, and to permit no person actually engaged in the management of plantation concerns, to sit on the trial of any white person for crimes committed upon slaves.

*Fourthly*, The necessity of excluding proprietors from public offices, is self-evident. All the vigilance of persons filling those stations is required, to obtain for the negroes even a chance of justice, against the pressure of interest and prejudice, necessarily bearing them down. Be the laws in this place what they may, there is but this chance of their enforcement; and it is absurd to complain of a change which would only prove injuri-

ous to the planters by depriving them of a few places, or to the holders of those places by keeping them from speculations inconsistent with their publick duties. It is a matter of almost equal importance, that the executive government should exercise the most anxious care in the selection of proper persons to fill those stations,—not merely persons of good character and abilities generally, but men of known humanity, and of opinions favourable to the interests of the coloured population.

This article has already extended to so great a length, that we must reserve the more detailed discussion of these points for a future occasion, as well as the remaining topics connected with West Indian affairs. Among these, the Foreign Slave Trade occupies a large space; and it is with indignation, as well as shame, that every Englishman ought to reflect on the opportunity lost by the Government of this country, of obtaining, at the termination of the late war, a relinquishment of that traffic by the lesser powers, after France and America, as well as ourselves, had given it up. Then, too, the occasion was lost, of coming to a general understanding that slaves might be searched for, as contraband of war has always been; a regulation, without which, there exists no means during peace of enforcing the abolition, while any power that has given up the trade is disposed underhand to continue it, or is unable by its own navy to check it. These points will occupy our attention, we trust, in our next Number. Such of our readers as desire to see the latter of them most ably and fully discussed, in the mean time, cannot do better than study an admirable tract published by Mr Stephen about eighteen months ago; and to which we regret that we have been prevented by accidental circumstances from paying the attention it so well merits.

In closing for the present a discussion which has led us to cast many reflexions upon the West Indian body, we deem it due to justice, that we should remind the readers *who* are designated by this name; and state that, in all questions touching Colonial politics, the appellation is to be understood as denoting, unless in very particular cases, the Whites resident in the Islands. The body of absent proprietors are wholly exempt from the charges usually brought against those who live upon the spot; and especially against agents entrusted with the management of their concerns. Indeed, the principal vices of the system may be traced to this delegation of authority to persons neither interested in the due exercise of it, nor apt to feel the influence of higher motives in the performance of their trust. We ought further to observe, that in the management of their concerns at home, we mean

in the conduct of the controversy—of what they make as a body their common cause, those persons are frequently as unlucky, as in the selection of agents upon their estates; and, when any comments that may appear invidious, are applied to the manner in which the Colonial body support their side of the question in debate, they are rather directed towards their indiscreet advocates, than towards themselves. From what we know of many most estimable individuals, we have no hesitation in declaring, that no man could desire to have more fair adversaries than the respectable part of the Colonial proprietors themselves, and that no slaves could expect better treatment from any masters, than they would experience from those individuals, were they actually resident upon their estates.

ART. V. *Travels through France and Germany, in the Years 1815, 1816, and 1817, comprising a View of the Moral, Political, and Social State of those Countries; interspersed with numerous Historical and Political Anecdotes, derived from Authentic Sources.* By J. JORGENSEN, Esq. 8vo. pp. 432. Cadell & Davies. London, 1817.

THE restoration of peace has, as might have been foreseen, produced a vast number of Books of Travels. When our countrymen are pouring in swarms over every part of the Continent, carrying with them their sons fresh from College, and their daughters full of romance, and eager for composition—when countries which, two or three years ago, were wholly locked up from our inspection, or only accessible to persons of a more than ordinarily adventurous spirit, now lie as invitingly open to the sober citizen and his worthy family, as Margate or Brighton, it could not but follow that the press should groan with many a Tour—much Travel—and sundry masses of Letters that never paid postage. We think it almost equally clear, that the literary produce of these rambles is not likely to be of a value in the least degree proportioned to its bulk. For where such crowds of English of all classes are to be found in every corner, it follows, that an account of what almost all English readers have either seen themselves, or heard their friends converse upon, loses its interest; and, at any rate, the persons best qualified by talents and information to write upon such subjects, are naturally unwilling to handle topics become so common, and even frivolous. The *Glaciers* and the *Lakes* of Switzerland are now as well known to the inhabitants of London, as the wonders of the *Peake*. Indeed, we are inclined to believe, that more Lon-

doners have actually seen the Swiss than the Derbyshire scenery. Who then shall be found capable of writing an able and instructive book, and bold enough to describe as new, and still more as romantic, scenes in which he has met many of the much and justly respected individuals whose names are to be seen at length, in letters of a considerable size, (and it is but fair to add, often of very rich and fanciful appearance), in the best frequented streets of the metropolis? The race of learned travellers will for some time seek the remoter parts of Europe, and perhaps hardly venture upon publications relative even to those, unless they shall also have penetrated a little way into Africa or Asia. And, in the meanwhile, the more beaten paths of Europe will be abandoned to innocent writers like Mr Jorgenson, 'brought up in the arms of Neptune, and torn from the bosom of their friends at the early age of fourteen;' who, much more accustomed to travel by land and water than to write, are astonished to find how easily a little practice makes them fill up four or five hundred pages with their observations; and who think it a mighty useful thing to tell the British publick, that 'Berlin is a magnificent city, containing 160,000,' and 'Dresden a fine city, containing about 60,000 inhabitants.' pp. xv. 292, 385.

Aware of the multitude of such works now abroad in the world, we should hardly have been deluded into a perusal of any one of them, but for the peculiarity of the journey described in this volume having been performed on foot. That it was performed by a person of no speculative or literary habits, what is sometimes called a 'plain matter-of-fact man,' and sometimes a 'man of practical head,' would have been no temptation to us,—because experience has shown how useless the observations of such persons usually are, unless where they have had an opportunity of seeing some undiscovered country, and are so circumstanced, that their eyes cannot open without letting in valuable information, nor their tongues move without communicating somewhat worth hearing. But it was the expectation of receiving facts, the result of actual observation, respecting the country and the people, collected in the course of an intercourse with them much more close than almost any other traveller has had, that induced us to go through Mr Jorgenson's book with care. We must say we have been considerably disappointed. The worthy pedestrian has not availed himself of the opportunities which his mode of travelling gave him, in any thing like the degree that he might have done. We do not say he has given no facts worthy of notice; but we complain, that for one fact he has given a hundred dissertations; and we think no one can read a page of these, without perceiving that the powers of rea-

soning and reflexion are not in him so rare as to justify his substituting discussion for narrative.

After stating that he preferred travelling on foot, in the depth of winter, to enjoy better opportunities of observing the people, and that the 'character and manners of the people, strictly so called,' have been the chief objects of his attention,—he proceeds to triumph a little prematurely over those 'flying travellers, who visit the chief cities of France, and give us elaborate descriptions, compiled from local guides, which every one can purchase.' His readers, he says, will not find accounts of the higher classes, 'whose manners are so much alike in every country of Europe, that they are scarcely to be distinguished from each other.' It is, he conceives, from a study of the lower orders alone, that we can form just ideas of the varieties in national character. After this very tempting account of the original and interesting cast which we were taught to believe his narrative would assume, it is with some disappointment that we find the first Chapter almost entirely devoted to observations of a very trite nature, upon a subject no less hackneyed—the Battle of Waterloo. 'To be sure, as he says 'he was just in time to be an eyewitness of it,' we might have excused this deviation from his plan, had he given any marks of his presence in his description. But he might just as well have arrived the year after; for not one fact does he condescend to impart, that may not be found in the Gazette,—unless indeed it be those matters which he takes from Rollin's Ancient History, and Plutarch's Lives, touching Scipio and Hannibal, Leonidas and Cæsar, with all of whom, as well as with Plato, he occasionally claims acquaintance, in a way not very easily reconciled with his modest lamentations over his want of literature and science. It is fair, however, to observe, that his pedestrian tour only began at Paris, whither he proceeded in the Diligence. But then, near half the book is consumed with general dissertations, stories and descriptions, before he sets out from that capital.

As if to show how far he could at once fly from the performance of the promise held out by the preface, he begins with that very new and little beaten subject, Buonaparte; and being resolved to trace his progress with proper minuteness, he goes back to the causes of the Revolution; and, among these, he enters at some length upon the topic of the American War. At length, he arrives at Buonaparte's appointment to the command of the army of Italy, which, he says, 'he obtained by means that reflect little honour on his cha-

'racter.' A pure fiction; for he was promoted by the Director Carnôt, who only knew him by his military talents, and selected him as fitted to succeed Scherer, and restore the fortunes of the republic, endangered through the incapacity of that regular and inefficient general. Equally incorrect is it to add, 'that he subsequently treated with ingratitude those persons to whom he was indebted for his promotion,' unless indeed gratitude to Carnôt required him to sacrifice his designs upon the throne of France; for certain it is, that, as long as he pursued those views, Carnôt's estrangement from him was the necessary consequence of his attachment to liberty. But, it seems, Mr Jorgenson has obtained 'from sources of the highest authority,' information respecting Buonaparte, 'now, for the first time, communicated to the publick.' It is the 'development of Buonaparte's gigantic plan against the British possessions in India.' This, he asserts, is the pivot on which his whole policy turned; and he accounts, by means of it, for all the apparent contradictions in his conduct. He has, it seems, 'extracted this development from original and inedited documents.' Observe, first, how far we are already got from the actual observations of the pedestrian among the lower classes of society; but note, next, that all the parts of the story about India which are credible, have been long known; and that all the novelties added by Mr Jorgenson are ridiculous fictions of somebody who either was deceived himself, or wished to play his tricks upon the traveller. Indeed here, as everywhere else, we cannot find where the *facts* are. The author speaks always of *information*, and of what he learnt from high sources; but when we read, we can only see endless dissertation; unless indeed it be a fact which was obtained by perusing 'original and inedited documents,' that every enterprise of Buonaparte, from 1806 down to his fall, was undertaken in furtherance of his Indian plan. This is gravely maintained—perhaps we should say recounted, by our Historian, at much length, and in all its detail,—that is, he follows Buonaparte through his campaigns from that of Jena downwards—and, as he mentions each, he says, it was necessary to conquer such a country, in order to facilitate his march to Bengal. Thus Prussia was destroyed, and a footing gained in Poland, that he might go on towards the East; then Spain was attacked, that he might leave no enemy in his rear while he was away about his Indian business; then, having drained his dominions by the Spanish war, he bethought him of recruiting them, by forming a strict union with Austria; for which purpose he made war upon the Emperor, in order to obtain his daughter in marriage. Having secured Austria by this in-

genious device, he proceeded to beget the King of Rome, the better to fortify himself; and, as soon as his Roman Majesty was brought forth, invaded Russia, merely with the view of getting to India;—for a man must be silly indeed, according to this very profound personage, who can imagine that any other object was in his view,—and, if there be so foolish a fancier, he desires him to consider ‘the care Buonaparte took to settle the ‘regency during his absence from France.’ No—no—says Mr Jorgenson, the plan was not to conquer Russia, or complete the exclusion of English commerce from the Continent; it ‘was to dictate a peace—leave the *greater part* of the French ‘army in Russia and Poland—and send the *other part*, with ‘innumerable swarms of Kalmucks, Cossacks, &c. to pour in—‘to India.’ We fear this will hardly be credited by the reader to be a fair account of the dissertation before us; let him then read one part of it, and he will believe all the rest.

‘The war in this country (Spain) drained France of men; but to give up his favourite plan was impossible: he therefore endeavoured to repair his losses in another manner. He cast his eyes towards Austria, and contemplated a strict and close union with the Imperial family. But the mode in which Buonaparte carried on his courtship was one of the most singular that could ever enter into the mind of man; and yet displays, at the same time, the peculiarity of his character and his penetration. He was fully aware, that if he should send ambassadors to Vienna with proposals of a marriage between the Archduchess Maria Louisa and himself, the hereditary pride of the nominal successors of the Roman Cæsars would take the alarm, and reject his overtures at all risks: he therefore came to a determination of sacrificing the lives of eighty thousand human beings to accomplish his design. He judged rightly, that if he succeeded in totally defeating the Austrians, the Court of Vienna would be glad to purchase peace on any terms. Buonaparte was victorious: all difficulties were removed; Josephine was repudiated; and Maria Louisa shared the throne of France with Napoleon.’ p. 40, 41.

Having gone through the detail we have shortly followed, our author exclaims, with much self-complacency—‘Thus have ‘I gradually developed Napoleon’s gigantic plan against our ‘possessions in the Eastern part of the world.’ He then, at equal length, pursues the story of his failure. Through this most unnecessary piece of mere book-making, we shall not attend him, further than to observe his extraordinary ignorance of the most commonly known parts of the history. He makes the arrival at Moscow happen ‘a few months’ after his entrance into Russia; and brings the allies to Paris at the close of the Moscow campaign, leaving out a year and a half of good, solid, substantial history.

Upon Buonaparte's downfall, our author has about the usual portion of trite and wordy remark, interspersed with fluent but pointless declamation, which might have been expected from the account of his rise. He communicates, however, in a peculiarly oracular manner, a fact which, we dare to say, has at least novelty to recommend it. It seems Buonaparte felt the less at going to Elba, 'because the measures for his future return to France were planned before he set out from Fontainebleau.' What measures were planned before he set sail the second time, to lessen his regret at going to St Helena, we are not apprised in this edition. It is only said, that 'he fled from France, and addressed a very laconic note to the Prince Regent of Great Britain; thereby raising an eternal monument of British exaltation.' (p. 54.) We must remark, however, that Mr Jorgenson is very impartial and candid, upon the whole, in his opinions respecting this extraordinary man, an intemperate abuse of whom, would now be as mean and unmanly as crouching to him in his day of power. He condemns his tyranny and ambition in proper terms; but refuses to load him with the crimes which malice and idle curiosity have heaped upon him;—indeed we think he goes much too far in vindicating him from the guilt of the Duc d'Enghien's death. He thinks this was excuseable, unless in so far as it occasioned the violation of a neutral territory; and adds, that Buonaparte 'was only cruel from policy; that he hesitated long before he would consent to the execution of the sentence; and was at length overruled by his advisers.' The authority for this assertion, is Mr Jorgenson's accustomed verb, 'I know;' which we take to be the knowledge acquired from hearing some person of station, in whose company he was, assert the fact.

To the subject of Napoleon succeeds that of the women in France, prefaced by an apology towards 'that fair part of the creation which, we are so justly told, constitutes the chief happiness, delight and glory of man,' for having deferred this subject so long; the more especially after the attack upon English women recently made by a French traveller. As we certainly belong not to the class to whom this apology is addressed, and are very little likely, we fear, to constitute Mr Jorgenson's 'chief happiness, glory, and delight,' so, we can very truly say, that we could have freely pardoned him had he deferred the female chapter altogether, including the anecdotes of the *Caf  des Mille Colonnes*, and the *Belle Limonadi re*, and the stories of Cats, and their dresses and visits, with other points of learning for which the work itself must be consulted.

The next topic of discourse is the Gaming-houses, which fur-

nish a wide field to the author's love of writing. He inveighs severely, and not too severely, against this vice; and depicts, more by facts and circumstances than he is wont to do, the miseries it produces. But the consummation of the scandal he finds, and justly, in the part which the Government takes in it. 'When vice' he exclaims 'is thus publicly licensed by the Government, what can be expected, but a total relaxation of moral principle, and a corresponding depravity of manners? That such a display of human degradation might be sanctioned under the reign of Buonaparte, one may readily conceive; but that it should be tolerated under the Bourbons, who profess to advocate the interests of religion and morality, is to me perfectly unaccountable.' (p. 92.) He goes on to express his astonishment that the governments of Europe do not 'take the most efficacious means for suppressing this alarming evil.'—'To say that a government cannot suppress hazard-plays,' he says, 'is very ridiculous;' and his remedy is ready—'The crime of keeping hazard-tables ought to be made capital, and those who frequent them should be imprisoned.' Yet this would be rather hard towards the latter class; for if the remarks on their infatuation be well-founded, they are fitter for the medical than the police department. 'In no other case,' says he, 'would a man enter on the transaction of business with the odds so clearly against him.' Now, is it not marvellous, and quite as strange as any of the unaccountable things mentioned by our author, that he should make all these remarks without once reflecting upon the encouragement given to gambling of the most pernicious kind by our own Government—the frauds committed, under Parliamentary sanction, the whole year round, upon the most ignorant classes of the community, and the disgraceful participation of the revenue in gains obtained immediately through fraud, ultimately from robbery, and even murder? To be astonished at the Bourbons countenancing gaming-houses, and forget that our own rulers openly avow that the lottery, \* admitted to be criminal, is too

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\* We have long meditated a discussion of this question; if indeed question there be, where everything is admitted, and the minister only says, 'Honesty is too expensive an article in these times.' That men's eyes are at length opened, and their feelings roused upon the subject, is owing to the able and most indefatigable exertions of the Honourable William Lyttleton, who is as secure of finally triumphing over the intolerable nuisance he is now combating, as if the act of Parliament were already through the House. Our feeble aid, too long from accidental circumstances withheld, shall not much longer be wanting to this accomplished and excellent man.

lucrative to be given up, argues a very praiseworthy blindness towards the faults of his country. Indeed, Mr Jorgenson is an optimist in all that relates to England; of which take this specimen in his remarks on the French and British Senates.

'A person who has been an eyewitness to the manner in which public business is conducted in the British Senate, will certainly observe a striking difference, when he enters the place at Paris where the French Chambers are convened. The dignified deportment of the members of the British Parliament—the display of profound reasoning—the manly and persuasive eloquence—the regularity and order with which the debates are conducted, all tend to make a deep and solemn impression on the spectator: the highest degree of reverence and respect is inspired for an enlightened body, composed of patriots and wise men, who decide on affairs with precision, and who warmly interest themselves in the great cause of humanity. On seeing and hearing them, we fancy ourselves transported into the midst of the Senate of ancient Rome, in those days, when virtue, constancy, and honour, were held sacred among the Romans, and the boast of its patricians.

'Widely different is the scene presented in the two Chambers at Paris. The French members carry on their debates with a great deal of passion and animosity: their threatening and violent gestures are disgusting. A British Minister, when introducing any subject to the notice of either house of Parliament, would not venture to *bully* those who may happen to differ from him in opinion. 'He would not dare to say, 'Those who wish for the end, wish for the measure.' 'The Frenchman who made use of this arrogant expression in the Senate, when a very interesting motion was discussed, some time since, intended to intimate by it, that those who did not approve of the proposed plan, were traitors to the King, and ought to be stigmatized as such.' p. 160, 161.

Now, far be it from us to question the truth of these panegyrics upon our Senate, in any one particular. We have always understood the fact to be as Mr Jorgenson represents it. Every thing that transpires respecting the two Houses (at least their majorities, which are the representatives of the whole), inculcates a profound respect, bordering upon awe; the more especially when we reflect on the privilege of imprisonment that belongs to them. Dignified deportment, profound reasoning, perfect order, proverbially distinguish the conduct of our 'wise men,' as Mr Jorgenson terms them, or 'our wights,' as they were called in the purer times of the Constitution; in the days, if we may so speak, of the *Cartwright* monarchy, antecedent to the Heptarchy. Our ministers too, we all know, have never attempted to *bully* their antagonists; particularly in the time of the late Mr Pitt, that perfect model of placid and amiable dignity. In a word, ours is that Senate (we hardly know which of the two Houses wherewithal we are blessed deserves

the praise most, but, take them altogether)—ours is that Senate of which a foreign prince's ambassador might report to his master, as Pyrrhus's did to him, 'that they looked like an assembly of KINGS;'—meaning thereby a race of beings as exempt from the vices as from the weaknesses of other mortals. Such being the true view of the matter, how indignant must all be, who have right feelings within them, at such false representations as, from time to time, are given by disaffected persons upon this subject! We shall only advert to the following picture of the House of Commons, drawn by Mr Wilberforce in his celebrated work upon Vital Christianity; which must be admitted to differ not a little from Mr Jorgenson's sketch of the same original. 'That quick resentment—those bitter contentions—those angry retorts—those malicious triumphs—that, impatience of inferiority—that wakeful sense of past defeats, and promptness to revenge them, which too often change the character of a Christian deliberative assembly into that of a stage for prize-fighters; violating at once the proprieties of public conduct, and the rules of social decorum, and renouncing and chasing away all the charities of the religion of Jesus.' *Chap. IV. S. 3.* Thus much touching the Commons: the learned writer says nothing of the Lords, —who are indeed admitted on all hands to be faultless.

There is one statement which meets us in every part of this work, which we would fain hope is more applicable to the state of things two years ago than to their present state—we mean the preference of all classes, but particularly the lower orders, for Buonaparte, and their coldness, not to say aversion, towards the Bourbons. Thus, at Paris, he says,

'It was easy to observe, that the French cherished a much greater attachment for Buonaparte than they did for the Bourbons. There is no truth in the bold and ostentatious assertion made by a certain member of the Chamber of Peers, in one of his orations, that the immense majority of the French nation *went son Roi*. It may, indeed, be good policy to say so; but the careful observations I made, contradict this fact. The feeble cries of *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* issuing from the throats of a few ragged fellows, whenever the King makes his appearance in the pavilion fronting the gardens of the Tuilleries, form a striking contrast to the loud shouts and acclamations which rent the air when Buonaparte formerly showed himself in the same place. The French even make an appeal to our reason, and demand, whether it can be doubted who is the *desired*—Louis or Napoleon. The former, they say, was seated on the throne with the help of three hundred thousand foreign bayonets. From Brussels to Paris he waded in the blood of Frenchmen, and made his triumphal entry into the capital over the carcasses of the

men who died in defence of their Emperor. They add, that the contributions paid by the nation to the Allied Powers, is the return which Louis makes them for reestablishing him in the government.' p. 119—121.

Again,

' A trifling incident frequently enabled me, without uttering a single word, to sound the inclinations of the French respecting Buonaparte. I bought two or three snuff-boxes, with his likeness on the lid of them; one I carried constantly about me. In going into a shop to buy snuff, I have often seen the women take the box and kiss it. In other places where I might display it, some person or other would generally take it into his hands, look at it with attention, and then return it to me with an emphatic "Ah!" or some other observation indicative of goodwill towards Napoleon. In one or two instances I met with persons who exclaimed against my carrying about me a likeness of the *tyrant*; but this rarely happened. "

' Any one travelling through France, who should wish to court friendly attention from the people, will certainly find it his interest to appear favourably inclined towards Buonaparte. Instead of mentioning this name, he must say *l'Empéreur*, for so his partisans continue to style him: this is the touchstone which moves a Frenchman's affections. The Royal party, on the contrary, simply call him Buonaparte, or *l'Usurpateur*. If, by chance, a person should have any business to transact at the public offices in Paris, or in those of the Prefectures in the various departments, he will not always be able to promote his suit by vaunting that he is a loyal subject to Louis. There are many ancient military holding situations in those places, who are still attached to the interests of Napoleon, and are extremely unwilling to render any service to those who entertain different sentiments.' p. 123—125.

In the country, and in villages, Mr Jorgenson found these feelings still more openly avowed; because the people are less on their guard, and, as he says, not so much under the inspection of the police. But at first, seeing a stranger enter, they used to be suspicious, and afraid of his being a spy. 'Hence,' says he, 'whenever I entered a house in any of the villages, the people would tap each other on the feet, crying, "*Oui, Oui! il faut obéir son Roi: il faut obéir les loix: Buonaparte étoit un mauvais sujet.*" My host would tell them that I was a good man, and they had nothing to fear from me. In order to sound their real dispositions, I would sometimes venture to add, that Buonaparte had done much harm, but that he had also effected a deal of good. They would instantly turn round, like a weathercock in a gale of wind, sing forth his praises, and call me a very reasonable man. Nothing pleased them more than seeing my snuff-box: men, women, and children flocked round me, to see the likeness of *l'Empéreur*.' p. 191.

Now we regard this testimony as entitled to great consideration, at least in estimating the relative popularity of the two families when Mr Jorgenson was in France, and in correcting the silly rant so greedily echoed in this country from the French press, and from the Ultra-Royalist speeches. For it is the statement of a man full of what are called English prejudices; a warm admirer of the old regime; a fierce enemy of every part of the revolution; and decidedly hostile, though fair in his hostility, to the Buonaparte family. His candour, instead of diminishing, does certainly add new weight to his authority. It is rather singular, however, to observe how violent his prejudices are against the French as a people. They extend to the very cookery, in which he can find nothing to commend. On this point, indeed, our traveller seems to be but moderately skilled. He thinks the 'palm of culinary excellence is unquestionably due to the French, if good cooking consist in making much of a little, and in the preparation of olios.' And he then describes the process of making what he calls *légume*, which word he always uses for *soup*, and appears to think the only French dish. He also ascribes the prevalence of scrofulous diseases to the 'putrid horse flesh in sausages, and the vast quantities of gross fat in their *légumes*;' and will hardly believe that there is such a thing as a rabbit in the country,—so piously does he believe that cats are a standing part of every larder.

Before quitting his remarks on Paris, we shall extract some observations upon the abolition of the Sabbath, which we verily believe have much truth in them.

'I have been informed, by persons who have resided for many years in France, that the middling and lower orders of French are not so lively, gay and sociable, at present, as they were before the Revolution. This change in their manners may, in a great measure, be imputed to the republican principles which were afterwards instilled among them; but the chief cause, I apprehend, is the violation of the Sabbath. The shopkeepers and tradespeople are confined to their houses on Sundays, as well as on other days. This prevents them from forming those little sociable parties and connexions, which tend to unbend and relieve the mind from the cares of business. The shopmen and apprentices have no day of rest; there is no end to their work; they become careless in consequence. In England, every person of this description looks forward with pleasure to the day which suspends his weekly occupations. He displays his gayest apparel; and, in the intervals of public worship, visits his parents or friends, and enjoys the pleasures of society, which amply compensate for the labours of the week. On the ensuing morning, he returns to his work with alacrity, looking forward to the following Sunday, for the recurrence of the same gratification. In France, the master-tradesmen

will ask, whether their apprentices do not eat and drink on Sundays, as well as other days; and therefore ought to work. This moroseness has an effect on the cleanliness of the young men: they pursue their daily drudgery in their dirty working-dresses; and habit renders them, at length, averse to a change of linen and clothes. After Louis XVIII. returned to Paris, a decree was issued, forbidding the shops to be open during the hours of divine service on Sundays, under a penalty of ten francs for each offence. This measure gave cause for loud complaints: the citizens paid the fine rather than discontinue their old practices; and the Government, seeing that the abuse was not to be remedied in this way, no longer enforced the law; and things go on as usual.' p. 117, 118.

From Paris he at last set out, on foot, in December 1815, and by slow journies proceeded towards the Rhine. He generally found the process of ordering a good supper, with wine, and asking change for a louis-d'or, a necessary preliminary to asking for a bed; but, by means of this little contrivance, he appears to have travelled comfortably enough, hating and railing at the French all the way, till he reached Germany, where he meets with all manner of discomfort, and is in one uninterrupted praise of both the country and its inhabitants. At Jonchery he makes a stay of several days; and, having amused himself with a *mystification* (or what is in England vulgarly called a *hoax*) on the Mayor, by pretending he was on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he is forced into the society of various curious and pious persons, who load him with messages for the sepulchre, and make Jonchery, in the meanwhile, tolerably agreeable to him. To support his story of the pilgrimage, he thinks fit to add that he is an Irishman, which he observes is always in France a great recommendation, not so much from the idea that the Irish are Catholics, as because they are supposed to hate the English. At this place he learnt a droll anecdote of the Mayor, a determined and active Bourbonist, and on that account much hated by the inhabitants, having neglected to furnish a certain number of waggons required by the Russians, and being, as is usual with those friends to social order, forthwith subjected to the *Schläge*. The reader must feel anxious, first of all to know the precise nature of this infliction upon the worthy magistrate.—We learn that it is of a twofold character—according, as we conjecture, to the character civil or military of the patient. It may be a beating on the back with the flat of a cutlass; but truth compels us to add, that it may also be—we cannot give vent to the sorrowful story in our own words, but must have recourse to our author—it may be 'by pulling down the breeches, \* and lashing most severely with rods over the posteriors.'—This mode of infliction, we grieve to say it, was used in the

case of the Worshipful, the Mayor of Jonchery. But first we may note that all Frenchmen, according to our author, regard this as the most degrading of punishments, and also that they writhe and roar under it in a manner peculiarly vehement, while a Russian hardly makes a wry face, but takes it as a matter of course. And now the reader may naturally feel desirous of following his Worship to the scene of action, as the place of suffering may, on this occasion, be termed with sufficient accuracy.

'Poor M. Savar was in the most distressing situation: he cried aloud, '*Je suis pour les Bourbons: j'ai infiniment de respect pour sa Majesté l'Empereur de Russie, pour le Roi de Prusse.*' But it was neither the Bourbons, Alexander, nor the King of Prussia, who could save him from the grasp of the Russians: they would not understand his logic, answering, '*Biak, ljenja mat, \* Franzosa pas bon! Franzosa canaille!*' If the drama had ended here, it might still have been tolerably well; but the Russian officer insisted on M. Savar paying a fine of ten francs per hour, till the waggons should arrive; and as a stimulus to exertion, he was to receive *schläge* at intervals. This was an alarming blow to the Mayor: he had not a franc in the house. He was therefore obliged to send round to the villagers, entreating them very earnestly to send some money instantly, otherwise he should certainly be murdered. The inhabitants of Jonchery, being highly enraged against M. Savar, for his officiousness in the morning; and learning, to their great satisfaction, that he was to receive *schläge* so long as the money and waggons were not forthcoming; now enjoyed his distress, and were in no haste to relieve him. The poor fellow was kept in a state of terror and suspense for more than two hours. The Mayor took this unworthy treatment so much to heart, that he was scarcely ever afterwards sober for two hours together, unless when asleep at nights.' p. 185, 186.

During his stay here, our author made the acquaintance of an eminent Gipsy, who exercised her art with great success, chiefly among the lower orders. He judiciously asked her to communicate her secret to him, which, for a louis-d'or, she agreed to do; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the idea of obtaining this information as the brightest, and the Gipsy's account of her methods as by far the most curious thing in the book. We shall extract a little of it.

"On all occasions where married women consult us, it is proper that the men should not be present: we invariably tell them that they have been unfaithful to their husbands, and we are generally right: they will look at us with a very significant smile, evidently intimating their persuasion that we must certainly deal in the black art. Most women, indeed, are more pleased with the idea of having the power of charming the men, than they are proud of their chastity. Only once in my life have I been out in my calculations: the acci-

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"A coarse expression of reproach among the Russians."

dent happened in a village two leagues on the other side of Rheims : I shall never forget it as long as I live. A great gigantic woman knocked me down, and trampled on me, for telling her that she was false to her husband ; but she was so monstrously ugly, and so brutal in her manners, that her virtue could never be endangered : her husband had married her for the sake of a little money.

“ We also inform a married woman, that there was some person, before her marriage, whom she would have preferred to her husband, could she have obtained him ; and that she still thinks of him, at times, with feelings of regret. Here we are commonly correct ; for scarcely one out of five hundred poor women is united to the man she loves : she snatches at the first who will take her, for fear of having none at all.

“ Young girls are more easily satisfied than married women. We have only to tell them, that a number of young men are in love with them ; that they will soon be married to the man of their fancy ; and we give them letters in abundance. Some jealous maid will request us to set a spell on a rival, and to turn the hard heart of her lover : this we readily promise to do ; as, in such a case, we receive a handsome fee, sometimes ten or twelve sous.

“ Old maids are the most troublesome : they wish to know whether their future lover be of a dark or fair complexion ; whether he be handsome, tender-hearted, in love up to both ears with them, constant, kind, affectionate, and every thing that is pretty.” p. 198—202.

It is a curious circumstance, and shows the natural connexion between hypocrisy and credulity, that after the Gipsy had avowed her art to be an imposture, and admitted that the cuttings and shufflings of the cards which she went through, were merely to amuse and deceive ; she, nevertheless, in her own case, was always laying them out to see what her lover was about ; and when he would overtake her ; and sometimes she would start up and say to the hostess, “ There ! as sure as I am a living woman, he is now with the creature we saw at the last fair.—“ Don't you see very plainly that he is now in company with a dark woman ? Yes ! yes ! he made her, two months ago, a present of a silk handkerchief. I will be revenged on them both.” 203.

Journeying onward to the frontier, our author passed through the country that had been the scene of the late campaign ; and his testimony is, upon the whole, very favourable to the conduct of the Allied Armies, especially the Russians, towards the inhabitants. He also was fortunate enough to meet with many persons who had been prisoners in England, and who gave a flat contradiction to the slanders so industriously propagated in Paris respecting their treatment in this country. No other information of any value is to be gathered from his journal until he enters Germany, except that he says, he ascertained that

‘ upwards of two hundred manufactories had been totally abandoned between Rheims and Furbach, as the proprietors were unable to keep pace with the prices of the goods imported from England or Germany.’—He adds, that the same sorts of muslins which, three or four years ago, used to be sold at Verdun for sixteen francs a yard, now cost only four. p. 221.

In Germany, our author finds all right; he is pleased with every thing, and delighted with every body except the poor Jews, against whom he inveighs both generally and individually. The very day he crosses the border, indeed, he meets with one very suspicious character.

‘ In the course of the evening, I entered into conversation with a respectable hatter of this place, who told me, very frankly, that he would rather see the French here than the Prussians. This assertion surprised me greatly; for the man, not many minutes before, had given me a most deplorable account of what he had suffered by the quartering of French troops, and their scandalous exactions.’ On expressing my surprise to him, he replied, ‘ All you say, Sir, is very true: but then a French officer has always a three-cocked hat, a round one, and a cap, which makes it very good for our trade; whereas the Prussian officers wear caps only.’ p. 227.

A few days after, he has an adventure still more distressing—the publication of which, we think, does infinite credit to his candour and courage.

‘ During my stay at Frankfurt, I made an excursion to Darmstadt, where I became acquainted with an Aulic counsellor, who, on our subsequent return to Frankfurt, introduced me to a ball. He was desirous of providing me a partner, and pointed out to me a very pretty lady of his acquaintance. I went up to her, and requested the honour of her hand for the next dance. To my utter confusion, shame, and vexation, the lovely creature answered me, with the utmost affability of manner and sweetness of voice, that she had once taken a solemn oath *never to dance with a person who was in the least degree bow-legged!* I had never, till then, thought that there was any defect in my legs, which had safely carried me over so many leagues; and I could not help thinking that the lady intended to divert herself at my expense: neither could I reconcile to myself how an oath could escape so handsome a pair of lips as she possessed. I observed, however, that she adhered to her declaration; for she danced, almost the whole of the evening afterwards, with a tall thin person, at least six feet high, and monstrously knock-kneed. I was so confounded at the reception I had met with from this fair lady, that I scarcely ventured to look up the whole of the evening. I made many inquiries, but could never discover her reason for making so strange a vow. p. 236, 237.

At Frankfurt he resides some time, but records nothing else that is worthy of notice, although he enjoyed the friendship of

a Scotch gentleman who had been long settled in the country, and whom he depicts as the most worthy and sensible man in the whole world. He had not indeed been so fortunate in life as his countrymen (and ours) generally are; but this we take to have arisen from the great amount of the Jewish population in those parts; at least, it is a known fact, that no Israelites thrive in Scotland; they find the place too hot for them, or pre-occupied,—we dare not decide which; and, when one of our countrymen returns their visit at Frankfort, we cannot much wonder if he meets with a similar reception. His Scotch friend seems to have been, notwithstanding, in perfect charity with the nation he lived amongst, and above all with its chiefs and other great men, of whom he impressed Mr Jorgenson with the most exalted ideas; and having found means to procure him access to one of them, our author's admiration of the whole species knows no bounds. We cannot afford room for extracts, displaying in detail the extraordinary qualifications of German sovereigns, great, little, and middlesized; but the following trait may suffice as a sample of that perfection which it seems the royal or princely nature hath happily attained in that favoured country, and which all the grafts or shoots from the parent stock, we take it for granted, carry with them, and preserve, as certain fruits do their flavour, while the parent stock continues to flourish. ‘They are,’ it seems, ‘constant in their attachments, and capable of private friendship: hence their servants generally grow old in their service, and we seldom see any changes in the Ministry in the various German states. This proceeds from a very natural cause:—the Germans are very circumspect in the choice of their friends; they will try them before they trust them; but when once they have found a man to be honest and upright, they divest themselves of all suspicion, and repose unlimited confidence in him; and they are seldom deceived. Neither are they easily imposed upon in this respect.’ p. 245. No doubt, his illustrations of this position are less happy than might have been wished; for he mentions the celebrated Stein, among the proofs that merit is promoted, and royal favour constant, in Prussia; the fact being, that as soon as the war had been brought to a successful termination, through the wise and patriotic councils of this distinguished person, he and all the other friends of German independence who had restored the Prussian monarchy, were either dismissed and neglected, or sent into honourable banishment, or obliged to exile themselves, according as their services had been more or less valuable to the cause; and all this because the people naturally looked to them as friends of liberty, no

less than of national independence, for the fulfilment of the promises which had called forth their triumphant exertions against the common enemy.

The reader will not, after this, be surprised to learn that Mr Jorgenson lauds the King of Prussia lavishly for having *given* his people a free constitution :—having probably been informed by his Scotch friend that his Majesty had *promised* it, he takes the rest for granted. His rage at the King of Saxony is desperate, because he did what all the others had done, join Buonaparte when he compelled them, and desert him when he was beaten ; with this only difference, that this unfortunate prince's treachery, if such it can be called, began to operate a little later than theirs. He is so angry at this sovereign, though a prince and a German, that he extends his dislike to the Saxons, whom he abuses roundly, but with a curious discrimination ; for he defends the inhabitants of those provinces which have been ceded to Prussia. Thus, one chapter concludes with telling us, that the new subjects of Prussia ' are perfectly satisfied, ' and would not wish to return under the dominion of Saxony ; ' and expressing satisfaction, that these ' inoffensive and harmless ' people are not now liable to be implicated in the wretched policy of the Saxon Court. ' And the next, in the table of contents, notes, ' Anecdotes illustrative of the deceitful character of ' the Saxons. ' To be sure this, like many of Mr Jorgenson's other titles, is found not quite descriptive of the passage ; for those anecdotes consist merely in abuse of the king's policy, and an observation, that ' nothing is to be heard in Saxony but the ' bitterest revilings against Prussia and England ; and that the ' Saxons wait for an opportunity to revenge themselves on the ' former power ; '—a mark of national perfidy which we suspect to be pretty common in all the countries where the Congress has sacrificed the people to their schemes of partition and spoliation. Mr Jorgenson, indeed, is not only satisfied with these schemes, but laments they did not go further ; and, particularly, he cannot forgive the fault of having left the King of Saxony any territory at all. When they were about it—when their *hand was in*—he thinks Prussia should have swallowed all Saxony. ' Treat demands, ' says he, ' that I should contend that ' the welfare of mankind required the annihilation of Saxony. ' (p. 181.) The chief ground of charge against the Saxon king is the signature by him of a treaty with Buonaparte, for the total annihilation of the King of Prussia. Our author speaks generally of this document. He tells us, ' Treat says, ' with a flourish in evidence. ' And this passes for proof, and is repeated

upon as conclusive : But then he adds, that he ' thinks it would ' not be difficult to point out the name of the individual who ' was entrusted with it, and even to produce a copy of it if necessary.' (p. 307, 399.) And he further adds, at last, that he ' knows the fact to be true.' (*ibid.*) We do not quite comprehend this coquettish way of dealing with plain facts ; but we know there is very little reliance to be placed on the sources of secret history which are accessible to such travellers as Mr Jorgenson. He speaks as oracularly of the *murder* of Gustavus Adolphus, of the secret policy of Frederic II, and of many other passages of German history with which he interlards the meagre body of statements which are the result of his own observation.

We had almost forgot to mention, that this author is a professed admirer of the partition of Poland ; indeed he enters into an elaborate defence of it. This might have been expected from the account which we have already given of his principles respecting the later proceedings of the disciples of that school of political justice, founded by Catharine and Frederic, both surnamed the Great. One very noted character among them, we are glad to find, he does not pass over ; we mean our own pride and glory, the Lord Castlereagh. The loyal reader may desire to see how *some persons* abroad speak of My Lord,—and it may show that those are deceived who think his praise is only celebrated by the chaste and classic eloquence of the Treasury newspapers.

' During my residence in Germany, I had often the honour of conversing with one of the diplomatic personages, who was present, and took an active part in the proceedings, at Congress. This able man told me, that, in the whole course of his diplomatic career, he had not met with a person more qualified for his high situation, than Lord Castlereagh. " I do not know how it is," said he, " but his Lordship always found means to persuade us into all his views : he carried every point he insisted on : he displayed great firmness of mind : yet his Lordship's manners were so affable, and his deportment so unassuming, that he never gave personal offence." He added—" British diplomatists have often run into the error of urging their claim with too much haughtiness ; the persons engaged with them in negotiations felt offended, and secretly, if not openly, counteracted their pretensions. Not so with Lord Castlereagh : his talents and eloquence excited admiration, whilst the urbanity of his manners created goodwill." I mention this circumstance merely to show how very unlikely it is that his Lordship should have presumed to dictate to the rest of the Ministers at the Congress. I will readily admit, that Lord Castlereagh's great qualifications may excite envy ; but a person who has distinguished himself in the manner his Lordship has done, and who deserves so well of his country, ought, at least, to be treated with candour.' p. 390, 391.

This is very satisfactory no doubt,—but the author's account of the itinerancy of the German tradesmen is more original; and we believe, moreover, that it is perfectly authentic.

As soon as a youth has served his apprenticeship, he is compelled to take his knapsack on his back, and travel into other parts of Germany, at least for four years; without which, he will find it difficult to procure employment, and will be laughed at and despised by others of the same trade. In most of the large towns there is a kind of inn established for each separate trade, to which all the travelling journeymen of such trades resort, on their arrival. In some they are provided (*gratis*) with provisions and straw for a number of days; but men of other trades do not enjoy the same benefit. For instance, shoemakers may go to the inn to procure a night's lodging; but they will receive nothing more, unless they can pay for what they call for. Coppersmiths make it a practice to go to the houses of the master-tradesmen in every considerable town through which they pass, and claim some little assistance, which is given them. Hence, in Germany, some are called rich, and some poor trades, according to the advantages enjoyed by the journeymen, when travelling. The funds to defray these expenses are either raised by a kind of subscription, or by deducting a very small proportion from the journeymen's weekly wages when at work. The rule is, to permit no travelling journeyman to remain longer than twenty-four hours in one place. If he cannot in that time find employment, he must proceed further. Sometimes, however, the police will permit him to stay a few days longer, if he have any prospects of obtaining work. It happens, indeed, very often, that these men are so poor, that they are obliged to beg; but whenever they are detected begging, they are, in some places, sent away immediately; in others, they are imprisoned for eight or ten days; and in others they receive a sound whipping. This foolish mode of sending young men abroad to see the world, as it is here called, is attended with the most pernicious effects. Their morals are totally corrupted; and they become addicted to drinking, smoking, riot and idleness. Being obliged to shift and shuffle about in the world, they attain a certain degree of low cunning, not at all the characteristic of a German, and, in fact, become complete vagrants.

During the summer, they can easily procure work; but as they know that at this season the masters stand in need of them, they are careless whether they please or not. The moment they receive their weekly wages, they resort to the public houses, and do not return to their work till all their money is spent, which is generally accomplished on the Sunday and the Monday. As winter approaches, they have nothing to do. The masters now take their revenge; they will not keep them in employment; and each retains no more than are barely sufficient to answer his present purposes. The men are now compelled to travel again; and are thus exposed to inconceivable miseries and distresses, which, however, rarely produce e-

ven the smallest influence on their conduct the ensuing summer. Once habituated to idle practices, they cannot, or will not, divest themselves of them.

' In the course of my rambles, I entered a lonely public-house, in a large wood between Leipzig and Berlin, where I have seen nine or ten of these poor wretches huddled together for a night, without either shoes or stockings: some were even destitute of shirts. Three of them could muster no more money among them than would purchase two pennyworth of coarse bread.

' In the month of January 1817, I ascertained that one hundred and twenty journeymen tailors, all in quest of work, passed through Gustrow in Mecklenburg, a place by no means situated on one of the great leading roads of Germany.' p. 259-262.

Before closing the account of this volume, we must once more complain of the disappointment which it perpetually creates as to details of fact. After boasting that he is to give a full account of the famous *Tugen-bunde*, the secret association by which so much was done for the liberation of Germany, our author tells, in many words, what every one knows; and, adding no one single particular, leaves us wholly unable to collect any thing from his long and flat declamation, except that there was such a league, and that it was of advantage to the cause. This is a very curious subject, on which a treatise, founded on details of fact, is much wanted; and therefore, the disappointment occasioned by the expectations raised in Mr Jorgenson's preface and table of contents, can the less be pardoned.

We hope the reader will not think that we should have been more indulgent to the defects of this volume, from its being the production of an unlettered sailor, as the preface states. If it is written by Mr Jorgenson himself, we must say that he has wholly forgotten his old professional habits, and given up observation for disquisition. The handywork, however, much more resembles that of a London bookmaker, and has therefore nothing about it to disarm critical justice.

ART. VI. *Harrington a Tale, and Ormond a Tale; in Three Volumes.* By MARIA EDGEWORTH, Author of *Comic Dramas, Tales of Fashionable Life, &c. &c.* 12mo. London, 1817.

MISS EDGEWORTH belongs to a class of writers who are less liable to failures than most of those who adventure in the public pursuit of excellence or distinction. Her works are not happy effusions of fancy, or casual inspirations of genius. There is nothing capricious or accidental about them; but

they are the mature and seasonable fruits of those faculties that work the surest and continue the longest in vigour,—of powerful sense and nice moral perception, joined to a rare and invaluable talent for the observation and display of human character,—tempered, in its wholesome exercise, with far more indulgence to its less glittering qualities than usually falls to the lot of those who are gifted with so quick a sense of its weakness and folly. Fortunately for mankind, these are the least precarious as well as the most important of all the faculties which belong to our frail nature; and are not only for the most part at the command of their possessor, but can seldom be called into action without diffusing their beneficial influence to others.

But though Miss Edgeworth can never absolutely fail in her endeavours to excel, because she can never be either silly or absurd, it does not follow that she should always be equally successful, or that all her productions should be interesting and amusing alike. Sometimes the subjects afford but little scope either for interest or amusement;—and sometimes the moral lessons she wishes to inculcate, are of a sort which do not admit of those embellishments which are most suited to her genius.

The key, indeed, to all that is peculiar in her writings, whether in the way of excellence or defect,—that which distinguishes her from other writers of kindred powers of judgment and invention, is, that the duties of a *Moral Teacher* are always uppermost in her thoughts. It is impossible, we think, to read ten pages in any of her writings, without feeling, not only that the whole, but that every part of them was intended to do good;—and that she has never for an instant allowed herself to forget, that the great end and aim of her writing was—not to display her own talents, or to court popularity by brilliant effect—but to make her readers substantially better and happier;—not only to correct fatal errors of opinion—to soften dispositions and remove prejudices unfriendly to happiness—but to display wisdom and goodness at once in their most engaging and familiar aspects—to raise to their proper rank and importance those humbler virtues on which the felicity of ordinary life so essentially depends—and to show how easy and agreeable the loftiest principles and the highest intellectual attainments may be in practice, by representing them, as they are in truth most commonly to be found, united with the gayest temper, and the most simple and amiable manners.

No nobler or more worthy end certainly could be proposed to any human endeavours; and those who are best acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's writings, will probably think most high-

ly of her success in the pursuit of it : And yet it is to the unrelaxed intensity of this pursuit that we think almost all her faults are to be referred. It is this which has given to her composition something of too didactic a manner,—and brought the moral of her stories too obtrusively forward,—and led her into repetitions that are somewhat wearisome, and discussions too elementary, and exaggerations too improbable,—that has lowered the tone, in short, of her infinitely varied and original fictions to some affinity with that of ingenious apologues invented for the instruction of youth, and given at times an air of childishness and poorness to the result of the finest observations, and the profoundest views of human nature. It is wonderful, indeed, to see such works produced, under the disadvantages and restraints of so severe a method. But it is impossible to doubt that much of the freedom, the grace, and the boldness of her invention, has been sacrificed to the pithy illustration of some moral aphorism, or the importunate enforcement of some salutary truth.

Nor has the effect been merely to lessen the fame of the author, and the delight of her intelligent readers ;—we suspect it has, in many cases, been also to defeat, in a considerable degree, the very end to which so much has been thus resolutely sacrificed. Persons of full age revolt from instruction presented in too direct and officious a form,—and take it amiss to have a plain lesson, however much needed, driven into them in so persevering and unrelenting a manner ; and the very exaggerations and repetitions which are intended to give force and effect to the warning, are apt to make it less impressive, by making it less probable. As they now stand, the greater part of her *Tales* may be regarded as a series or climax of instances, in which some moral or intellectual defect produces disastrous consequences—a continued succession of catastrophes, arising out of the same causes, and terminating in the same general results. In each of these stories, we have little more than an enlargement of a character conceived like one of *La Bruyere's*,—and illustrated by a similar train of extreme cases and striking exemplifications ;—a method perfectly unexceptionable, when the object is merely to give a strong and distinct impression of the character itself, but liable to great objection when applied to a series of adventures that are meant to be probable, and to produce their moral effect by the suggestion of truth and reality. Some of the *Tales*, indeed, involve this defect, if it be one, in their very structure and conception—and announce it plainly enough in the titles which they bear. The best of these is that entitled ‘*Tomorrow* ;’—the worst ‘*Murad the Unlucky*.’ But

in all which aim at a more extended delineation of life and manners, this limitation of the interest is both unnatural and unwise. No long series of interesting occurrences ever turned, in reality, upon one vice or folly; or presented us with one flaw of character as the spring and origin of all the disasters that ensue. Nor are the moral lessons, of which such occurrences may be made the vehicle, at all more likely to be effectual, from this exclusive attention to one only of the morbid propensities, of which we may be thus agreeably admonished. The systematic teacher of ethics may find it convenient to take the vices and virtues successively and apart, and to treat of each in its order—just as the systematic teacher of grammar takes the prepositions and conjunctions. But as, when the scholar is advanced into *præctica*, all the parts of speech are jumbled again together, as in ordinary discourse; so, when the object is to give practical impressions, with a view to real life, it would seem expedient to exhibit all the mingled principles of action that are found actually to govern human conduct, or to affect human felicity:—and the most useful tale for improvement, as well as the most agreeable for unimprovable readers, must be that which presents us with the greatest variety of characters, and places before us the consequences of the greatest number of peculiar propensities. Upon Miss E.'s present system, there are several of her stories which can be of use, we should think, but to a very small number of patients; and we really cannot help thinking that it was as little worth her while to provide a corrective for gentlemen who have an antipathy to Jews, or ladies who have prejudices against French governesses, as it would be for an eminent physician to compound an infallible plaster for scratches on the first joint of the little finger exclusively.

Her excessive care for the moral utility of her works, has also injured them in another way. The substantial happiness of life, no doubt, depends more upon justice and prudence, than upon genius and generosity—upon ordinary and attainable qualities in short, than on lofty and heroic ones. But the interest we take in these, as observers, is just in an opposite proportion; and Miss Edgeworth has been so fearful of misleading her readers into any unprofitable or dangerous admiration, that she has almost entirely excluded the agency of the higher passions, and applied all the resources of her genius to recommend the humbler practices of fair dealing and sincerity—industry, good temper, firmness of character, and friendly offices. She has accordingly recommended them most powerfully; and this age and the next are largely indebted to her exertions, and will long profit by their effects;—but her writings would, beyond

all question, have been more attractive, if she had dealt occasionally in deeper and more tumultuous emotions, and exhibited her characters in situations more full of distress and agitation, and under the influence of feelings more vehement and overwhelming than she has generally thought it safe to meddle with. Except in the case of her Irish rustics, she has hardly ever ascribed any burst of natural passion, or any impulse of reckless generosity to her characters. The rest of her favourites are all well-behaved, considerate, good-natured people, who are never in any very terrible danger, either from within or from without, and from whom little more is required than might be expected from any other well disposed and well educated persons in the like circumstances.

The greater interest and attraction of stronger passion cannot, of course, be disputed; but we are a little sceptical here also, as to the supposed danger or inutility of such exhibitions. It is a great thing, certainly, to make a man wise for himself; but it is still greater, and not less important, to make him understand that there are feelings stronger than selfish feelings, and joys of more value than selfish enjoyments. One half of mankind is condemned to perpetual debasement, by never having been made to comprehend the delight of generosity, or the elevation of a devoted affection; and, to give them this sense, we must, in general, set before them some strong and even exaggerated representation of the reality. The occasions for such emotions are but of rare occurrence indeed, in ordinary life; and the habits of mind that would render them common, would no doubt be pernicious if they were to become predominant. But there is no great danger of this practical result. Pupils in this, as in every other school, always lag behind their teachers, and fall far short of their patterns. A dancing-master turns out his toes more than enough, and holds himself ridiculously erect, that his disciples may do both moderately;—and examples of extravagant generosity, or imprudent affection, are likely to be imitated with the same abatements. It may often be necessary, by a strong impulse, to rouse the kinder and nobler feelings of our nature; but it can scarcely ever be requisite to suggest those selfish considerations by which they may be kept within bounds. In spite of our metaphysical moralists, we are firmly persuaded that our hearts are practically softened by being made to sympathize even with imaginary sorrow; and cannot help thinking, that the first tears which a pathetic and powerful writer draws from a rude nature, are pledges of its permanent refinement. The occasional appearance of lofty and energetic characters on the scenes of real life, is allowed

to raise the general standard of sentiment in the age and nation to which they belong, even though they should trespass in many points upon the ordinary rules of prudence and morality, and present an assemblage of qualities which it would be by no means convenient to meet in our common acquaintance. Now, the heroes of fiction stand nearly in the same predicament, and perform nearly the same functions for their reader; and we are inclined to think, that the mischief they may do by the seducing example of their extravagance, is more than compensated by the force with which they rouse our sluggish sensibility, and the feelings they so strongly impress, of a nobler use and a higher relish of life than can be found in its vulgar prosperity. In Miss Edgeworth, however, we meet with little that can be called heroic—and nothing that is romantic or poetical. She is so much afraid of seducing her pupils from the practical duties of social life, that she will not even borrow a grace from the loveliness of nature; and has neither expressed herself, nor exemplified in any of her characters, that sympathy with rural beauty, that sense of the expression of the great or majestic features of the universe, of which the author of *Waverley* and the *Antiquary* has made so admirable an use, and turned to such account even for the moral effect of his story. There is more of this feeling in one speech of Edie Ochiltree, than in all the works of the author now before us.

Since we have begun to notice her faults, we may as well make an end of them. Those of which we have now spoken, we ascribe to her system,—her rigid rejection of everything that does not teach a safe and practical moral lesson. There are others which we should be disposed to refer to her sex. With all her sound sense and intelligence, it is plain that she is not at all at home in the representation of public transactions, or the actual business of men. She is not only incapable of dealing with battles and negotiations, like the great author to whom we have just alluded; but has evidently no more than a derivative and conjectural knowledge of the way in which political intrigues, and private and public business are actually managed. She understands well enough how politicians speak in the drawing-room, and in what way their habits of business affect their manners in society; but her conceptions of the tone and temper of their actual conduct are plainly derived from conjecture alone, and often bear no very near resemblance to the reality. She has an unlucky fondness, too, for showing her acquaintance with the profession of the law, and repeatedly goes out of her way to describe as feats of great legal dexterity and acuteness, things quite puerile or impossible. The influence of sex, too, has narrow-

ed the field of her invention, in other particulars,—where this limitation is less perhaps to be regretted;—female Delicacy has prevented her from completing in all their parts those pictures of personal profligacy and its consequences, which the nature of her moral design lead her so often to portray; and female Gentleness has disabled her from representing, and perhaps from conceiving, the extent of brutal ferocity of which man's nature is capable, and from which, as well as from other vices, it requires not unfrequently to be warned.

It is perhaps invidious to mention other faults,—especially as we have nothing else to ascribe them to but the ordinary imperfections of human nature. But we must venture to tell Miss E., that most of her amiable young ladies are a little too wise and peremptory—and are apt, in their repartees, to be rather pert than dignified. Indeed, we cannot say we exceedingly relish her smart sayings in general,—which are sometimes neither very new nor very elegant. There are also some glaring improbabilities hazarded now and then, to bring about her catastrophes—a fault that is rendered particularly striking by the sober, familiar, and authentic air of most of her narratives. Where the general strain of the fable is romantic and extravagant, a little excess in the marvellous does not startle or offend; but we feel it at once as a capital defect, where the great charm of the work consists in the truth and accuracy of its representations, and in that chaste and judicious invention which enables us to go along with the story without any violent suppositions, or any great effort of forgetfulness as to the realities of the world we live in.

Having said so much of the faults of this distinguished writer, it is scarcely necessary perhaps to add, that they are almost entirely effaced by her excellencies:—nor, after what we have so often stated with regard to her, can it be requisite to say in what we think these excellencies to consist. Her admirable sense—her kindness of heart—her marvellous powers of invention, that make it difficult to discover a single plagiarism, even from herself, in the forty volumes of her works—the inimitable humour, truth and beauty of her traits of national character, displaying not only a thorough knowledge, but an affectionate love of Ireland, and a concern for her happiness, which cannot be for ever unfruitful—her intimate acquaintance and generous sympathy with the feelings and habits of the lower and middling classes of the people—her clear, indulgent, and rational views of the diversity of human character and its causes—and the rapidity, accuracy, and brevity of her sketches of all its variations;—these are among the most prominent of her merits, and would be alone

sufficient to place her among the most meritorious writers of the age she was destined to improve.—But it is more than time that we should proceed to the works immediately before us.

The first story, which is entitled 'Harrington,' is the shortest, and not the best. The design, indeed, is far too limited for one of her excellent tales. It is to counteract the illiberal prejudices that some people have against Jews; and contains the history of a young gentleman, who, being frightened in his infancy by a foolish maid-servant, who threatened him with the old clothesman's bag when he was disposed to be refractory, grew up with a sort of antipathy to the whole race; but makes the *amende honorable* in his youth and manhood, by patronizing a Jew pedlar at school, and afterwards falling in love with, and marrying, the lovely daughter of a most amiable and gentlemanlike Jew, to whom his whole family are under obligations. The parts of the story that are directly subservient to this design, are unequivocally the worst; and the story itself turns too much on singular contrivances, and improbable refinements and coincidences, to be classed among the happiest efforts of the author's invention. The best parts are, the contrast between the open, kind, modest character of Harrington, and that of Lord Mowbray, his domineering persecutor at school, and his pretended friend and insidious rival in after life—the picture of Berenice Montenero, and her father the Jew gentleman—together with some well contrasted traits of the Lady de Brantefield, Mrs Alderman Coates, and an Irish orangewoman—we mean a vender of oranges, not a partisan of King William.

The boyish anecdotes are of course a little childish; but they are written with admirable judgment and truth to nature, and would form a valuable addition to the author's excellent work on education. The transformation, in the case of Mowbray, of the brutal, selfish, tyrant schoolboy, into the appearance at least of a pleasant and amiable youth, is pictured with great talent and sagacity.

Four, nearly five, years had made a great apparent change in Mowbray for the better; his manners were formed; his air that of a man of fashion—a military man of fashion. He had served a campaign abroad, had been at the siege of Gibraltar, had much to say, and could say it well. We all know what astonishing metamorphoses are sometimes wrought even on the most hopeless subjects, by seeing something of the world, by serving a campaign or two. How many a light empty shell of a young man comes home full, if not of sense, at least of something bearing the semblance of sense! How many a heavy lout, a dull son of earth, returns enlivened into a conversible being—who can tell at least of what it has seen, heard, felt, if not understood—and who for years, perhaps for ever, afterwards, by the

help of telling of other countries, may pass in his own for a man of solid judgment! Such being the advantages to be derived by these means, even in the most desperate cases, we may imagine the great improvement produced in a young man of Lord Mowbray's abilities, and with his ambition both to please and to shine. In youth, and by youth, improvement in appearance and manner, is easily mistaken for improvement in mind and principle. All that I had disliked in the schoolboy—the tyrannical disposition—the cruel temper—the insolent tone had disappeared, and in their place I saw the deportment which distinguished a gentleman. Whatever remained of party spirit, so different from the wrangling, overbearing, mischievous party spirit of the boy, was in the man and the officer so happily blended with love of the service, and with *l'esprit de corps*, that it seemed to add a fresh grace, animation and frankness, to his manner. The evil spirit of persecution was dislodged from his soul, or laid asleep within him; and in its place appeared the conciliating spirit of politeness. He showed a desire to cultivate my friendship, which still more preposessed me in his favour. Mowbray happened to call upon me soon after the conversation I had with my mother about the Spanish Jew, &c. "I left you, Harrington, and I find you, after four years absence, intent upon a Jew; boy and man you are one and the same; and in your case, 'tis well that the boy and man should an individual make; but for my part, I am glad to change my identity, like all other mortals or chickens, once in seven years; and I hope you think I have changed for the better." It was impossible to think otherwise, especially at that moment. In a frank open-hearted manner, he talked of his former tyrannical nature, and blamed himself for our schoolboy quarrel. I was charmed with him, and the more so when he entered so warmly or so politely into my present distress, and sympathized with my madness of the moment." p. 97—100.

For the love we bear to the fair writer's country, and her pictures of its natives, we must give the scene of the orangewoman at some length. It is introduced on occasion of the No-Popery riots in 1780, when the house of Mr Montenero was in danger of being attacked, in consequence of his being a foreigner, and a dissenter from the national faith. The worthy Jew had been kind, it seems, to this heroine; and when she saw the danger gathering, she

—'took her station on the steps of Mr Montenero's house, and watched her opportunity; and when she saw the master appear in the hall, she left her harrow in charge with her boy, came up the steps, walked in, and addressed herself to him thus, in a dialect and tones, as new almost to me as they seemed to be to Mr Montenero.

"Never fear, jewel!—Jew as you have this day the misfortune to be, you're the best Christian any way ever I happened on; so never fear, honey, for yourself nor your daughter, God bless her! Not a soul shall go near yees, nor a finger be laid on her, good or bad,

Sure I know them all—not a mother's son o' the *boys* but I can call my frind—not a captain or lader (leader) that's in it but I can ladé (lead) dear, to the devil and back again, if I'd but whistle—so only you keep quite (quiet), and don't be advertizing yourself any way for a Jew, nor be showing your cloven *fu*, with or without the wooden shoes.—*Keep ourselves to ourselves*, for I'll tell you a bit of a secret—I'm a little bit of a cat'olick myself—all as one as what *they* call a *papist*, but I keep it to myself and nobody's the wiser nor the worse—they'd tear me to pieces may be did they suspect the like, but I keep never minding, and you, jewel, do *the like*.—We were all brothers and sisters once—no offence—in the time of Adam sure, and we should help one another in all times. 'Tis my turn to help *yees* now, and, by the blessing, so I will—accordingly I'll be sitting all day and night mounting guard on your steps there without.—And little as you may think of me, the devil a *guardian* angel better than myself, only just the widow Lavy, such as ye see!”

‘The widow Levy took her stand, and kept her word. I staid at Mr Montenero's all day, saw every thing that passed, and had frequent opportunities of admiring her address. She charged the footman to “say *sorrow* word themselves to the mob for their lives, in case they would come; but to lave it all entirely to her, that knew how to spake to *them*. For see!” said she, *aside* to me—“For see! them powdered numskulls would spoil all—they'd be taking it too high or too low, and never hit the right *kay*, nor mind when to laugh or cry in the right place; moreover, when they'd get *frighted* with a cross-examination, they'd be apt to be cutting themselves. Now, the ould one himself, if he had me *on the table* even, I'd defy to get the truth out of me, if not convenient, and I in the service of a frind.”

‘In the pleasure of telling a few superfluous lies, it seemed to be necessary that our guardian angel should be indulged; and there she sat on the steps quite at ease, smoking her pipe, or wiping her oranges. As parties of the rioters came up, she would parley and jest with them, and by alternate wit and humour, and blunder, and bravado, and flattery, and *fabling*, divert their spirit of mischief, and forward them to distant enterprise. In the course of the day, we had frequent occasion to admire her intrepid ingenuity and indefatigable zeal.’ I. 378—381.

By one of the surprising coincidences which abound rather too much in this story, the Lady de Brantefield and her daughter Lady Anne Mowbray take shelter in this house, from an apprehended attack on their own; but are much shocked to find, that they have sought protection from an Israelite.

‘Lady Anne seemed most willing, Lady de Brantefield most unwilling, to remain; yet her fears struggled with her pride, and at last she begged that a servant might be sent to her house to see how things were going on, and to order chairs for her if their return was practicable.

"Stop!"—cried the orange-woman, laying a strong detaining hand on the footman's arm; "stop you—'tis I'll go with more sense—and speed." "What is that person!—that woman!" cried Lady de Brantefield, who now heard and saw the orangewoman, for the first time. "Woman!—is it me she means?" said the orangewoman, coming forward quite composedly, shouldering on her cloak.—"Is it who I am?"—"I'm the widow Levy.—Any commands?"—"How did she get in?" continued Lady de Brantefield, still with a look of mixed pride and terror—"how did she get in?" "Very easy!—through the door—same way you did, my lady, if ye had your senses. Where's the wonder?—But what commands—don't be keeping of me." "Anne!—Lady Anne!—Did she follow us in?" said Lady de Brantefield. "Follow yees!—not I!—no follower of yours nor the likes.—But what commands, nevertheless?—I'll do your business the night, for the sake of them I love in my heart's core," nodding at Mr and Miss Montenero; "so, my lady, I'll bring ye word, faithful, how it is going with ye at home—which is her house, and where, on God's earth?" added she, turning to the footmen.—"If my satisfaction be the object, Sir, or Madam," said Lady de Brantefield, addressing herself with much solemnity to Mr and Miss Montenero, "I must take leave to request, that a fitter messenger be sent; to trust to the representations of such a person as that, I should, in any circumstances, be incapable." The fury of the orangewoman kindled—her eyes flashed fire—her arms a-kinbo, she advanced, repeating—"Fitter!—Fitter!—What's that ye say?—you're not Irish—not a bone in your skeleton?" Lady Anne screamed.—Mr Montenero forced the orangewoman back; and Berenice and I hurried Lady de Brantefield and her daughter across the hall, into the eating-room. Mr Montenero followed an instant afterwards, telling Lady de Brantefield that he had despatched one of his own servants for intelligence. Her ladyship bowed her head without speaking. He then explained why the orangewoman happened to be in his house, and spoke of the zeal and ability with which she had this day served us. Lady de Brantefield continued at intervals to bow her head while Mr Montenero spoke, and to look at her watch; while Lady Anne, simpering, repeated, "Dear, how odd." Then placing herself opposite to a large mirror, Lady Anne readjusted her dress. I. 386—389.

The messenger returns with bad tidings, and the whole party is thrown into consternation.

'Before we had time to hear or to say more, the orangewoman opened the door, and putting in her head, called out in a voice of authority—"Jantlemen, here's one wants yees, admits of no delay; have all and come out, whether you will or no, the minute."

'We went out, and with an indescribable gesture, and wink of satisfaction, the moment she had Mr Montenero and me in the hall, she said in a whisper—" 'Tis only myself dears, but 'tis I am glad I got yees out away from being bothered by the presence of them

women, whiles ye'd be settling all for life or death, which we must now do—for don't be nursing and dandling yourselves in the notion that *the boys* will not be wid ye.—It's a folly to talk—they will; my head to a China orange they will, now; but take it asy, jewels—we've got an hour's law—they've one good hour's work first—six garrets to gut, where they are, and tree back walls, with a piece of the front, still to pull down. While Mr Montenero and I began to consult together, she went on—"I'll tell you what you'll do, you'll send for two chairs, or one—less suspicious—and just get the two in asy, the black one back, the white for'ard, beca'se she's coming nat'ral from the opera—if stopped—and so the chairmen knowing no more than Adam who they would be carrying, might go through the thick of the boys at a pinch safe enough, or round any way, sure; they know the town, and the short cuts, and set 'em down (a good riddance!) out of hand, at any house at all they mention, who'd re-save them of their own frinds, or kith and kin—for, to be sure, I suppose they *have* frinds, tho' I'm not one." I. 391—393.

The ladies, however, determine to stay, though still maintaining a most ungracious deportment towards their generous protector. The Lady de Brantefield

—'walked up and down the room with the air of a princess in chains. The orangewoman bolted into the room, and pushed past her ladyship, while Mr Montenero was sealing his note. — "Give it, jewel!—Its I'll be the bearer—for all your powdered men below has taken fright by the dread the first messenger got, and dares not be carrying a summons for the military through the midst of *them*—but I'll take it for ye—and which way will I go to get quickest to your general's, and how will I know his house?—for seven of them below bothered my brains."

'Mr Montenero repeated the direction—she listened coolly, then stowing the letter in her bosom, she stood still for a moment with a look of deep deliberation—her head on one side, her fore-finger on her cheek bone, her thumb under her chin, and the knuckle of the middle finger compressing her lips. — "See, now, *they'll* be apt to come up the stable lane for the back o' the house, and another party of them will be in the square, in front, so how will it be with me to get into the house to ye—and again, without opening the doors for *them*, in case they are wid *ye* afore I'd get the military up—I have it," cried she—She rushed to the door, but turned back again to look for her pipe, which she had laid on the table.—"Where's my pipe?—Lend it me—What am I without my pipe?" — "The savage!" cried Lady de Brantefield. — "The fool!" said Lady Anne. — The widow Levy nodded to each of the two ladies as she lit the pipe again; but, without speaking to them, turned to us, and said—"If the boys would meet me without my pipe, they'd not know me; or smell something odd, and guess I was on some unlawful errand." — As she passed Berenice and me, who were standing toge-

ther, she hastily added—"Keep a good heart, sweetest!—At the last push you have one will shed the heart's drop for ye."—A quick, scarcely perceptible, motion of her eye towards me, marked her meaning; and one involuntary look from Berenice at that moment, even in the midst of alarm, spread joy through my whole frame. In the common danger we were drawn closer together, we *thought* together;—I was allowed to help her in the midst of the general bustle.' I. 396–398.

The mob at last arrives; and the terror of the stately dowager is described in a most characteristic manner.

'They began with a volley of stones against the windows.—I ran to see where Berenice was.—It had been previously agreed amongst us, that she and her guests, and every female in the house, should, on the first alarm, retire into a back room; but, at the first shout of the mob, Lady de Brantefield lost the little sense she ever possessed: she did not faint, but she stiffened herself in the posture in which she sat, and with her hands turned down over the elbows of the huge chair, on which her arms were extended, she leaned back in all the frightful rigidity of a corpse, with a ghastly face, and eyes fixed.

'Berenice, in vain, tried to persuade her to move. Her ideas were bewildered or concentrated. Only the obstinacy of pride remained alive within her.—"No," she said, "she would never move from that spot,—she would not be commanded by Jew or Jewess."—"Don't you hear the mob, the stones at the windows!"—"Very well.—They would all pay for it on the scaffold or the gibbet."—"But if they break in here you will be torn to pieces."—"No—those only will be sacrificed who *have sacrificed*.—A 'de Brantefield'—they dare not!—I shall not stir from this spot. Who will presume to touch Lady de Brantefield?"—Mr Montenero and I lifted up the huge chair on which she sat, and carried her and it into the back-room.' I. 402, 403.

We shall add only the close of the adventure. The military come to their rescue before any serious mischief is done.

'We ran to let out our female prisoners. I thought only of Berenice,—she who had shown so much self-possession during the danger, seemed most overpowered at this moment of joy—she threw her arms round her father, and held him fast, as if to convince herself that he was safe.—Her next look was for me; and in her eyes, voice and manner, when she thanked me, there was an expression which transported me with joy;—but it was checked, it was gone the next moment: some terrible recollection seemed to cross her mind.—She turned from me to speak to that odious Lady de Brantefield. I could not see Mr Montenero's countenance; for he, at the same instant, left us to single out, from the crowd assembled in the hall, the poor Irish woman, whose real and intrepid gratitude had been the means of our deliverance. I was not time enough to hear what Mr Montenero said to her, or what reward he conferred; but that the reward was judicious, and that the words were grateful to her

feelings in the highest degree, I had full proof; for, when I reached the hall, the widow was on her knees, with hands uplifted to Heaven, unable to speak, but with tears streaming down her hard face; she wiped them hastily away, and started up. "It's not a little thing brings me to this," said she; "none ever drew a tear from my eyes afore, since the boy I lost." She drew the hood of her cloak over her head, and pushed her way through the servants to get out of the hall-door; I unbarred and unchained it for her; and as I was unlocking it, she squeezed up close to me, and, laying her iron hand on mine, said in a whisper—"God bless yees, and don't forget my thanks to the sweet *Jewish*—I can't speak 'em now, 'tis *you* can best, and joined in my prayers yeess shall ever be"—said our guardian angel, as I opened the door; and as she passed out, she added—"You are right, jewel; she's worth all the fine ladies in Lon'on, feathers an' all in a bag." I. 405-407.

This is all admirable, and in Miss Edgeworth's best manner: But we can afford no more extracts from this story;—which is by no means a favourite with us, and has more faults than any of her recent productions. In case she should wish to know their nature, we shall mention a few of them. The object and design of the Tale, as we have already said, is narrow and fantastic. Nobody likely to read Miss Edgeworth's writings, entertains such an absurd antipathy to Jews as she here aims at exposing; and the unfavourable opinion that may be entertained, by more reasonable persons, of Jew-pedlars or money-lenders, is not very likely to be corrected by a story professedly fabulous, of a rich Spanish gentleman who belonged to that persuasion. The scene of Harrington's extravagances at the Tower is not only quite out of character, but is altogether foolish and puerile in itself. We might possibly tolerate his kneeling down to the armour of the Black Prince with a speech; but most certainly, any gentleman who should rant Clarence's dream from Shakespeare in passing through the horse armoury, or pour out verses with a loud voice, and without much apparent connexion, in going over the Tower with a grave foreigner and a party of strangers, would deserve to be set down—not indeed for a madman—but for a very silly and contemptible blockhead. The most revolting part of the story, however, is that of the deep-laid, and yet most paltry and childish devices of Mowbray to persuade the Jew and his daughter that his rival was insane. We do not well know which is worst—the horrible figure dressed up to so little purpose at the synagogue, or the picture sent maliciously to the auction; only, that the last is aggravated by the absurdity of making good Mr Montenero pay an extravagant price for a paltry daub, for the pleasure of cutting it to pieces and burning it before his friends. Finally, we would observe, that the whole adventure of the loss and recovery of

Lady de Brantefield's ring,—with the pawnbroker, and the waiting-maid, and the slit in the lining of the muff, and the slouched hat and sailor's jacket, and all the little cunning and caution and petty contrivance employed on the occasion, are unworthy of the talents of the author, and not very suitable, we think, to her general design. One would imagine, from such passages, that her object was to form a sharp attorney, or alert Bow-street officer, rather than a gentleman of liberal education: And though a gentleman of sagacity and prudence might no doubt conduct himself in this manner in a case of emergency, we really cannot see that there is any thing in all this acuteness on which he ought to value himself very highly, or on which it was necessary to dwell with such fondness in the institutions of a liberal morality. Old Harrington, too, with his oath by Jupiter Ammon, and his wife with her nerves and her ignorance, are rather too silly and too selfish to be the objects of dutiful regard—though we have no doubt that many hopeful sons have parents quite as uncomfortable.

We turn with pleasure, however, from this to the other tale which fills the two remaining volumes, and is in all respects of a much higher character. It is entitled 'Ormond,' from the name of the hero; and the scene, to our great refreshment, is laid almost entirely in Ireland, and among Irish people. Moreover, it is not intended to inculcate any one precise moral—but rather to show how a kind temper, and natural acuteness and honesty, will carry a man through many difficulties, supply the want of many external advantages, and enable their possessor to derive instruction from all sorts of occurrences—a conclusion very heroic, we must say, for a professed dealer in instruction, but at the same time not less true than important.

Ormond is the orphan son of an early friend of Sir Ulick O'Shane; and has grown up almost from infancy in Sir Ulick's family, indulged and beloved by everybody—but left almost without education, and neglected in every point to which it was the duty of a careful guardian to have attended. Sir Ulick—but it would be unfair to describe him in any other words than those of the author.

'He was a fine gallant *off-hand* looking Irishman, with something of *dash* in his tone and air, which at first view might lead a common observer to pronounce him to be vulgar; but at five minutes after sight, a good judge of men and manners would have discovered in him the power of assuming whatever manner he chose, from the audacity of the callous profligate to the deference of the accomplished courtier—the capability of adapting his conversation to his company and his views, whether his object were "to set the senseless table in

a roar," or to insinuate himself into the delicate female heart. Of this latter power, his age had diminished, but not destroyed the influence. The fame of former conquests still operated in his favour, though he had long since passed his splendid meridian of gallantry.—To go no further than his legitimate loves, he had successively won three wives, who had each, in their turn, been desperately enamoured. The first he loved and married imprudently, for love, at seventeen.—The second he admired, and married prudently, for ambition, at thirty.—The third he hated, but married from necessity, for money, at five and forty. The first wife, Miss Annaly, after ten years martyrdom of the heart, sunk, childless—a victim, it was said, to love and jealousy.—The second wife, Lady Theodosia, struggled stoutly for power, backed by strong and high connexions; having, moreover, the advantage of being a mother, and mother of an only son and heir, the representative of a father in whom ambition had by this time become the ruling passion; the Lady Theodosia stood her ground, wrangling and wrestling through a fourteen years wedlock, till at last, to Sir Ulick's great relief, not to say joy, her ladyship was carried off by a bad fever, or a worse apothecary.—His present lady, formerly Mrs Scraggs, a London widow, of very large fortune, happened to see Sir Ulick when he went to present some address, or settle some point between the English and Irish government:—he was in deep mourning at the time, and the widow pitied him very much. But she was not the sort of woman he would ever have suspected could like him—she was a strict pattern lady, severe on the times, and not unfrequently lecturing young men gratis. — Late in life she was carried to a new country, and set down among a people whom she had all her previous days been taught to hold in contempt or aversion; she dreaded Irish disturbances much, and Irish dirt more; she was persuaded that nothing could be right, good, or genteel, that was not English.—Her habits and tastes were immutably fixed.—Her experience had been confined to London life; and in proportion as her sphere of observation had been contracted, her disposition was intolerant.—She made no allowance for the difference of opinion, customs, and situation, much less for the faults or foibles of people who were to her strangers and foreigners:—her ladyship was therefore little likely to please or be pleased in her new situation,—her husband was the only individual, the only thing, animate or inanimate, that she liked in Ireland,—and while she was desperately in love with an Irishman, she disliked Ireland and the Irish:—even the Irish talents and virtues, their wit, humour, generosity of character, and freedom of manner, were lost upon her;—her country neighbours were repelled by her air of taciturn self-sufficiency; and she, for her part, declared, she would have been satisfied to have lived alone at Castle Hermitage with Sir Ulick. But Sir Ulick had no notion of living alone with her, or for anybody. His habits were all social and convivial—he loved show and company: he had been all his life in the habit of entertaining all ranks of people at Castle

Hermitage, from his Excellency the Lord-lieutenant and the commander in chief for the time being, to Tim the gauger, and honest Tom Kelly, the *stalko*. — He talked of the necessity of keeping up a neighbourhood, and maintaining his interest in the county, as the first duties of man. Ostensibly Sir Ulick had no motive in all this, but the hospitable wish of seeing Castle Hermitage one continued scene of festivity; but, under this good fellowship and apparent thoughtlessness and profusion, there was, what some thought he inherited from his mother, a Scotchwoman, an eye to his own interest, and a keen view to the improvement of his fortune and the advancement of his family." II. 6—12.

It was not, however, upon this model that the character of Ormond was formed. Sir Ulick had a cousin of the name of Cornelius, who exhibited a much more engaging and more primitive variety of Irish character. This person was the proprietor of some ill-cultivated islands in the neighbourhood of Sir Ulick's domain, in which he had resided all his life in the midst of his devoted people, with whom he had humorously assumed the style of King of the Black Islands, and was universally known among them by the more familiar appellation of King Corny. Here, with the warmest heart, and the greatest natural acuteness, he had passed his days in strenuous idleness, and great felicity—hunting and fishing, and making jokes, and doing kindnesses all day long, and drinking oceans of claret every evening—devoting his rainy and gouty days to the composing of medicines for the use of his subjects, and to all sorts of mechanical, agricultural, and architectural inventions, for his own benefit; but all in a manner and fashion so purely and thoroughly Irish, as to be beyond measure delightful. We must let Miss E. introduce this worthy also in her own way.

‘ From the time he had been a boy, Harry Ormond had been in the habit of ferrying over to the Black Islands, whenever Sir Ulick could spare him. The hunting and shooting, and the life of lawless freedom he led on the Islands, had been delightful. King Corny, who had the command not only of boats, and of guns, and of fishing tackle, and of men, but of carpenters' tools, and of smiths' tools; and of a lathe, and of brass and ivory; and of all the things that the heart of boy could desire, had appeared to Harry, when he was a boy, the richest, the greatest, the happiest of men.—The cleverest too—the most ingenious;—for King Corny had with his own hands made a violin and a rat-trap; and had made the best coat, and the best pair of shoes, and the best pair of boots, and the best hat; and had knit the best pair of stockings, and had made the best dunghill in his dominions; and had made a quarter of a yard of fine lace, and had painted a panorama. No wonder that King Corny had been looked up to by the imagination of childhood, as “a personage, high as human generation could look.” — But now, there were other points rela-

tive to external appearance, on which his eyes had been opened. In his boyish days, King Corny, going out to hunt with hounds and horn, followed with shouts by all who could ride, and all who could run, King Corny hallooing the dogs, and cheering the crowd, appeared to him the greatest, the happiest of mankind.—But he had since seen hunts in a very different style, and he could no longer admire the rabble rout.—Human creatures, especially young human creatures, are apt to swing suddenly from one extreme to the other, and utterly to despise that which they had extravagantly admired. From this propensity, Ormond was in the present instance guarded by affection and gratitude. Through all the folly of his kingship, he saw that Cornelius O'Shane was not a person to be despised. He was indeed a man of great natural powers, both of body and mind;—of inventive genius, energy, and perseverance, which might have attained the greatest objects; though from insufficient knowledge, and self-sufficient perversity,\* they had wasted themselves on absurd or trivial purposes. There was a strong contrast between the characters of Sir Ulick, and his cousin Cornelius O'Shane; they disliked and despised each other.' II. 107—111.

At the beginning of this story, Ormond had been dining with King Corny on his birthday, and, coming home in a state of great elevation, had accidentally quarrelled with, and dangerously hurt a poor fellow, to whom he bore no malice, and over whose disaster he instantly began to mourn with all the vehemence of genuine pity and self-condemnation. He incurs Lady O'Shane's displeasure, by bringing the wounded man to her house; and Sir Ulick, who is a little jealous of his possible rivalry with his son in an advantageous match he is planning, takes advantage of this occurrence to send him off on a long visit to the Black Islands. We cannot do better than give the monarch's gracious answer to the proposal for this visit.

"Dear Harry.—What the mischief has come over cousin Ulick to be banishing you from Castle Hermitage?—But since he *conformed* he was never the same man, especially since his last mis-marriage.—But no use moralizing—he was always too much of a courtier for me.—Come you to me, my dear boy, who is no courtier, and you'll be received and embraced with open arms—was I Briareus the same way. Bring Moriarty Carroll (if that's his name), the boy you shot, which has given you so much concern—for which I like you the better—and honour that boy, who, living or dying, forbade to prosecute.—Don't be surprised to see the roof the way it is:—since Tuesday I wedged it up bodily without stirring a stick:—you'll see it from the boat, standing three foot high above the walls, waiting while I'm building up to it—to get attics—which I shall for next to nothing—by my own contrivance.—Mean time, good dry lodging, as usual, for all friends at the palace. *He* shall be well tended for you by Sheelah Dunshauglin, the mother of Betty, worth a hundred of her! and we'll soon set him up a gain with the help of such a nurse, as well as ever, I'll en-

gage—for I'm a bit of a doctor, you know, as well as every thing else.—But don't let any other doctor, surgeon, or apothecary, be coming after him for your life—for none ever gets a permit to land, to my knowledge on the Black Islands—to which I attribute, under Providence, to say nothing of my own skill in practice, the wonderful preservation of my people in health—that, and woodsorrel, and another secret or two not to be committed to paper in a hurry—all which I would not have written to you, but am in the gout since four this morning, held by the foot fast—else I'd not be writing, but would have gone every inch of the way for you myself in style, in lieu of sending, which is all I can now do, my six-oared boat, streamers flying, and piper playing like mad—for I would not have you be coming like a banished man, but in all glory to Cornelius O'Shane, commonly called king *Corny*—but no *king* for you, only your hearty old friend." II. p. 81—83.

He is installed prince immediately on his arrival; and the first evening is lost in too copious libations to his honours. Ormond resolves to yield no more compliance to this regal abuse, but to resist firmly on the next occasion that occurred.

'It occurred the very next night.—After a dinner given to his chief tenants and the *genteel* people of the islands, a dinner in honour and in introduction of his *adopted son*, king *Corny* gave a toast "to the prince presumptive," as he now styled him—a bumper toast. Soon afterwards he detected *daylight* in Harry's glass, and cursing it properly, he insisted on flowing bowls and full glasses. "What! are you prince *presumptuous*?" cried he, with a half angry and astonished look—"Would you resist and contradict your father and king at his own table after dinner!—Down with the glass!"—Further and steady resistance changed the jesting tone and half angry look of king *Corny* into sullen silence, and a black portentous brow of serious displeasure; after a decent time of sitting, the bottle passing him without further importunity, Ormond rose—it was a hard struggle—for in the face of his benefactor, he saw reproach and rage bursting from every feature. Still he moved on towards the door—he heard the words "sneaking off sober!—let him sneak!" Ormond had his hand on the lock of the door—it was a bad lock, and opened with difficulty.—"There's gratitude for you! No heart after all!—I mistook him."

'Ormond turned back, and firmly standing, and firmly speaking, he said, coolly—"You did not mistake me formerly, Sir,—but you mistake me now!—Sneaking!—Is there any man here, sober or drunk," continued he, impetuously approaching the table, and looking round full in every face—"is there any man here dares to say so but yourself?—You, *you* my benefactor, my friend; you have said it—think it you did not—you could not, but say it you may.—You may say what you will to Harry Ormond, bound to you as he is—bound hand and foot and heart!—Trample on him as you will—*you* may.—No heart!—Oblige me, gentlemen, some of you," cried

he, his anger rising and his eyes kindling as he spoke. "Some of you, gentlemen, if any of you think so, oblige me by saying so.—No gratitude, Sir!"—turning from them, and addressing himself to the old man, who held an untasted glass of claret as he listened. "No gratitude! Have not I?—Try me, try me to the death—you have tried me to the quick of the heart, and I have borne it."—He could bear it no longer, he threw himself into the vacant chair—flung out his arms on the table, and laying his face down upon them, wept aloud. Cornelius O'Shane pushed the wine away. "I've wronged the boy, grievously—" said he, and forgetting the gout, he rose from his chair, hobbled to him, and leaning over him—"Harry, 'tis I—Look up my own boy, and say you forgive me, or I'll never forgive myself. That's well," continued he, as Harry looked up and gave him his hand—"That's well!—you've taken the twinge out of my heart, worse than the gout—not a drop of gall or malice in your nature, nor ever was, more than in the child unborn. But see, I'll tell you what you'll do now, Harry, to settle all things—and lest the fit should take me ever to be mad with you on this score again. You don't chuse to drink more than's becoming?—Well, you're right, and I'm wrong. 'Twould be a burning shame of me to make of you what I have made of myself—I was born afore the present reformation in manners, in that respect.—We must do only as well as we can. But I will ensure you against the future—and before we take another glass—There's the priest—and you Tom Ferrally there, step you for my swearing book. Harry Ormond, you shall take an oath against drinking more glasses than you please ever more, and then you're safe from me. But stay, you're a heretic. Phoo! What am I saying?—'Twas seeing the priest put that word *heretic* in my head—you're not a catholic, I mean. But an oath's an oath, taken before priest or parson—an oath, taken how you will, will operate. But stay, to make all easy, 'tis I'll take it."—"Against drinking, you! King Corny!" said Father Jos, stopping his hand, "and in case of the gout in your stomach?"—"Against drinking! do you think I'd perjure myself? No! But against pressing *him* to it—I'll take my oath I'll never ask him to drink another glass more than he likes." II. 91—96.

King Corny had one daughter, the gay playfellow of Ormond's childhood, who had been absent for some time with a French aunt, and was now soon expected to return. Corny gives this warning with regard to her to his adopted son Henry Ormond.

"You know, or I should tell you in time, she is engaged already to *White Connal*, of Glynn—from her birth. That engagement I made with the father over a bowl of punch—I promised—I'm afraid it was a foolish business—He had two sons, twins, at that time, and I had no daughter—but I promised, if ever I should have one—and I had one unluckily ten years after, which is *Dora*—I promised, I say, and took my oath, I'd give the daughter in marriage to Connal of

Glynn's eldest son, which is White Connal. Well, it was altogether a rash act!—So you'll consider her as a married woman, though she is but a child.—It was a rash act between you and I—for Connal's not grown up a likely lad for the girl to fancy; but that's neither here nor there; no—my word is passed—when half drunk may-be—but no matter—it must be kept sober—drunk or sober, a gentleman must keep his word—*a-fortiori* a king—a-fortiori king Corny—See!—was there this minute no such thing as parchment, deed, stamp, signature, or seal in the wide world—when once Corny has squeezed a friend's hand on a bargain, or a promise, 'tis fast, was it ever so much against me—'tis as strong to me as if I had squeezed all the lawyer's wax in the creation upon it." II. p. 105 - 107.

The following dialogue between his Majesty and his cousin Sir Ulick, who calls one morning to inquire after him and Ormond, is very characteristic of both. Corny receives his cousin while apparently quite occupied in mending a child's whistle who was commonly in the room with him; and thus answers his lamentation for the loss of Ormond's society.

"There's something wrong, still, in this whistle.—Why, if you loved him so, did you let him go when you had him?" said Corny.—"He thought it necessary for domestic reasons," replied Sir Ulick.—"*Continental* policy, that is, which I never understood, nor never shall;" said Corny. "But I don't inquire any further. If you are satisfied with yourself, we are all satisfied, I believe."—"Pardon me, I cannot be satisfied without seeing Harry this morning, for I've a little business with him—will you have the goodness to send for him?"—Father Jos now went to make inquiries.—"What are you so busy about?" said Sir Ulick.—"Mending the child's toy," said Cornelius—"A man must be doing something in this world."—"But a man of your ingenuity! 'tis a pity it should be wasted, as I have often said, upon mere toys."—"Toys of one sort or other we are all taken up with through life, from the cradle to the grave. By the by, I give you joy of your baronetage. I hope they did not make you pay now too much in conscience for that poor tag of nobility?"—"These things are not always matters of bargain and sale—mine was quite an unsolicited honour, a mark of approbation and acceptance of my poor services, and as such, gratifying;—as to the rest, believe me, it was not, if I must use so coarse an expression, *paid* for."—"Not paid for—what, then it's owing for?—to be paid for, still? Well, that's too hard, after all you've done for them. But some men have no manner of conscience—at least, I hope you paid the fees."—"The fees of course—but we shall never understand one another," said Sir Ulick.—"Now what will be the next title or string you look forward to, Ulysses, may I ask? Is it to be a Baron Castle Hermitage, or to get a ribbon, or a garter, or a thistle, or what? But that's only for Scotchmen, I believe,—A thistle! What asses some men are!"—

— What savages some men are, thought Sir Ulick—he walked to the window, and, looking out, hoped that Harry Ormond would soon make his appearance. — “ You are doing, or undoing, a great deal here, cousin Cornelius, I see, as usual.” — “ Yes, but what I am doing, stand or fall, will never be my undoing ; I am no speculator. How do your silver mines go on, Sir Ulick ? I hear all the silver mines in Ireland turn out to be lead.” — “ I wish they did,” said Sir Ulick, “ for then we could turn all our lead to gold. Those silver mines certainly did not pay—I’ve a notion you found the same with your reclaimed bog here, cousin Cornelius—I understand, that after a short time it relapses, and is worse than ever, like most things pretending to be reclaimed.” — Speak for yourself, there, Sir Ulick,” said Cornelius ; “ you ought to know certainly—for some thirty years ago, I think you pretended to be a reclaimed rake.” — “ I don’t remember it,” said Sir Ulick. — “ I do, and so would poor Ennny Annaly if she was alive, which it’s fortunate for her she is not—(broken-hearted angel, if ever there was one by wedlock ! and the only one of the Annalys I ever liked)” said Cornelius to himself, in a low leisurely voice of soliloquy. Then resuming his conversation tone, and continuing his speech to Sir Ulick — “ I say you pretended, thirty years ago, I remember, to be a reformed rake, and looked mighty smooth and plausible—and promised fair that the improvement was solid, and was to last for ever and a day.—But, six months after marriage, comes a relapse, and the reclaimed rake’s worse than ever. Well, to be sure, that’s in favour of your opinion against all things pretending to be reclaimed. But see, my poor bog, without promising so well, performs better, for it’s six years instead of six months, that I’ve seen no tendency to relapse. See, the *cattle* upon it speak for themselves ; an honest calf won’t lie for any man.” — “ I give you joy of the success of your improvements—I admire, too, your ploughing-team and ploughing-tackle,” said Sir Ulick, with a slightly ironical smile.—“ You don’t go into any indiscreet expense for farming implements or prize cattle.” — “ No,” said Cornelius, “ I don’t prize the prize cattle ; the best prize a man can get, and the only one worth having, is that which he must give himself, or not get, and of which he is the best judge at all seasons.” — He opened the window, and called to give some orders to the man, or, as he called him, the boy—a boy of sixty—who was ploughing. — “ Your team, I see, is worthy of your tackle,” pursued Sir Ulick. “ A mule, a bull, and two lean horses—I pity the foremost poor devil of a horse, who must starve in the midst of plenty, while the horse, bull, and even mule, in a string behind him, are all plucking and *munging* away at their hay ropes.” Cornelius joined in Sir Ulick’s laugh, which shortened its duration.—“ ’Tis comical ploughing, I grant,” said he, “ but still, to my fancy, any thing’s better and more profitable nor the tragi-comic ploughing you practise every season in Dublin.” — “ I ?” said Sir Ulick.—“ Aye, you, and all you courtiers, *ploughing the half acre*, continually pacing up and

down that Castle yard, while you're waiting in attendance there. Every one to his taste." II. 120-128.

One other short extract will put the reader pretty fully in possession of this singular character. After a fierce invective against Methodists, King Corny exclaims—

'But enough of this, and too much, Harry. Prince Harry, pull that bell a dozen times for me this minute, till they bring out my old horse.—Before it was possible that any one could have come up stairs, the impatient monarch, pointing with his crutch, added, "Run to the head of the stairs, prince Harry, dear, and call, screech to them to make no delay; and I want you out with me, so get your horse, Harry."—"But, Sir—is it possible—are you able"—"I am able, Sir, possible or no," cried King Corny, starting up on his crutches. "Don't stand talking to me of possibilities, when 'tis a friend I am going to serve, and that friend as dear as yourself. Aren't you at the head of the stairs yet? Must I go and fall down them myself?"—To prevent this catastrophe, our young hero ran immediately and ordered the horse; King Corny mounted, or rather was mounted upon it, and they proceeded to one of the prettiest farms in the Black Islands. As they drove to it, he seemed pleased by Harry's admiring, as he could, with perfect truth, the beauty of the situation.—"And the land—which you are no judge of yet, but you will—is as good as it is pretty," said King Corny, "which I am glad of for your sake, prince Harry; I won't have you, like that *donny* English prince or king, they nick-named *Lackland*.—No: you sha'n't lack land while I have it to let or give.—I called you prince—prince of the Black Islands—and here's your principality.—Call out my prime minister, Pat Moore.—I sent him across the bog to meet us at Moriarty's.—Here he is, and Moriarty along with him to welcome you.—Patrick, give prince Harry possession—with sod and twig.—Here's the key from my own hand, and I give you joy.—Nay, don't deny me the pleasure—I've a right to it.—No wrong to my daughter, if that's what you are thinking of,—a clear improvement of my own,—and she will have enough without it.—Besides, her betrothed White Connal is a fat grazier, who will make her as rich as a Jew;—and any way she is as generous as a princess herself.' II. 146-148.

Ry and by Dora returns, somewhat pert and coquettish, but very pretty and lively, and with her the Parisian aunt, Miss O'Faley, of whom we have a very high-coloured, and what we should call a very exaggerated picture, if we were not afraid to think any thing exaggerated that is compounded of Irish vehemence and French pretension. Dora and Ormond fall in love with each other, in a manner—and nothing can possibly be better than the picture that is here given of the half sentimental, half coquettish fantasies of an idle unthinking girl on the one hand, and the sort of instinctive attachment on the other, of a warm-hearted youth, to mere beauty and innocence.

though unaccompanied by most of the qualities which his reason tells him should justify such a preference. To relieve them, however, from this dangerous situation, White Connal at length appears, to claim his bride;—an awkward and low-bred person, who first quarrels and then truckles to Ormond, by whom he is outshone, not only in the eyes of Dora, but of all the family. When he is expected to return and complete their misery, he falls very conveniently from his horse, and breaks his neck,—and the young islanders are again in danger of matrimony. King Corny, however, by some strange refinement of honour, now discovers that the benefit of his promise extends also to *Black Connal*, the younger brother of the defunct; and that he too, who has been long abroad in foreign service, must have the refusal of his lovely daughter. The father is the most afflicted at this new disaster. Dora is angry at it,—and Ormond rather perplexed than miserable. At last Black Connal makes his appearance, in the shape of a gay French officer—very handsome, fashionable and conceited—with the true French conviction of his own irresistible charms, and the true French inattention to young ladies in society. The effect of all this on the young Irish flirt and beauty is inimitably described, in a passage of which we can afford to give but a small portion. After sending up his compliments to the ladies, who are preparing to receive him, they hear this impatient suitor talking and laughing under their window.

“ Very cavalier, indeed, to go out to walk, without waiting to see us,” said Dora.—“ Oh! I will engage it was that dear father of yours hoisted him out.”—“ Hoisted him out! Well, aunt, you do sometimes speak the oddest English—but I do think it odd he should be so very much at his ease.—Look at him—hear him—I wonder what he is saying—and Harry Ormond!—Give me my bonnet Sheelah—behind you, quick.—Aunt, let us go out of the garden door, and meet them out walking by accident—that is the best way—I long to see how *somebody* will look.”—“ Very good—and now you look all life and spirit, and look that manner! perfectly charming; and I’ll engage he will fall in love with you.”—“ He had better not, I can tell him, unless he has a particular pleasure in being refused,” said Dora, with a toss of her head and neck, and at the same time a glance at her looking glass as she passed quickly out of the room.—Dora and her aunt walked out, and accidentally met the gentlemen in their walk. As M. de Connal approached, he gave them full leisure to form their opinions as to his personal appearance. He had the air of a foreign officer—easy, fashionable, and upon uncommonly good terms with himself. Interrupting his conversation only when he came within a few paces of the ladies, he advanced with an air of happy confidence and Parisian gallantry, begging Mr O’Shane to do

him the honour and pleasure to present him. After a bow, that said nothing, to Dora, he addressed his conversation entirely to her aunt, walking beside Mademoiselle, and neither approaching nor attempting to speak to Dora; he did not advert to her in the least, and seemed scarcely to know she was present. This quite disconcerted the young lady's whole plan of proceedings—no opportunity was afforded her of showing disdain. She withdrew her arm from her aunt's, though Mademoiselle held it as fast as she could, but Dora withdrew it resolutely, and, falling back a step or two, took Harry Ormond's arm, and walked with him, talking with as much unconcern, and as loudly as she could, to mark her indifference. But whether she talked or was silent, walked on with Harry Ormond, or stayed behind, whispered, or laughed aloud, it seemed to make no impression, no alteration whatever in Monsieur de Connal; he went on conversing with Mademoiselle, and with her father, alternately in French and English. In English he spoke with a native Irish accent, which seemed to have been preserved from childhood; but, though the brogue was strong, yet there were no vulgar expressions; he spoke good English, but generally with somewhat of French idiom. Whether this was from habit or affectation it was not easy to decide. She exerted herself to take a part in the conversation, but Mr Connal never joined in conversation with her,—with the most scrupulous deference he stopped short in the middle of his sentence, if she began to speak. He stood aside, shrinking into himself with the utmost care, if she was to pass; he held the boughs of the shrubs out of her way, but continued his conversation with Mademoiselle all the while. When they came in front their walk, the same sort of thing went on.—When the ladies went to dress before dinner, Mademoiselle, while she was presiding at Dora's toilette, expressed how much she was delighted with M. de Connal, and asked what her niece thought of him? Dora replied, that indeed she did not trouble herself to think of him at all—that she thought him a monstrous coxcomb—that she wondered what could bring so prodigiously fine a gentleman to the Black Islands.—Whatever he might think, she should take care to show him at dinner, that young ladies in this country were not ciphers.

At dinner, however, as before, all Dora's preconceived airs of disdain, and determination to show that she was somebody, gave way, she did not know how, before M. de Connal's easy assurance, polite and gallant indifference. His knowledge of the world, and talents for conversation, with the variety of subjects he had flowing in from all parts of the world, gave him advantages with which there was no possibility of contending. He talked, and carved—all life, and gaiety, and fashion; he spoke of battles, of princes, plays, operas, wine, women, cardinals, religion, politics, poetry, and turkies stuffed with truffles—and Paris for ever!—Dash on! at every thing!—hit or miss—sure of the applause of Mademoiselle—and, as he thought, secure of the admiration of the whole company of natives, from *le beau-père*, at the foot of the table, to the boy who waited, or who did not

wait, opposite to him, but who stood entranced with wonder at all that M. de Connal said, and all that he did—even to the fashion in which he stowed trusses of sallad into his mouth with his fork, and talked through it all. And Dora, what did she think?—she thought she was very much mortified, that there was room for her to say so little. The question now was, not what she thought of M. de Connal, but what he thought of her. After beginning with many various little mock defences, avertings of the head, and twists of the neck, of the shoulders and hips, compound motions resolvable into *mauvaise-honte* and pride, as dinner proceeded, and Monsieur de Connal's success was undoubted, she silently gave up her resolution “not to admire.”—Before the first course was over, Connal perceived, that he had her eye—“Before the second is over,” thought he, “I shall have her ear—and by the time we come to the dessert, I shall be in a fair way for the heart.” II. 291–302.

In substance, the gay cavalier judges rightly. With some little private assistance from the aunt, vanity at last gets the better of love—or what the young lady had taken for love—and she is whirled away to Dublin with her aunt, to buy wedding-dresses and equipages, leaving Ormond and King Corny to themselves. No disappointment or vexation could change the heart of this benevolent monarch.

“Harry Ormond, my boy,” said he to him one day, “time for you to see something of the world, also for the world to see something of you; I’ve kept you here for my own pleasure too long,—as long as I had any *hope* of settling you as I wished, ’twas a sufficient excuse to myself; but now I have none left—I must part with you: and so, by the blessing, God helping me to conquer my selfishness, and the yearnings of my heart towards you, I will—I mean,” continued he, “to send you far from me, to banish you for your good from the Black Islands entirely. Nay, don’t you interrupt me, nor say a word, for if you do, I shall be too soft to have the heart to do you justice. You know you said yourself, and I felt it for you, that it was best you should leave this. Well, I have been thinking of you ever since, and licking different projects into shape for you—listening too to every thing Connal threw out; but all he says that way is in the air—no substance, when you try to have and to hold—too full of himself, that youngster, to be a friend to another.”—“There is no reason why he should be my friend, Sir,” said Ormond, “I do not pretend to be his,—and I rejoice not to be under any obligations to him.”—“Right!—and high!—Just as I feel for you. After all, I approve of your own wish to go into the British service in preference to any foreign service, and you could not be of the Irish Brigade—Harry.”—“Indeed, Sir, I infinitely prefer,” said Ormond, “the service of my own country—the service in which my father—I know nothing of my father. but I have always heard him spoken of as a good officer, I hope I shall not disgrace his name.

—The English service for me, Sir, if you please.”—“Why then I’m glad you see things as I do, and are not run away with by uniform, and *all that*.—I have lodged the needful in the Bank, to purchase a commission for you, my son. Now! no more go to thank me, if you love me, Harry—than you would your own father. I’ve written to a friend to chuse a regiment,” &c.—“My kind father—no father could be kinder,” cried Harry, quite overpowered.’ II. 339—342.

In a few days, the matter is settled; and Corny insists upon sitting down instantly and writing the letters of final arrangement.

‘But Harry reminded him, that the post did not go out till the next day, and urged him not to lose this fine day—this first day of the season for partridge shooting.—“Time enough for my business after we come home—the post does not go out till morning.”—“That’s true—come, off then—let’s enjoy the fine day sent us, and my gun too—I forgot;—for I do believe, Harry, I love you better even than my gun,” said the warm-hearted Corny. “Call Moriarty! let us have him with us, he’ll enjoy it beyond all—one of the last day’s shooting with his own prince! Harry!—but, poor fellow, we’ll not tell him that.”—Moriarty and the dogs were summoned; and the fineness of the day, and the promise of good sport, put Moriarty in remarkably good spirits. By degrees king Corny’s own spirits rose, and he forgot that it was the last day with prince Harry, and he enjoyed the sport. After various trials of his new fowling-piece, both the king and the prince agreed, that it succeeded to admiration. But even in the midst of his pride in his success, and his joy in the sport, his superior fondness for Harry prevailed, and showed itself in little, almost delicate instances of kindness, which could hardly have been expected from his unpolished mind. As they crossed a bog, he stooped every now and then, and plucked different kinds of bog-plants and heaths.—“Here, Harry,” said he “mind these for Dr Cambray.—Remember yesterday his mentioning a daughter of his was making the botanical collection, and there’s Sheelah can tell you all the Irish names and uses.—Some I can note for you myself;—and here, this minute, by great luck! the very thing he wanted! the andromeda, I’ll swear to it:—throw away all and keep this—carry it to her to-morrow—for I will have you make a friend of that Dr Cambray;—and no way so sure or fair to the father’s heart, as by proper attention to the daughter—I know that by myself.—Hush, now! till I have that partridge!—Whirr!—Shot him clean—my dear gun!—Was not that good, Harry?”

Thus they continued their sport till late; and returning, loaded with game, had nearly reached the palace, when Corny, who had marked a covey, quitted Harry, and sent his dog to spring it, at a distance much greater than the usual reach of a common fowling-piece. Harry heard a shot, and a moment afterwards a violent shout of despair;—he knew the voice to be that of Moriarty, and running

to the spot from whence it came, he found his friend, his benefactor, weltering in his blood. The fowling-piece overloaded, had burst, and a large splinter of the barrel had fractured the skull, and had sunk into the brain. As Moriarty was trying to raise his head, O'Shane uttered some words, of which all that was intelligible was the name of Harry Ormond. His eyes fixed on Harry, but the meaning of the eye was gone. He squeezed Harry's hand, and an instant afterwards O'Shane's hand was powerless. The dearest, the only real friend Harry Ormond had upon earth, was gone for ever !' II. p. 366—369.

We are excessively sorry for King Corny, who seems to us the great ornament of the tale,—and we really have not heart to go on with our extracts after his demise ;—though the account of his wake and funeral is extremely curious and interesting. Ormond is neglected by the Connals, and takes shelter with Dr Cambray. He then succeeds, unexpectedly, to a large fortune—returns to Sir Ulick at Castle Hermitage—falls in love with various ladies—and comes gradually to acquire the habits and manners of the fashionable world ;—though without losing the kindness of heart, and fearless openness of character, which he had studied in the Black Islands. At last he falls seriously in love with a Miss Annaly, the daughter of one of those reasonable, benevolent, dignified, and affable families, which Miss E. knows so well how to paint—or to imagine. His reception, upon the whole, is flattering ; but there are obstructions and mysteries ;—and, misconstruing some of these, he is seized with a fit of impatience or despair, and rushes off without stopping to Paris, where he is received with the most overpowering cordiality by those very Connals who had treated him, in his humble fortune, with negligence bordering on contempt. He finds Dora, however, prodigiously improved in beauty, and radiant with fashion ; and is dazzled and amused beyond measure with the gay-scene to which he is introduced. We believe the account which is here given of Paris and Parisian society, is one of the best that is anywhere to be met with ; but there is nothing so nauseous, just at present, as accounts of Paris and its society ; and though the scene of Ormond's visit is laid before the Revolution, still there is not sufficient novelty in it to warrant us venturing on an extract. Dora and he narrowly escape a return of their antient loves, when he is called suddenly away, by some rumours of the insecurity of a great part of his fortune, which he had placed at Sir Ulick's disposal. He takes post to London, and arrives just in time to save his property from the grasp of his needy guardian—hurries on to Ireland, to ascertain what can be done for his relief—finds that he is totally ruined, and dead of a broken heart—runs back to Eng-

land, where he makes his peace with Lady Annaly and her daughter, to whom, in due time, he is happily married by the worthy Dr Cambray—buys the Black Islands from M. de Connal—and reigns there in peace and glory, we hope up to the present hour.

We shall not finish our account of this story as we did that of the preceding, by an impertinent notice of its faults; on the contrary, it is but fair to say, that it has many beauties of which neither the abstract nor the extracts to which we have confined ourselves can have given the reader the least intimation. We have left out of view a whole host of low characters of the greatest merit—an entire episode of Moriarty Carrol and Peggy Sheridan—and a still longer one of the Annaly family—together with some delightful traits of a malicious and godly Mrs M'Rule, which are worthy of all commemoration. We have written to little purpose, however, both now and on former occasions, if there are many of our readers who will rest satisfied with our account of any of Miss Edgeworth's productions. And, taking it for granted that the original will be consulted by all to whom we have given this notice, we shall only add, that she is, beyond all question, the most practically and rationally moral of all entertaining writers, and the most entertaining of all who are primarily moral: And, being thus assured of a far higher reward than any praise of ours, we have no doubt that she will be satisfied with what we have now bestowed.

ART. VII. *Manfred; a Dramatic Poem.* By LORD BYRON.  
8vo. pp. 75. London, 1817.

THIS is a very strange—not a very pleasing—but unquestionably a very powerful and most poetical production. The noble author, we find, still deals with that dark and overwing Spirit, by whose aid he has so often subdued the minds of his readers, and in whose might he has wrought so many wonders. In *Manfred*, we recognise at once the gloom and potency of that soul which burned and blasted and fed upon itself in Harold, and Conrad, and Lara—and which comes again in this piece, more in sorrow than in anger—more proud, perhaps, and more awful than ever—but with the fiercer traits of its misanthropy subdued, as it were, and quenched in the gloom of a deeper despondency. *Manfred* does not, like Conrad and Lara, wreak the anguish of his burning heart in the dangers and daring of desperate and predatory war—nor seek to drown bitter

thoughts in the tumult of perpetual contention—nor yet, like Harold, does he sweep over the peopled scenes of the earth with high disdain and aversion, and make his survey of the business and pleasures and studies of man, an occasion for taunts and sarcasms, and the food of an unmeasureable spleen. He is fixed by the genius of the poet in the majestic solitudes of the central Alps—where, from his youth up, he has lived in proud but calm seclusion from the ways of men, conversing only with the magnificent forms and aspects of nature by which he is surrounded, and with the Spirits of the Elements over whom he has acquired dominion; by the secret and unhallowed studies of Sorcery and Magic. He is averse indeed from mankind, and scorns the low and frivolous nature to which he belongs; but he cherishes no animosity or hostility to that feeble race. Their concerns excite no interest—their pursuits no sympathy—their joys no envy. It is irksome and vexatious for him to be crossed by them in his melancholy musings,—but he treats them with gentleness and pity; and, except when stung to impatience by too importunate an intrusion, is kind and considerate of the comforts of all around him.

This piece is properly entitled a dramatic Poem—for it is merely poetical, and is not at all a drama or play in the modern acceptance of the term. It has no action; no plot—and no characters; Manfred merely muses and suffers from the beginning to the end. His distresses are the same at the opening of the scene and at its closing—and the temper in which they are borne is the same. A hunter and a priest, and some domestics, are indeed introduced; but they have no connexion with the passions or sufferings on which the interest depends; and Manfred is substantially alone throughout the whole piece. He holds no communion but with the memory of the Being he had loved; and the immortal Spirits whom he evokes to reproach with his misery, and their inability to relieve it. These unearthly beings approach nearer to the character of persons of the drama—but still they are but choral accompaniments to the performance; and Manfred is, in reality, the only actor and sufferer on the scene. To delineate his character indeed—to render conceivable his feelings—is plainly the whole scope and design of the poem; and the conception and execution are, in this respect, equally admirable. It is a grand and terrific vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that he may be capable of more than human sufferings, and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride. To object to the improbability of the fiction is, we think, to mistake the end and aim of the author. Probabilities, we apprehend, did not

enter at all into his consideration—his object was, to produce effect—to exalt and dilate the character through whom he was to interest or appal us—and to raise our conception of it, by all the helps that could be derived from the majesty of nature, or the dread of superstition. It is enough, therefore, if the situation in which he has placed him is *conceivable*—and if the supposition of its reality enhances our emotions and kindles our imagination;—for it is Manfred only that we are required to fear, to pity, or admire. If we can once conceive of him as a real existence, and enter into the depth and the height of his pride and his sorrows, we may deal as we please with the means that have been used to furnish us with this impression, or to enable us to attain to this conception. We may regard them but as types, or metaphors, or allegories: But *he* is the thing to be expressed, and the feeling and the intellect of which all these are but shadows.

The events, such as they are, upon which the piece may be said to turn, have all taken place long before its opening, and are but dimly shadowed out in the casual communications of the agonizing being to whom they relate. Nobly born and trained in the castle of his ancestors, he had very soon sequestered himself from the society of men; and, after running through the common circle of human sciences, had dedicated himself to the worship of the wild magnificence of nature, and to those forbidden studies by which he had learned to command its presiding powers. One companion, however, he had, in all his tasks and enjoyments—a female of kindred genius, taste and capacity—lovely too beyond all loveliness; but, as we gather, too nearly related to be lawfully beloved. The catastrophe of their unhappy passion, is insinuated in the darkest and most ambiguous terms—all that we make out is, that she died untimely and by violence, on account of this fatal attachment—though not by the act of its object. He killed her, he says, not with his hand—but his heart; and her blood was shed, though not by him. From that hour, life is a burden to him, and memory a torture—and the extent of his power and knowledge serves only to show him the hopelessness and endlessness of his misery.

The piece opens with his evocation of the Spirits of the Elements, from whom he demands the boon of forgetfulness—and questions them as to his own immortality. The scene is in his Gothic tower at midnight—and opens with a soliloquy that reveals at once the state of the speaker, and the genius of the author.

‘The lamp must be replenish’d—but even then  
It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
Philosophy and science, and the springs

Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
 I have essayed, and in my mind there is  
 A power to make these subject to itself—  
 But they avail not : I have done men good,  
 And I have met with good even among men—  
 But this avail'd not : I have had my foes,  
 And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
 But this avail'd not :—Good, or evil, life,  
 Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
 Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,  
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,  
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.—  
 Now to my task.' p. 7, 8.

When his evocation is completed, a star is seen at the far end of a gallery, and celestial voices are heard reciting a great deal of poetry. After they have answered that the gift of oblivion is not at their disposal, and intimated that death itself could not bestow it on him, they ask if he has any further demand to make of them. He answers,

' No, none : yet stay—one moment, ere we part—  
 I would behold ye face to face. I hear  
 Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,  
 As music on the waters ; and I see  
 The steady aspect of a clear large star ;  
 But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,  
 Or one, or all, in your accusom'd forms.

SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements  
 Of which we are the mind and principle :  
 But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MAN. I have no choice ; there is no form on earth  
 Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,  
 Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect  
 As unto him may seem most fitting.—Come !

SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold !

MAN. Oh God ! if it be thus, and thou  
 Art not a madness and a mockery,

I yet might be most happy.—I will clasp thee,  
 And we again will be——

[*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crush'd !

[*MANFRED falls senseless.* p. 15, 16.

The first scene of this extraordinary performance ends with a long poetical incantation, sung by the invisible spirits over the senseless victim before them. The second shows him in the bright sunshine of morning, on the top of the Jungfrau moun-

tain, meditating self-destruction—and uttering forth in solitude as usual the voice of his habitual despair, and those intermingled feelings of love and admiration for the grand and beautiful objects with which he is environed, that unconsciously win him back to a certain kindly sympathy with human enjoyments.

‘MAN. The spirits I have raised abandon me—  
The spells which I have studied baffle me—  
The remedy I reck’d of tortured me;  
I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulf’d in darkness,  
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!  
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,  
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight—thou shin’st not on my heart.  
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge  
I stand, and on the torrent’s brink beneath  
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring  
My breast upon its rocky bosom’s bed  
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?

——— Ay,  
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister, [An eagle passes.]  
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well may’st thou swoop so near me—I should be  
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone  
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine  
Yet piercest downward, onward, or above  
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself;  
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
Half dust, half deity, ~~like~~ unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mix’d essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will  
Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,  
[The shepherd’s pipe in the distance is heard.]  
The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not  
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mix’d with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were  
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
 With the bliest tone which made me!’ p. 20—22.

At this period of his soliloquy, he is descried by a Chamois hunter, who overhears its continuance.

‘ To be thus—

Grey-hair’d with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
 And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
 Having been otherwise!

Ye topling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
 In mountainous o’erwhelming, come and crush me!  
 I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
 Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
 And only fall on things which still would live;  
 On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
 And hamlet of the harmless villager.  
 The mists boil up around the glaciers! clouds  
 Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
 Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,  
 Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
 Heaped with the damn’d like pebbles.—I am giddy!’ p. 23, 24.

—Just as he is about to spring from the cliff, he is seized by the hunter, who forces him away from the dangerous place in the midst of the rising tempest. In the second act, we find him in the cottage of this peasant, and in a still wilder state of disorder. His host offers him wine; but, upon looking at the cup, he exclaims—

‘ Away, away! there’s blood upon the brim!  
 Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

C. HUN. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

MAN. I say ’tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream  
 Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours  
 When we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
 And loved each other as we should not love—  
 And this was shed: but still it rises up,  
 Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,  
 Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. HUN. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin, &c.

MAN. Think’st thou existence doth depend on time?  
 It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
 Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
 Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,

Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. HUN. Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him!

MAN. I would I were—for then the things I see  
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. HUN. What is it  
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—  
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;  
Thy days of health; and nights of sleep; thy toils,  
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;  
This do I see—and then I look within—

It matters not—my soul was scorched already! p. 27. 29.

The following scene is one of the most poetical and most sweetly written in the poem. There is a still and delicious witchery in the tranquillity and seclusion of the place, and the celestial beauty of the Being who reveals herself in the midst of these visible enchantments. In a deep valley among the mountains, Manfred appears alone before a lofty cataract, pealing in the quiet sunshine down the still and everlasting rocks; and says—

'It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;  
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[He takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it in the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the  
WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow  
of the torrent.]

MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow  
To an unearthly stature, in an essence

Of purer elements ; while the hues of youth,—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose-tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.  
Beautiful Spirit ! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser Powers permit  
At times to commune with them—if that he  
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH.

**Son of Earth !**

I know thee, and the Powers which give thee power ;  
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.  
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

MAN. 'To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.' p.31,32.

There is something exquisitely beautiful, to our taste, in all this passage; and both the apparition and the dialogue are so managed, that the sense of their improbability is swallowed up in that of their beauty;—and, without actually believing that such spirits exist or communicate themselves, we feel for the moment as if we stood in their presence. What follows, though extremely powerful, and more laboured in the writing, has less charm for us. He tells his celestial auditor the brief story of his misfortune; and when he mentions the death of the only being he had ever loved, the beauteous Spirit breaks in with her superhuman pride.

‘ And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order which thine own would rise above,  
Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego  
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back  
To recreant mortality——Away!

MAN. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—  
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then curs'd myself till sunset;—I have pray'd  
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.

I have affronted Death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless.' p. 36, 37.

The third scene is the boldest in the exhibition of supernatural persons. The three Destinies and Nemesis meet, at midnight, on the top of the Alps, on their way to the hall of Arimanes, and sing strange ditties to the moon, of their mischiefs wrought among men. Nemesis being rather late, thus apologizes for keeping them waiting.

'I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,  
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge;  
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull  
Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,  
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak  
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!

We have outstaid the hour—mount we our clouds!' p. 44.

This we think is out of place at least, if we must not say out of character; and though the author may tell us that human calamities are naturally subjects of derision to the Ministers of Vengeance, yet we cannot be persuaded that satirical and political allusions are at all compatible with the feelings and impressions which it was here his business to maintain. When the Fatal Sisters are again assembled before the throne of Arimanes, Manfred suddenly appears among them, and refuses the prostrations which they require. The first Destiny thus loftily announces him.

'Prince of the Powers invisible! This man  
Is of no common order, as his port  
And presence here denote; his sufferings  
Have been of an immortal nature, like  
Our own; his knowledge and his powers and will,  
As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the etherial essence, have been such  
As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations  
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,  
And they have only taught him what we know—  
That knowledge is not happiness, and science  
But an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.  
This is not all;—the passions, attributes  
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being,  
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,  
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence  
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,

Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,  
 And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,  
 No other Spirit in this region hath  
 A soul like his—or power upon his soul.' p. 47, 48.

At his desire, the ghost of his beloved Astarte is then called up, and appears—but refuses to speak at the command of the Powers who have raised her, till Manfred breaks out into this passionate and agonizing address.

‘Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:  
 I have so much endured—so much endure—  
 Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more  
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me  
 Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made  
 To torture thus each other, though it were  
 The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.  
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear  
 This punishment for both—that thou wilt be  
 One of the blessed—and that I shall die,  
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire  
 To bind me in existence—in a life  
 Which makes me shrink from immortality—  
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.  
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:  
 I feel but what thou art—and what I am;  
 And I would hear yet once, before I perish.  
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me!  
 For I have call'd on thee in the still night,  
 Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd bough,  
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves  
 Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,  
 Which answered me—many things answered me—  
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
 Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,  
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.  
 Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth  
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!  
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:  
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
 Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—  
 I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—  
 This once—once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE. Manfred!

MAN.

Say on; say on—

I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

PHAN. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills,  
 Farewell!

MAN. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. Say, shall we meet again?

PHAN. Farewell!

MAN. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

PHAN. Manfred! [*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

NEM. She's gone, and will not be recalled.' p. 50—52.

The last act, though in many passages very beautifully written, seems to us less powerful. It passes altogether in Manfred's castle, and is chiefly occupied in two long conversations between him and a holy abbot, who comes to exhort and absolve him, and whose counsel he repels with the most reverent gentleness, and but few bursts of dignity and pride. The following passages are full of poetry and feeling.

\* Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions  
And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of nations; and to rise  
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;  
But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,  
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,  
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,  
(Which casts up misty columns that become  
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies),  
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,  
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT. And why not live and act with other men?

MAN. Because my nature was averse from life;  
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,  
But find a desolation:—like the wind,  
The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,  
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er  
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,  
And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,  
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,  
But being met is deadly; such hath been  
The course of my existence; but there came  
Things in my path which are no more.' p. 59, 60.

There is also a fine address to the setting sun—and a singular miscellaneous soliloquy, in which one of the author's Roman recollections is brought in, we must say somewhat unnaturally.

\* The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learn'd the language of another world.

I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
 I stood within the Colosseum's wall,  
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
 The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bowshot.—

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old!' 68, 69.

In his dying hour he is beset with Demons, who pretend to claim him as their forfeit;—but he indignantly and victoriously disputes their claim, and asserts his freedom from their thralldom.

Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,  
 And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!  
 Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;  
 Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:  
 What I have done is done; I bear within  
 A torture which could nothing gain from thine:  
 The mind which is immortal makes itself  
 Requital for its good or ill—derives  
 No colour from the fleeting things without;  
 But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,  
 Born from the knowledge of its own desert.  
 Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;  
 I have not been thy dupe, nor art thy prey—  
 But was my own destroyer, and will be  
 My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!  
 The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

‘[The Demons disappear.]’ 74, 75.

There are great faults, it must be admitted, in this poem;—but it is undoubtedly a work of genius and originality. Its worst fault, perhaps, is, that it fatigues and overawes us by the uniformity of its terror and solemnity. Another is the painful and offensive nature of the circumstances on which its distress is ultimately

founded. It all springs from the disappointment or fatal issue of an incestuous passion; and incest, according to our modern ideas—for it was otherwise in antiquity—is not a thing to be at all brought before the imagination. The lyrical songs of the Spirits are too long, and not all excellent. There is something of pedantry in them now and then; and even *Manfred* deals in classical allusions a little too much. If we were to consider it as a proper drama, or even as a finished poem, we should be obliged to add, that it is far too indistinct and unsatisfactory. But this we take to be according to the design and conception of the author. He contemplated but a dim and magnificent sketch of a subject which did not admit of more accurate drawing, or more brilliant colouring. Its obscurity is a part of its grandeur;—and the darkness that rests upon it, and the smoky distance in which it is lost, are all devices to increase its majesty, to stimulate our curiosity, and to impress us with deeper awe.

It is suggested, in an ingenious paper, in a late Number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, that the general conception of this piece, and much of what is excellent in the manner of its execution, have been borrowed from 'the Tragical History of Dr Faustus' of Marlow; and a variety of passages are quoted, which the author considers as similar, and, in many respects, superior to others in the poem before us. We cannot agree in the general terms of this conclusion;—but there is, no doubt, a certain resemblance, both in some of the topics that are suggested, and in the cast of the diction in which they are expressed. Thus, to induce Faustus to persist in his unlawful studies, he is told that the Spirits of the Elements will serve him—

' Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their ayrie browes  
Than have the white breasts of the Queene of Love.'

And again, when the amorous sorcerer commands Helen of Troy to revive again to be his paramour, he addresses her, on her first appearance, in these rapturous lines—

' Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,  
And burn'd the toplesse towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!  
Her lips sucke forth my soule!—see where it flies!  
Come, Helen, come give me my soule againe.  
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in that lip,  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
O! thou art fairer than the evening ayre,  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres;  
More lovely than the monarch of the skyes  
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms!'

The catastrophe, too, is bewailed in verses of great elegance and classical beauty.

' Cut is the branch that might have growne full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough  
That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone!—regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful torture may exhort the wise,  
Only to wonder at unlawful things.'

But these, and many other smooth and fanciful verses in this curious old drama, prove nothing, we think, against the originality of *Manfred*; for there is nothing to be found there of the pride, the abstraction, and the heartrooted misery in which that originality consists. Faustus is a vulgar sorcerer, tempted to sell his soul to the Devil for the ordinary price of sensual pleasure, and earthly power and glory—and who shrinks and shudders in agony when the forfeit comes to be exacted. The style, too, of Marlow, though elegant and scholarlike, is weak and childish compared with the depth and force of much of what we have quoted from Lord Byron; and the disgusting buffoonery and low farce of which his piece is principally made up, place it much more in contrast, than in any terms of comparison, with that of his noble successor. In the tone and pitch of the composition, as well as in the character of the diction in the more solemn parts, the piece before us reminds us much more of the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, than of any more modern performance. The tremendous solitude of the principal person—the supernatural beings with whom alone he holds communion—the guilt—the firmness—the misery—are all points of resemblance to which the grandeur of the poetic imagery only gives a more striking effect. The chief differences are, that the subject of the Greek poet was sanctified and exalted by the established belief of his country, and that his terrors are nowhere tempered with the sweetness which breathes from so many passages of his English rival.

ART. VIII. 1. *REPORTS of the Select Committee, appointed to consider of Provision being made for the better Regulation of Madhouses in England: With Minutes of Evidence, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed 25th May, 2d and 12th June, and 11th July, 1815;—26th April, 28th May, and 11th June, 1816.*

2. *A History of the York Lunatic Asylum, with an Appendix. Addressed to William Wilberforce, Esq. By JONATHAN GRAY.* 8vo. York, 1814.

3. *Remarks on the Construction of Public Hospitals for the Cure of Mental Derangement.* By WILLIAM STARK, Architect. 4to. Edinburgh, 1807.
4. *Practical Hints on the Construction and Economy of Pauper Lunatic Asylums.* By SAMUEL TUKE. 4to. pp. 55. York, 1815.

THESE REPORTS contain, beyond all question, the most important body of information, that has ever appeared, upon the subject of Insanity. The enormities which they bring to light are dreadful; but the inquiries of Parliament have already much reduced them; and, we trust, will ultimately prevent the possibility of their recurrence:—And, above all, the Minutes prove, with an irresistible force of testimony, that such enormities are utterly without excuse, as the mildest treatment of these unhappy persons contributes most effectually to their cure.

The number of the insane, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to several thousands. And the question which the Committee of the House of Commons had to investigate, was nothing less than this;—Whether a large proportion of these unfortunate persons, comprehending individuals of almost every rank in society, should be restored to the condition of human beings; or left to languish under sufferings that have no parallel but in the atrocities of a slave ship, or the dungeons of the Inquisition. Stripes, fetters, cold, darkness, solitude—the absence of every bodily comfort and mental enjoyment—have been too long the established discipline of receptacles for the Insane: And the unhappy lunatic, already suffering under the most awful visitation to which our nature is exposed, was the victim of this complicated misery—not incidentally for hours, days or weeks—but, in general, for the whole years of his wretched existence.

That part of the proceedings before us, which exhibits facts like these, and proposes to redress them, would form in itself a publication of the greatest interest; and, if the Committee had gone no further, they would have been entitled to the gratitude of their country. But they have done much more; and have contrived to enrich their Reports with the testimony of several of the most skilful and experienced men of the present time, upon the management of the insane, in all its various departments;—the extent of medical power over their disorder;—the proper domestic treatment;—the structure and economy of buildings for their reception.

The evils connected with the improper treatment of lunatics, had been, at different times, a source of great complaint; and the regulation of *private madhouses* was brought before Parliament in 1763, and provided for, after an interval of ten years, by

an act which still continues in force. The charitable researches of Howard were extended to madhouses, as well as to prisons; and in his writings there are notices respecting the lunatic asylums of several different countries. A valuable tract also, containing the scheme of an Institution for the Insane, and a plan for an Asylum to be built at Gloucester, was published in 1796, by Sir George O. Paul, who appears to have devoted himself to subjects of this nature for several years, with great zeal and good effect. But the more general inquiry into the treatment of insane persons, as a measure of domestic policy, does not appear to have taken hold of the public attention, until the Parliamentary inquiry in 1807, respecting pauper and criminal lunatics, which led to the introduction of the excellent act of 1808, for the erection of county asylums in England.

The management of an asylum for lunatics at York, had, some time before, given rise to a very bitter controversy, in which Mason the poet took the lead with so much zeal, as even to have published a pamphlet upon the subject in 1788. But this benevolent man and his friends were ultimately defeated in 1794—and the door seemed then to be closed for ever against reform or inquiry. The state of affairs in this establishment, however, soon afterwards roused the activity of the Quakers; and, under their tranquil but steady guidance, a new establishment was formed, that began the great revolution upon this subject, which we trust the provisions of Parliament will complete. It appears that, in 1791, the relatives of a Quaker, confined in the York asylum, had been refused admittance with apparent harshness; and the patient soon after dying in confinement, the general treatment of the insane attracted the attention of some leading persons of that persuasion, by whose exertions the *Retreat at York* was established in 1793, for the express purpose of introducing a milder system of management, than had previously been employed. The Quakers, as usual, succeeded, (for they never fail); and, in the course of a few years, their Institution had done so much by gentle methods, that a modest and well written volume, giving an account of it, \* excited universal interest, and in fact achieved what all the talents and public spirit of Mason and his friends had failed to accomplish. It had still better effects. A very inoffensive passage in this book, roused, it seems, the animosity of the physician to the York Lunatic Asylum; and a letter, which this gentleman published in one of the York newspapers, became the origin of a controversy among the Governors of that Establishment; which terminated, in August 1814, after a struggle of nearly two years, in the

\* See Edinburgh Review, Vol. XXIII. p. 189.

complete overthrow of the old system, and the submission of every officer of the Asylum, except the physician himself.

The period is not remote, when lunatics were regarded as beings unsusceptible of mental enjoyment, or of bodily pain—and accordingly consigned, without remorse, to prisons, under the name of madhouses—in the contrivance of which, nothing seems to have been considered, but how to enclose the victim of insanity in a cell, and to cover his misery from the light of day. But the success of the Retreat demonstrated, by experiment, that all this apparatus of gloom and confinement was injurious; and, the necessity for improvement becoming daily more apparent, a bill for the better regulation of madhouses, was brought into Parliament by Mr Rose in 1813,—but was, nevertheless, opposed, and finally withdrawn: and another bill in 1814, though it passed the Commons, was rejected by the House of Lords. The public, in fact, was not yet aware of the atrocious evils which these bills were intended to remove; and it was not until now that the course was adopted, which, in every case of public grievance, is *the only sure one* for obtaining redress. A Committee of the House of Commons, appointed for the purpose of inquiry in 1814, and revived in the following year, was fortunately composed of men determined to do the business they had undertaken. As they advanced, the dreadful facts disclosed increased their diligence; they spared no pains to go to the bottom of their subject; and the result has been, the production of the Reports and Evidence that we are now engaged in examining.\*

The Committee began to examine witnesses in May 1815; and their first Minutes of evidence excited such attention, that reform instantly began; and the blow was followed up so well, that many of the evils complained of, have already ceased to exist in some of the principal institutions for the insane. It is nevertheless our duty to bring them once more before the public eye; for they were the offspring of circumstances that, without a radical change of system in the control of madhouses, cannot fail to produce again the same deplorable effects.

To begin, then, with the York Lunatic Asylum, which stands first upon the evidence before the Committee. It appears from

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\* We regret that we cannot at present recollect the names of all the members of this excellent Committee, which are not enumerated in the Reports.—Lord H. Seymour, Lord Binning, the Right Honourable G. Rose, the Honourable H. G. Bennet, Mr Western, Mr W. Smith, and the Honourable W. H. Lyttleton, appear from the proceedings, to have taken a very active and useful part in the investigation.

the History of that Institution, which was published at the close of the controversy above alluded to, that the victory of the reformers was not obtained without strong opposition; for, at the very moment when the state of things, that we shall presently detail, was flourishing in full enormity, their opponents were enabled to carry a resolution of the Governors, declaring that a lunatic (who appears to have sustained gross injury) 'had been treated with all possible care, attention and humanity,'—and censuring the parties who brought forward the complaint. The gentleman who took the lead on this occasion, (Godfrey Higgins, Esq. a magistrate of the West Riding of Yorkshire), and the public, were of course dissatisfied; and, on a subsequent day, thirteen spirited men, determined to enforce investigation; and having qualified themselves as Governors, by paying the requisite donation of twenty pounds each, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the complaints that had been exhibited; which, after meeting for several successive days, and examining witnesses, (whose expenses, when from distant places, were defrayed by a subscription among some ladies of York), concluded by adopting Resolutions of censure upon the proceedings proved before them. It was proposed, indeed, to controvert the testimony of some of the witnesses, by the oaths of the servants complained of; but the Archbishop of York, who was in the chair, declared, that if this were persisted in, he must leave the room, as he was convinced, both from the manner of the servants, and the improbability of their statements, that they were prepared to assert what was untrue.

The nature of the facts thus proved, may be judged of from the testimony of Mr Higgins, respecting an unfortunate gentleman who had been an inmate of this asylum.

'Another case which I laid before the Governors, was that of the Rev. Mr —; he was a clergyman, reduced to indigence, I believe, in consequence of his mental complaint; he had at times, and for considerable periods, intervals of reason. In those intervals, when he was perfectly capable of understanding every thing that was done to him, repeatedly, in the presence of his wife, he was exposed to personal indignity; and, on one occasion, he was inhumanly kicked down stairs by the keepers, and told, in the presence of his wife, that he was looked upon as no better than a dog. His person swarmed with vermin; and, to complete this poor man's misery, the keepers insulted his wife with indecent ribaldry, in order to deter her from visiting him in his unfortunate situation. .... He had a gold watch, which was lost there, and which his wife could never recover.' *Minutes* 1815, p. 3.

On the day after the Committee of the Governors had closed

their labours, the Asylum was found to be on fire. Of the men-servants, (who were only four, to one hundred and twenty male patients), two were absent on trifling occasions—one of them having gone to a dance; and, notwithstanding great exertions to suppress the flames, four patients are known to have perished, and five more were wholly unaccounted for. A general inquiry into the Rules and Management of the Institution being then, at length, agreed upon, the most lamentable negligence and depravity were fully proved. In the annual Reports, 144 deaths, out of 365, *were suppressed*;—the funds intended for the support of poor patients had been grossly misapplied;—and the steward had *burned the suspected books* during the progress of the inquiry. In a copy of the Rules delivered to the house-keeper, ten out of fifteen intended for the regulation of her conduct were *omitted*;—the servants were in the habit of taking the clothes of the patients, ‘when they considered them as having been worn a sufficient time;’—and there was no approach to subordination or discipline in the Establishment. It is further in proof, that a female patient, of good previous character, had become pregnant by one of the keepers; who, after a service of 26 years, received from the Governors, *who were never informed of this transaction*, a piece of plate, as a reward for his good conduct; and, at the time of investigation, he actually kept a private mad-house in York. Then, as to the condition of the house, and the apartments of the patients, Mr Higgins gives the following horrible details.

‘At eight in the morning of the day of meeting, I went to the Asylum, determined to examine very carefully every part of it. After having seen (as I was told by Atkinson the steward) all the rooms for the reception of patients, I went with him to the kitchen apartments. I there caused several doors to be opened; and being at last struck with the retired appearance of one door, which was almost concealed from observation by another opening upon it, I ordered one of the keepers to unlock it. I thought I perceived fear and hesitation. I repeated my order in somewhat stronger language. The men-servants’ key was tried, but would not open it, as it was the door of cells for female patients. The key not being readily forthcoming, I grew warm, and declared I would soon find a key that would unlock it at the kitchen fire-side. It was then opened. I went in, and discovered a row of cells, four in number; with a door out of the furthest into the yard. On entering the first cell, I found it in a state dreadful beyond description. Some miserable bedding was lying on straw, which was daubed and wet with excrement and urine; the boarded floor perfectly saturated with filth; the walls also besmeared with excrement; the round air-hole, about eight inches in diameter, partly filled with it. This cell was about eight feet and a half square, perfectly dark when the door was shut, and the stench almost intolerable. I was told those cells were occupied at night by

thirteen women, who were then up stairs. I ordered one of the men to conduct me to them. I found thirteen of these wretched inmates in a room *twelve feet long, by seven feet ten inches wide*; with a window, which *not opening*, would not admit of ventilation. After looking at these miserable objects, I returned to examine the cells more minutely: except in the first, there was no other bedding than straw, which appeared to have been in use a long time, as it was absolutely saturated with wet.'

We are aware of the disgust with which this statement will be perused; but we cannot spare our readers this offence to their delicacy:—and we would ask, with confidence, of the most delicate among them, whether it is more shocking that these things should *exist unknown*, and *consequently undressed*, or that they should be told and published, and remembered for ever, as the only means of preventing their recurrence?

'The Archbishop of York, and the Committee of fifteen had, previously to my detecting these cells, desired they might be shown over *the whole* of the wards and apartments occupied by patients; but the cells in question were *not* shown to them. The Committee of five went over the house in the performance of their duty, to examine the state of the apartments, to see what improvements could be made; and the same circumstance occurred. A very respectable professional gentleman, whose name I do not choose to mention without necessity, when inquiring what those places were, was *told that they were cellars and other little offices*. Atkinson also told me, before I found these cells, that *I had seen the whole*.—The day following that of the meeting, I again went to the asylum, and ascertained by experiment, that the young men servants, by means of their keys, could at all times admit themselves into the lodging rooms of the upper class of the female patients. This testimony is confirmed by that of Bryan Cooke, Esq. another magistrate, who adds, that 'the general state of the asylum was filthy in the extreme.'

We conclude our extracts respecting this Institution with the summary delivered in its 'History,'—which is fully substantiated by evidence on every point.

'In the asylum investigations, concealment appears at every step of our progress. 365 patients have died—the number is advertised 221. A patient disappears, and is never more heard of;—he is said to be 'removed.' A patient is killed; the body is hurried away to prevent an inquest. The public cry out that a patient has been neglected;—there is a *levy en masse* of respectable Governors to quell the disturbance, and to certify that the patient has been treated 'with all possible care, attention and humanity.' A Committee of investigation desires to be shown the house;—certain cells, 'in an extreme state of filth and neglect,' are omitted to be pointed out to them.' The Governors examine the accounts;—there are considerable sums of which neither the receipt nor the application appears. The servant's books are inquired for,—in a moment of irritation he selects for the flames

such of them as he thought it not advisable to produce;—and yet, every circumstance of concealment is imputed by some to mere accident,—and every attempt to tear off the mask and exhibit the asylum in its true character, is stigmatized as a libel, or an indelicate disclosure.’ p. 90.

The largest public receptacles for lunatics in England, are those of Bethlem and St Luke’s Hospitals, respecting both of which the reports contain much valuable information; and they are both supported at such an expense, that their proper management is a very fit subject of national inquiry, independently of the nature of the trust reposed in the Governors. The records of an ancient edifice under the name of Old Bethlem, go back even to 1577. The late Hospital in Moorfields (for the establishment is now removed to a new building in St George’s fields) was built about an hundred and twenty years ago; and it is to the state of things in Moorfields that the information contained in the Reports principally relates. The building there, it appears, was excessively gloomy and cold, and the airing grounds for the patients damp and confined. The average annual number of the patients, for seven years to 1814 inclusive, was 238:—the average expenditure, during the same period, not much less than 12,000*l.* per annum.\* The management of this Great Institution was, nominally, vested in a body of Governors, who met weekly at the Hospital; but all that related to the patients had in effect, for several years back, passed into the hands of one person, Mr Haslam the late apothecary to the Institution; of whose fitness for such a charge, the facts that we shall now state, will sufficiently enable our readers to form an opinion.

It was by no means easy to gain admission into this Hospital for the purpose of inspection; but Mr Edward Wakefield, a gentleman who, from feelings of benevolence, had long applied himself particularly to the examination of such establishments, contrived to overcome the obstacles; and to him the credit is due, of having brought to light the dreadful scenes, described by himself and other persons of unimpeached veracity.

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\* The average annual expense, for provisions, clothing, tradesmen’s bills, and salaries to officers and servants, &c. was, during the period mentioned in the text, 7,027*l.* per annum; or 29*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* for each of 238 patients,—the remaining portion of the 12,000*l.* (near 5000*l.*) being employed in support of the estates, purchase of stock, repairs, &c.—The expenditure at St Luke’s, in 1807, for the same *items*, was stated by the Master to have been only 5,595*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*:—the patients were 300, and the charge for each person consequently 19*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* The cost of each patient at Bethlem, for the year 1807-8, was 28*l.* 3*s.* 5½*d.*—(See the accounts in the Appendix to Report of 1815).

' At this visit, attended by the steward of the hospital, and likewise by a female keeper, we first proceeded to visit the womens' galleries. One of the side rooms contained about ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall; the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it. The nakedness of each patient was covered by a blanket gown only. The blanket gown is a blanket formed something like a dressing-gown, *with nothing to fasten it in front*; this constitutes *the whole covering*; the feet even were naked. One female in this side room, thus chained, was an object remarkably striking; she mentioned her maiden and married names, and stated, that she had been a teacher of languages; the keepers described her as a very accomplished lady, mistress of many languages, and corroborated her account of herself. The Committee can hardly imagine a human being in a more degraded and brutalizing situation than that in which I found this female, who held a coherent conversation with us, and was, of course, fully sensible of the mental and bodily condition of those wretched beings who, equally without clothing, were closely chained to the same wall with herself. Unaware of the necessities of nature, some of them, though they contained life, appeared totally inanimate, and unconscious of existence. The few minutes which we passed with this lady, did not permit us to form a judgment of the degree of restraint to which she ought to be subject; but I unhesitatingly affirm, that her confinement with patients in whom she was compelled to witness the most disgusting idiocy, and the most terrifying distraction of the human intellect, was injudicious and improper.' *Minutes of 1815, p. 11.*

' In one of the cells of the lower gallery, we saw William Norris; he stated himself to be 55 years of age, and that he had been confined about fourteen years; that in consequence of attempting to defend himself from what he conceived the improper treatment of his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which, passing through a partition, enabled the keeper, by going into the next cell, to draw him close to the wall at pleasure; that, to prevent this, Norris muffled the chain with straw, so as to hinder its passing through the wall; that he afterwards was confined in the manner we saw him, namely, a stout iron ring was rivetted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring, made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body, a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was rivetted. On each side the bar, was a circular projection, which, being fashioned to, and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his side. This waist-bar was secured by two similar bars, which, passing over his shoulders, were rivetted to the waist-bar both before and behind. The iron ring round his neck was connected to the bars on his shoulders by a double link. From each of these bars, another short chain passed to the ring on the upright iron bar. We were informed he was enabled to raise himself, so as to stand against the wall, on the pillow of his bed, in the trough bed in which he

lay; but it is impossible for him to advance from the wall, in which the iron bar is soldered, on account of the shortness of his chains, which were only twelve inches long. It was, I conceive, equally out of his power to repose in any other position than on his back; the projections, which, on each side of the waist-bar, enclosed his arms, rendering it impossible for him to lie on his side, even if the length of the chains from his neck and shoulders would permit it. His right leg was chained to the trough, in which he had remained, thus engaged and chained, more than twelve years. To prove the unnecessary restraint inflicted on this unfortunate man, he informed us that he had, for some years, been able to withdraw his arms from the manacles which encompassed them. He then withdrew one of them, and, observing an expression of surprise, he said, that when his arms were withdrawn, he was compelled to rest them on the edges of the circular projections, which was more painful than keeping them within. His position, we were informed, was mostly lying down; and that, as it was inconvenient to raise himself, and stand upright, he very seldom did so; that he read a great deal of books of all kinds, history, lives, or any thing that the keepers could get him; the newspaper every day, and conversed, perfectly coherently, on the passing topics, and the events of the war, in which he felt particular interest. On each day that we saw him, he discoursed coolly, and gave rational and deliberate answers to the different questions put to him.' (p. 12.)—And Mr Western confirms this statement at page 175.

The room in which Norris was thus shut up, never had any fire; it had an eastern aspect, and a window without glazing. His long imprisonment, it was alleged, was the consequence of some violence which he had committed under the influence of his malady; but the keeper under whose care he had been placed for several years, was a *notorious drunkard*; and the patient's violence appears to have arisen from, and to have been aggravated by, the most brutal provocation. All the witnesses concurred in opinion, that such aggravated and protracted cruelty could, in no possible case, be necessary; and yet this most inhuman instance of wanton barbarity is proved to have existed in the centre of the metropolis, and in the chief Lunatic Asylum of England!

There is, on the part of Mr Haslam, much evasive testimony, to shift from himself the burden of this atrocious case; but his efforts tend rather to confirm than to shake the conviction which the evidence produces: and, in justice to the late physician of the Establishment, who disavows in the strongest manner any direct participation in the severities practised upon Norris, it must be stated, that he appears to have remonstrated with Haslam against the dreadful continuance of his confinement;—with which, however unaccountable it may seem, the Governors in general do not appear at this time to have been acquainted.

The conduct of Haslam, with respect to several other patients, was of a corresponding description: And in the case of a gentleman named Tilley Matthews (*Minutes*, p. 13, &c.), whose death was evidently accelerated by the severities he underwent, and of several other persons, there is abundant proof of cruelty.

The state of this Great Establishment in other respects, was such as might be expected: the classification of patients, according to the degree of their malady, was either impracticable, or never attempted,—chains and solitary confinement being the substitutes for attention in the keepers, who are proved in several instances to have been habitually drunken and cruel. The patients in general were shut up in their cells, without light or fire, from four in the winter evenings until eight the next morning. There was no discrimination in the diet of the lunatics. It was the practice to administer emetics and purgatives to *all* the patients, and to bleed them, with little discrimination, twice a year; and to this discipline the whole medical treatment for their disorder seems to have been confined. The administration of medicines, where compulsion was required, was uniformly entrusted to the servants; and the negligence of the medical attendants was extreme. It is in proof, that a patient actually died, through mere neglect, from the bursting of the intestines overloaded for want of aperient medicine; and it is expressly stated by Haslam himself, that a person, whom he asserts to have been ‘*generally insane and mostly drunk*,’—whose condition in short was such, ‘that his hand was not obedient to his will,’ was nevertheless retained in the office of *Surgeon*, and continued to attend the patients for a period of *ten years*;—a statement so atrocious, that, from any other quarter, we should have rejected it as utterly incredible.

The Governors of Bethlem appear, notwithstanding the existence of all these facts, to have had implicit confidence in their officers: But the discoveries of Mr Wakefield and others, rendered something like investigation necessary: And it will excite the astonishment of our readers to learn, that at a full and very respectable meeting of a Select Committee, appointed for the purpose of inquiry, in June 1814, it was resolved, ‘on the fullest consideration, that with respect to the general statement of cruelty and bad management, *no foundation whatever exists for such a charge!*’—And again, ‘that every degree of indulgence, consistent with the security of the patients, and the safety of those employed, has been observed: And it is further the opinion of this Committee, that, on a fair comparison with any other Lunatic Asylums in this country, the Hospital of Bethlem will be found to possess equal, if not superior claims to public estimation; and they believe they may with confidence appeal to the general opinion, having, for the space of near three centuries, borne testimony to the correctness of this statement.’ (*App. to Minutes*, p. 201.)

This memorable document then goes on to the case of Norris, details the mode of his confinement, and asserts, 'that it appears to have been, upon the whole, rather a merciful and humane, than a rigorous and severe imposition.' And it concludes, with perfect consistency, as the 'decided opinion' of the Committee upon this point also, 'that no foundation whatever exists for the imputation which has been made; and that, on the contrary, the general management of the Hospital, as affecting the health, the cleanliness, and the comfort of the patients, is, of a nature creditable to the Governors and others concerned in its administration!'

To this singular paper there are annexed the names of several individuals of high rank and unquestioned respectability; and we have no doubt that there is not one of the number who would not have shrunk, in private, at the mere narrative of the facts which they were thus induced to countenance. It is too often forgotten, even by honest men, that, in situations of public trust, to acquiesce in crimes is, in all its practical effects, the same as to partake of them; and that tenderness to individual delinquents is injustice to the community.

But the state of Bethlem Hospital had by this time made its way into Parliament; and nothing can better exemplify the incalculable benefit of a direct and ready access to that Body, and of their freedom of debate, than the immediate effect of their notice. It is in evidence, that a speech of Lord Robert Seymour in the House of Commons, produced an instant change for the better;—and the subsequent removal of the lunatics to the new Bethlem Hospital in St George's Fields, was soon followed by more extensive improvements.

The new building, though defective we think in structure, and very ill situated, is, upon the whole, much better calculated for its objects than the old one; and the defects that admit of remedy, some of which are very important, we have reason to hope will be removed. These were, principally, when we had ourselves an opportunity of visiting this Institution, the want of glazing in the patients' bedrooms (which there was no method of warming); the inadequate means of heating the galleries—the basement story, in particular, being miserably damp and cold. There was no provision for lighting the galleries at night. The airing grounds were damp and cheerless, and much too small; and the windows of the galleries were so high from the ground, that the patients were deprived of the amusement of looking out; a point upon which the steward states they had themselves expressed considerable anxiety. The Hospital is calculated at present for 200 patients (or, if the plan be fully completed, for 400), besides 60 criminals; but the number ac-

tually in the house in 1814, was only 124. The total cost of its erection was about 100,000*l.*, besides 20,000*l.* for the criminal buildings.

We have dwelt the longer upon the history of Bethlem, because the greatest efforts were used, by certain interested persons connected with the Institution, to suppress inquiry; and, ever after the publication of the evidence, it was not until the enormity of retaining the offending parties had been expressly condemned in Parliament, that Mr Haslam the apothecary was dismissed. If negligence and misconduct could attain such frightful enormity, in a great national establishment, placed in the very focus of public observation, and surrounded by every thing that ought to have made it an example for the imitation of all similar institutions, it may be readily conceived that the condition of the remoter public asylums, and of the private houses, still less under control, exhibits a state of things, in many instances, equally demanding censure. The Reports contain an account of about twenty-three public establishments, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and of not fewer than fifty private madhouses, twenty of which are in the immediate neighbourhood of London; and it will be sufficient to say, that, in the greater number, the same inattention to cleanliness, exercise and ventilation, the same neglect and cruelty in the attendants, and proportionate suffering in the unhappy objects of their care, were found to prevail.

To this general character, there are, however, some very creditable exceptions, which, in justice to the conductors, we are bound to mention. Among the public institutions spoken of in favourable terms, the best in England is that of Nottingham; which is excellent in structure, situation, and management.—The Retreat at York, although the buildings are not of the best construction, is probably as well managed as any institution of the kind can be; and it has the credit of setting that example of mild treatment that we trust will become, in future, the object of universal imitation.—The Asylum connected with Gay's Hospital is well contrived, and is considered by Mr Wakefield as superior to all others in London or its vicinity.—But the best establishment, beyond comparison, in Britain (and perhaps in Europe), is that of Glasgow, of which we shall presently speak more at large.—And it is probable that the New Asylum at Wakefield, for the reception of paupers belonging to the West Riding of Yorkshire, will be still more perfect.

• *St Luke's Hospital*, which, in point of extent, is the second establishment of London, cost 55,000*l.*; and was maintained, in 1807, at the annual expense of about 6,300*l.*—the annual income being of late near 9000*l.* The number of patients

which the Institution can admit, is 300; that of the officers and attendants was, in 1807, twenty; the admissions in that year 263; and the average cost for each patient about 19*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* per annum. In 1815, 290 patients were admitted; and in 1816 there were 700 candidates for admission as incurable, of whom only 3 to 5 were received every year. In 1815, the number under personal restraint was 5 out of 298; and in 1816, 16 or 18 patients out of 264. The structure of the building is by no means good. The house was generally cold; and there was no mode of warming or ventilating the sleeping apartments. The plan of classification and inspection was very defective; the day rooms confined and crowded; the patients had no occupation; and the number of attendants was too small. There was reason to suspect that a horrible practice called ‘muffling’ the more noisy patients was allowed, which consists in binding a cloth tightly over the mouth and nostrils;—or, as a witpees describes it, ‘tying a bit of a sheet, or something round the nose, ‘to dun the noise, to see whether it would quiet them;’—and another operation, not less dangerous, of ‘forcing’ the refractory to take food, was commonly practised. But, upon the whole, the management of the establishment is very creditable to the Governors and officers, and the defects are rather those of system, than of negligence or improper feeling.

In a private madhouse, the proprietor is so much interested in compressing within the smallest possible compass, the beings who form the material of his trade, that it is not surprising, under the present most insufficient system of inspection, that all the evils which result from crowding and confinement are found to prevail; and it would be easy to extract, from the descriptions of private Asylums, in all parts of the kingdom, passages not less disgusting than any of those we have already quoted. We do not wish to give additional publicity to names, in cases of this character; but the following statements, taken from the report of the magistrates and physician, who visited the house of a person named Spencer, at Fonthill, Wiltshire, in 1812, are too remarkable to be passed over. There is, first, a description of certain cells, each about five feet square, with bare stone walls, unplastered, and extremely damp; without light or ventilation, and opening within a few feet of a pigstye and a dung heap, from whence the wretched patients who inhabited them were removed about once a week; during which time, it was asserted by the attendants, the cells were cleansed. Dr Fowler, the inspecting physician in this instance, was examined before the Committee; and the following is part of his evidence.

‘Were the lunatics confined in the cells very dirty in their persons? They were so dirty, that on opening the door of the first cell,

the smell was so offensive as nearly to prevent further inspection: it made me extremely sick, who had been all my life accustomed to the smell of a dissecting room; and the clerk of the peace, a remarkably strong, hale, young man, and a man not all likely to be fastidious, vomited extremely; and he was unable for some time to perform his duty.'—'What was the appearance in the look of the patients, in consequence of their confinement without light and air?—All pallid, all bleached; one of the patients was so bad, that they told me they did not expect him to live. I thought it my duty to tell them, "If this man dies, I am so satisfied it is from improper treatment, that I shall do all I can to convict you of murder; I state it now, in the presence of the clerk of the peace of the county, and the magistrate attending, that I shall bring a charge of murder against you."—'Can you give the Committee any particular description, of the state in which you found that individual, whose case you thought so dangerous?—He was confined alone in one of the oblong troughs, chained down; he had evidently not been in the open air for a considerable time; for, when I made them bring him into the open air, the man could not endure the light; he was like an Albino, blinking; and they acknowledged he had not. Upon asking him how often he had been allowed to get out of the trough, he said, "perhaps once in a week or ten days, and sometimes not for a fortnight." He was not in the least violent; he was perfectly calm, and answered the questions put to him rationally; his breathing was then so difficult, that I thought his life likely to be affected by it.'\* (*Minutes*, 1815, p. 46.)

Upon this case, and others of the same description, our only comment shall be the following question—Who is there that can say, under the present system of inspection, whether hundreds of individuals throughout England are not, at this moment, suffering under equal misery? It is but justice however to mention, that there are some distinguished exceptions. The Establishments of Dr Finch near Salisbury, of Dr Fox near Bristol, Mr Ricketts of Droitwich, in Worcestershire, Mr Bakewell of Springvale, Staffordshire, and several of those in the more immediate neighbourhood of London, are all spoken of in terms of high commendation; and the testimony of some of these gentlemen, who were examined at considerable length before the Committee, forms one of the most valuable portions of the Reports.

The condition of pauper lunatics, in public institutions, is shown sufficiently by what has been already detailed:—At private madhouses, the management of the poor was no better.—At Talbot's, Bethnal Green, where the number was 230, and at Rhodes's, Bethnal Green, where 275 paupers were crowded together, there is proof of circumstances that deserve severe censure. At Miles's, Hoxton, of 486 patients, 300 were kept

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\* In this case the keeper of the madhouse was fined 200*l.*; the remainder, 1800*l.*, being remitted on the plea of poverty.

wholly without medical attention to their mental disorder. The case is nearly the same throughout the whole of England; and the Sheriff of Edinburghshire states, that 'in no instance did he find a pauper lunatic treated with kindness; in several, marked inhumanity was observable.' *3d Min.* p. 17.

The state of lunatics in workhouses, where they are too frequently allowed to remain, is mentioned particularly in the evidence of Mr Alexander, a banker of Ipswich, who had visited forty-seven of these places. At the House of Correction in Kendal, a maniac, who had lucid intervals of nine or ten months duration, was confined in a *solitary cell for ten whole years*, without occupation, and without seeing any human being but those who brought him food. At Leskeard, it was thought unnecessary to allow a miserable patient water, for the purposes of cleanliness; and at Tavistock, the condition of the cells was too disgusting for recital.

'When a pauper becomes insane,' says Mr Ricketts, the proprietor of an excellent asylum, 'the parish officers are unwilling to believe that it is a mental disease, and seldom or never take notice of it, until it becomes dangerous: In most cases, he is then consigned to the workhouse, where he is chained down, and nothing done for him till he becomes a raving maniac; and it very often happens, that he is not removed from the workhouse until they are incapable of keeping him, from his being in a state of violence; and then he is removed when some organic affection of the brain has taken place, and he becomes an incurable lunatic for life.' (*1st Min.* 1816, p. 54.)

And Lord Robert Seymour, after describing the humane arrangements of the parish of Mary-le-bone, in London, with respect to their insane poor, states as a fact within his own knowledge, that the lancet is very frequently employed in a workhouse, merely for the purpose of rendering the lunatics less noisy! The ordinary maintenance of a pauper, costs that parish about seven shillings weekly, and in a state of lunacy ten shillings; 'and, to the paltry difference between the two sums,' his Lordship adds, 'is the chance of recovery and comfort of half the insane poor of England, completely sacrificed.' (*Min.* 1815, p. 114.)

The Committee of the House of Commons, in 1816, extended its inquiry to Scotland; and was enabled to obtain very satisfactory information, by means of queries directed to the Sheriffs-depute, in five of the most populous counties; namely, those of *Edinburgh, Lanark, Forfar, Renfrew, and Aberdeen*. The inquiries of the Sheriffs were facilitated by the act of 1815, which authorizes the frequent inspection of madhouses; and their answers, with the evidence of the Hon. H. G. Bennet, on the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, and two of the institutions in Dublin, form the whole of the third and concluding volume of

the Reports. But we must confine ourselves to a brief abstract of this valuable information ; which, in the main, concurs with the English evidence, as to the necessity of great and radical reform, in the management of receptacles for the insane.

In *Edinburghshire*, there are three public institutions, but only one of them, the new Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, affords decent or adequate accommodation ; the others being wretched in the extreme. These three establishments contained, at the time of the Report, 31 male and 58 female patients. The private madhouses of this county, are 25 ; the total number of patients 211 : And the reporter states, that ‘ on the whole, the accommodation and treatment of lunatic patients, (with very few exceptions), appeared to be such, as to call for his decided disapprobation.’—In *Forfarshire*, there are only two institutions ; a new one at Dundee of admirable construction, built after a plan of the late Mr Stark the architect of the Glasgow Asylum, but which, at the date of the Report, had not been opened for want of sufficient funds ; and the asylum at Montrose, erected by subscription in 1781, which is described as excellent. The admissions here, in the course of ten years, to 1815 inclusive, had been 95 ; and the number of patients in the house, at the end of 1815, was 54.—In *Lanarkshire*, there are no private madhouses : But one of the two public institutions in this county, the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, is probably the best that is anywhere to be found ; the only objection to the design, with a view to general adoption, being, according to Mr Bennet, the beauty of the external decorations. We shall presently describe the structure of this building ; and we have read with pleasure the detail of its internal regulations, which we strongly recommend to the perusal of all those who are interested in lunatic establishments. \* The asylum had, up to that period, never maintained more than 92 patients, but has accommodation for 100 ; and it is suggested, as very desirable, that it should be so far enlarged, as to admit of the reception of pauper lunatics and idiots.—In *Aberdeenshire*, there are two public madhouses, both well conducted ; but the buildings very indifferent. The patients in the Aberdeen Lunatic Hospital were 54 in number at the time of the Report : The other house contained 18 paupers only.—In *Renfrewshire*, there is only an appendage to the poor-house at Paisley, where five lunatics are received ; but in this county there are several insane persons under the care of their relations, at their own houses.

\* A Committee of the Directors is appointed every year, for the sole purpose of revising all the regulations, and suggesting improvements.

The Sheriffs of the counties above mentioned, have subjoined to their Reports, suggestions for the general improvement of the system of managing the insane; and all concur in recommending the establishment of District Lunatic Asylums in different parts of Scotland; one of these gentlemen stating, at the close of his report, in confirmation of his opinion, that further inquiry led him to believe the number of insane persons confined in Scotland to be much greater than he had originally supposed. This object is proposed to be obtained by a bill, introduced (we believe by Lord Binning) during the last Session of Parliament, similar, in its general principles, to Mr Wynn's act of 1808, but rendering imperative the erection of Asylums, which, in England, is left to the voluntary adoption of counties: And we have no doubt, that the benefit that would result from District Asylums in Scotland, would more than counterbalance the expense, if due attention were given to economy in the style and structure of the buildings. Another suggestion of some of the Sheriffs,—the rendering pauper-lunatics chargeable on *counties* instead of parishes,—is particularly deserving of attention; and concurs with the opinion we shall mention hereafter, of some of the best informed witnesses examined before the Committee.

'In Ireland,' the Committee state—'The necessity of making some further provision for insane persons, appears to be more urgent even than in this part of the United Kingdom; as it will be seen in the evidence, that, with the exception of two public establishments, and some private houses in Dublin, there are no places appropriated separately for the reception of persons in this state in Ireland. In a few hospitals for general relief of patients, there are wards for insane persons; but these are very ill calculated for the attainment of the objects that should be had in view; and as there are no poor-houses in that part of the United Kingdom, the pauper-lunatics are allowed to wander about the country, till those who are outrageous are sent up to Dublin, in a manner shocking to humanity; while the idiots are left to go about the villages, the sport of the common people.' *Report*, 1815, pp. 4, 5.

The evidence on which these statements are founded, is that of Sir John Newport and Mr Wakefield; and the remedy which the former of these gentlemen recommends, is the erection of Lunatic Asylums for each of the four provinces of Ireland, unconnected with any house of industry, or other establishment; 'which connexion,' he adds, 'I conceive to be highly injurious to the interests of both.' *Minutes*, 1816, p. 95.

The statement of the Honourable H. G. Bennett respecting the condition of the public madhouses in Dublin, is, upon the whole, a favourable one. At Swift's hospital, which contained

nearly 200 patients, 149 were paupers; and, of these, six only were 'straw patients.' The hospital was crowded; and there was great want of classification: The attendants in the house were only six, and there seemed to be a great number of women in the mens' galleries: But the lunatics were in general very orderly and quiet, a child of six years old, belonging to one of the nurses, running about at large among all the patients, from cell to cell. There were only three patients in manacles; none in a strait waistcoat. The galleries were lighted at night. It seemed, however, to be a place of confinement rather than of cure. The airing grounds were small, and there was no occupation for the patients: The diet was perhaps too full; but the management of the Institution, in other respects, was very good.\* The Richmond Lunatic Asylum, a newly erected edifice in Dublin, was excellently managed, as well, indeed, as any one that Mr Bennett had seen, with the exception of that of Glasgow. We have reason to believe, that the want of sufficient occupation for the patients, is one of its chief defects; and that the worst patients, being lodged in the upper apartments, may be exposed to occasional neglect; but we can ourselves give testimony to the zeal and attention of the conductors of this establishment. At Cork there is an Institution for the insane, containing about 200 persons, which Sir John Newport mentions as admirably well conducted.

The evidence of Mr Bennett in the 3d Report of 1816, contains some valuable information respecting the celebrated Hospital for Lunatics at Paris, named the *Salpêtrière*; and we have great pleasure in subjoining some additional notes upon the French establishments, with which we have been favoured through the kindness of that gentleman: They cannot fail, we think, to interest our readers.

'All that is inside the walls, at the *Salpêtrière*, is excellent; the rooms clean, as well as the beds; but the cells out of doors in the square, in which the furious patients are confined, are bad, and cold, and damp; two or three beds in each, some with mattresses, others with nothing but straw. Taking it altogether, considering the numbers, the Institution is good, I should say excellent, for those that were in a state of cure; but that there are very great faults in it, and the worst patients are cruelly neglected. . . . The incurable patients, particularly those who are in a state of violent derangement, are in a much worse condition, than in any establishment I have ever seen in

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\* \* The steward and master of this hospital, an intelligent man, told Mr Bennett, 'that he had found more in the late Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Madhouses, as to the correct and wise management of patients, than he had ever heard before in the course of his life.'

this country. (*3d Report 1816*, p. 9)..... When I visited the Salpêtrière in December 1814, there were 932 deranged or epileptic patients, of whom 93 were in bed. In the same month 1815, there were 842; to attend whom were 87 persons, viz. 11 Surveillantes, 38 Filles de service, 38 Suppléantes. The treatment appeared to me to be very good for those who were in a state of cure; the hot baths were in great use; and there was much liberty given to the patients to walk and employ themselves, in most extensive gardens. To those who were in bed, the linen was changed ten times a day if required; and the cleanliness and neatness of the chambers, in which were 30 or 40 beds, was remarkable. The straw of the straw-patients is changed daily. There was no one manacled with chains, at either of the times when I inspected the Establishment.—The Hospital is open to every one who brings with him a certificate of indigence; but the police can send any one they think fit; a most dangerous power, and, in the case of males, often abused. I found, on my first visit there, an Irish woman who certainly was not insane, and I obtained her discharge; she had been *found* in the street, and was sent to the Salpêtrière as a lunatic. The system of classification is good, but the fault of the establishment is its size, and the numbers necessarily assembled in it. It suits French splendour to have 1000 patients in one house; but 10 houses, and 100 in each, would probably do more good.—It is difficult to learn the proportion of cured to the incurable: From the ages of 15 to 36, about 8 in 10 are stated to be discharged cured; after 40, the cures are more rare. M. Esquirol, the physician, was at that time employed in some work on the subject, which I believe has since been published. The annual number of admissions, was about 280; but the number always increased in proportion to the popular feelings that were excited. Thus, the Allies coming to Paris, sent many patients to the hospital. I have said, in my evidence before the Committee, that the incurable who are confined in the central courts, are very ill treated:—my notes confirm this; they are grievously neglected. Among them, though better off than the others, was the famous Theroigne de Mericourt, one of the most sanguinary of the Poissardes, who distinguished herself for acts of cruelty in the beginning of the Revolution. She described herself to me as *Aide-du-Camp* to Dumourier, and *Amie* de Robespierre.—She was insane then, and has been so ever since; she had been there 16 or 17 years, and was at times very furious; her head was full of the Revolution, and she talked of nothing else.—A practice had been adopted in the Hospital, of taking casts of remarkable faces, as well as drawings; some hundreds were collected, and they were horrid representations of all the varieties of diseased intellect. The state of the deranged poor in France, out of Paris, is very bad. At Rouen, there was a man kept in a sort of hutch, like a dog, in a court; and at Saumur on the Loire, in a poor-house, were four persons shut up in caves of the green sand rock; their straw was in a state of dung; and the bread and water thrust in through the wires of the cage. Two of these men, one a Colonel in the army, and the other a lad of 20, were stark-

naked. We were shown them *by a woman*, who seemed to wait on them; she told me, that when they were furious, the cells were not cleaned; when not, occasionally. The cells were about eight feet square, and open to the air, wired like a cage. The women were in as bad a condition.

But we pass on to the valuable information afforded by the Parliamentary Reports, respecting the Treatment of the insane, and the proper Structure and economy of Houses for their reception; and the great practical value of the knowledge to be derived from the evidence before the Committee, upon these subjects, will be obvious, from the character and pursuits of the persons examined, the number of whom was not less than forty-one; \* in which are included several, whose opportunities of acquiring information were the best this country could afford.

The great principle upon which the management of the insane should be conducted, is that of kindness to the patient. And this maxim ought in all things to govern the detail of what may be called their domestic treatment. Even Mr Haslam, who cannot be suspected of any undue leaning to the side of mercy, is disposed, in theory at least, to mildness; and all the other witnesses concur in recommending it. The apologies of what has, not improperly, been called the 'terrific system,' have been, either the supposed efficacy of fear, as an instrument of cure—the necessity for it, to control the violent maniac—or the insensibility of the patient, which, it was asserted, was such as to put his feelings out of the question, and render that system the best that gave the least trouble. To combat pretexts like these, would now be waste of time; but they have been acted upon to an extent that almost justifies the opinion, 'that madmen appear to have been employed to torment other madmen, in most of the places intended for their relief.' †

The proper classification of the patients in large asylums, is a great auxiliary of mildness; but this demands a suitable arrangement of the buildings in which they are confined; and still more, the assistance of a sufficient number of humane and judicious attendants, whom, it must be admitted, it is not easy

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\* The list comprehends ten physicians, four surgeons, an apothecary, an architect, twelve keepers, or other officers of Establishments for the Insane; and thirteen other persons, including members of the Committee, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, who, from motives of benevolence, had given particular attention to inquiries connected with this subject.

† Description of the Retreat, p. 221.

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to find in that rank of life, from which, of necessity, they must be chosen. ‘Those,’ says Mr Tuke, ‘who have not almost lived in an asylum, can but faintly conceive the temptations to neglect, oppression and cruelty, which continually present themselves to those who have the care of insane persons, or the difficulty of suppressing that natural feeling of resentment which rises in the mind, on witnessing the mixture of mischievous folly and good sense, which often marks the character of the insane. The business of an attendant requires him to counteract some of the strongest principles of our common nature.’

The classes recommended by Mr Tuke are three:—The 1st comprehending those patients who are disposed to incoherent noises, and little capable of rational enjoyment; the 2d, Those who are capable of rational enjoyment, including most of the melancholic and hypochondriac; and, 3dly, The convalescent. The number of each class, he thinks, ought not to exceed fifteen. The mixture of classes in the airing grounds should be avoided; and the advantages of thus dividing the patients into small groups, is so well illustrated in the following passage, that we cannot resist extracting it.

‘During the last year, I had frequent occasion to visit two Institutions for the Insane, in which very opposite plans in this respect were adopted. In one, I frequently found upwards of thirty patients in a single apartment; in the other, the number in each room, rarely, if ever, exceeded ten. Here, I generally found several of the patients engaged in some useful or amusing employments; every class seemed to form a little family; they observed each other’s eccentricities with amusement or pity; they were interested in each other’s welfare, and contracted attachments or aversions. In the large society, the difference of character was very striking;—I could perceive no attachment, and very little observation of one another. In the midst of society, every one seemed in solitude; conversation or amusement was rarely to be observed—employment never. Each individual appeared to be pursuing his own busy cogitations, pacing with restless step from one end of the enclosure to the other, or lolling in slothful apathy upon the benches. It was evident that society could not exist in such a crowd.’

The number of attendants, in proportion to that of the persons committed to their care, must vary of course, according to the state of the malady, and to the structure of the buildings. At the Retreat, there were two male and three female attendants, with occasional assistants, to about fifty patients. In the Nottingham Asylum, the numbers were two to thirty: And the Rev. Mr Becher, one of the governors, is of opinion, that one person is not equal to the care of twenty. But in other places

the proportion is very different; and hence, in part, the long continued and severe confinement too often employed.

When personal restraint is necessary, handcuffs are decidedly to be preferred to the strait waistcoat; which, besides other great disadvantages, has the peculiar one of placing the degree of pressure at the mercy of the keepers, of whose cruelty, in such cases, there are dreadful proofs. The only objection to the use of iron, is the name. The employment of straps to confine the upper part of the arms, must, we think, unless in very careful hands, be dangerous, from the compression of the arteries. When chains are necessary, a slight one, resembling the curb of a bridle, covered with leather, and attached to the bed and the wrist of the patient, is in use at Nottingham. If it be desirable to confine the legs, fetters may be employed, and shoes of list prevent the maniac from doing mischief to himself or others with his feet. In cases of extreme violence, a solitary cell is the best resource; and the hands also may be confined behind the back. At Guy's Hospital, there is a chair for very violent patients, with a back much higher than the head, to prevent injury from blows against the wall. The duration, however, of such a degree of violence as to render restraint necessary, is fortunately very short;—never, says Mr Bakewell, extending to a month together. Of 60 patients in the Retreat, the average number under restraint, at any one time, was not more than two.

Frequent and healthful exercise is of the first importance, especially in melancholy madness; and the amusement of the patient's mind is not much less so. Billiards, ball-courts, music, cards (without gambling), books, and living animals, are mentioned among the apparatus of the best conducted establishments. At Swift's Hospital in Dublin, the patients had usually two whist tables in the evening; and the tea parties at the Retreat, of which we have given an account in a former Number, (Vol. XXIII, p. 193), are singularly gratifying and useful to the patients, and not less affecting to those who witness them. For the lower classes, laborious occupation is the best form of exercise, and is well described by the master of St Luke's 'as the best doctor they have.' It is in general proper that each patient should sleep in a separate apartment; but it has been found, that the presence of an observer prevents mischief, where the patient is disposed to self-destruction. The master of St Luke's states, (and he is supported by Mr Wakefield), that in the course of more than 30 years, he had never known an instance of such an attempt in the presence of any other person. The practice

too commonly employed of immuring lunatics in the dark, from an early hour in the dreary winter's evenings, must fearfully aggravate a disposition to melancholy. At the Edinburgh Asylum, the patients are not obliged to retire until eleven o'clock; and at several of the best Institutions, the galleries are lighted up at night, gas being employed for that purpose at Glasgow. It is hardly necessary to add, that the use of prayer in private should be encouraged, and that public worship ought to be resorted to by all those patients who are in a tranquil or convalescent state. At the Frankfort Lunatic Asylum, there was a chapel, connected with the Institution, in which the Governors, the public, and the insane, had separate seats assigned them; the last being so placed, as to be unseen by the rest of the congregation.

The free access of inspectors, under discreet regulation, for the purpose of inquiry and of preventing abuse, should at all times be encouraged: The first step to corruption, at the York Asylum, was the exclusion of visitors; and, from that hour, the Institution uniformly declined. The removal of the lunatic from his immediate connexions, is, indeed, sometimes absolutely necessary; but it is well remarked by Mr Higgins, that the application of this principle has been very much abused. 'In other more favourable cases,' says this gentleman, 'it is my opinion, that after the keeper has told the friend of a particular patient that he is in a state not proper to be seen, the friend alone ought to be the judge whether he will see him or not. The patient is the property of his friends, and not of the doctors; and consequently, they ought to be admitted to him immediately, if they demand it.' We know, from direct and positive information, that the want of inspection daily renders practicable *the confinement of sane persons*, whom it is the interest or pleasure of perverted relatives, and corrupt attendants, to treat as insane. It has been found, that a very great majority of the patients are relieved by the conversation of visitors; which forms a subject of employment to their minds for a considerable time afterwards; and the Governors of the Retreat have even extended their plan to the election of female visitants, whose tenderness of character and observant habits renders their attentions singularly gratifying to the patients. In short, everything ought to be done, in such Institutions, to facilitate the approach of persons of intelligence and humanity; and to divest the name of a madhouse of that mysterious horror that hitherto (with too much justice) has been associated with it.

It is the decided opinion of *all* the most judicious and expe-

rienced witnesses examined before the Committee, that the proper employment of medicine, though neglected most deplorably in several public asylums, and in almost all the private establishments, has the best effect in cases of insanity. There is, however, nothing that leads to a belief in the specific efficacy of any particular drugs, or gives reason to suppose that medicine can be useful, otherwise than by relieving or preventing those bodily derangements, which cause or accompany derangement of the mind. Some trials of digitalis and of hellebore, indeed, are mentioned, (which latter drug is still, or was, in 1816, the subject of experiment at Aberdeen);—but neither can be much relied on. A torpid state of the bowels is particularly injurious, and the methods of removing it are among the chief means of cure; and, of the more general remedies, there is none which seems to have been more useful than the warm bath; especially in melancholic madness. Upon this part of the subject, the testimony of Sir Henry Hallford is well deserving of attention.

‘ If medicine be less useful in the confirmed periods of insanity, it is as little so in the advanced stages of other chronic disorders. In cases of incapacity of the joints, with painful swellings upon them from chalk stones, after repeated fits of the gout, medicine has no effect upon these depositions; yet this is no argument against the use of medicine in the first attacks of gout, to prevent, if possible, such dismemberment and deformity. Again, in the instance of palsy, when a patient has lost the use of half his body; in this stage of his complaint, medicine has very little sensible effect upon it: But if the patient be assisted in the earliest attack of his malady, whilst under apoplexy, which generally precedes palsy, not only may his life, possibly, be saved, but the paralytic symptoms prevented altogether, or at least considerably mitigated. But we have much to learn on the subject of mental derangement; and I am of opinion, that our knowledge of insanity has not kept pace with our knowledge of other distempers, from the habit we find established, of transferring patients under this malady, as soon as it has declared itself, to the care of persons, who too frequently limit their attention to the mere personal security of their patients, without attempting to assist them by the resources of medicine.’ *1st Report, 1816, p. 13.*

This opinion with respect to the efficacy of early treatment, is confirmed, very forcibly, by Mr Ricketts of Droitwich: And at the Retreat, where everything is wise and considerate, in order to encourage the prompt adoption of measures of relief, the terms of admission have been very judiciously fixed at a lower rate for persons in the recent stages of mental derangement, than where the malady has been of longer standing.

There is one assertion, with respect to the bodily constitution of the insane, which, however contrary to reason, appears to

have gained the belief of many well-meaning persons; and has certainly produced the most lamentable effects;—namely, that maniacs, of whose powers of sustaining cold, hunger, and bodily pain, we hear such wonderful accounts, sustain no injury from what they thus endure. The absurdity of this reasoning will be evident, if it be applied to any other case of diminished sensibility. A man, for example, in apoplexy, might not feel the application of a red-hot iron;—but the wound nevertheless inflames; and, as the patient recovers, his sensibility to pain returns also, and permanent injury will ensue. It may as well be supposed, that the wretched lunatic, who loses his feet from mortification and neglect, during a state of torpor, can, after his recovery, walk without them; as that the internal functions shall remain unimpaired, after such long endurance of cold or hunger, as would in a sane man have been destructive.

It is by no means easy to estimate the total number of the insane, throughout the British empire. There are no official returns whatsoever from Scotland and Ireland; and in England, the whole class of paupers, with all receptacles of lunatics, calling themselves ‘Public Hospitals,’ is expressly excluded from returns to the London Commissioners for inspecting madhouses. And, though all private houses for the insane, which receive more than a single patient, are, nominally, required to transmit the number of their inmates, the returns have, in fact, been very few from the country, and very defective everywhere, except in London and its immediate vicinity. Dr Powell, however, the present Secretary to the Commissioners, manifestly rates it too low, when he supposes it not to exceed 2000 for Great Britain. There are about 1800 in licensed houses in London and its immediate vicinity; and we should rather think that the Master of St Luke’s was nearer the mark, when he estimates the total number of deranged persons in Middlesex, and the adjoining counties, as not less than 6000. We should think, upon the whole, that 10,000 for Great Britain and Ireland, would be a moderate computation.

Upon the important question, Whether the prevalence of insanity has increased or diminished?—a paper was read by Dr Powell to the London College of Physicians, in 1810, which affords some interesting results. The author admits the great deficiency of the returns to the London Commissioners; but supposes, that as they had at that time been made for a period of 35 years, under objections *equally* applicable to the whole of that time, the relative *proportions*, though not the absolute numbers, deduced from them, might be relied upon: and he has given an abstract of the returns from 1775 to 1809, from whence it

would appear, that the number of the insane had *increased* considerably. \* During two distant periods of five years each, the one beginning in 1775, the other in 1805, the proportion of the numbers returned, is that of 100 to 127. \* And if the five subsequent years, from 1810 inclusive, be calculated upon, the proportion of increase will be found to be somewhat greater than that of 2 to 1: which denotes a progress far more rapid than that of the population of those periods. † The moral circumstances, probably connected with this great change, might be a subject of instructive reflection.

The deduction of any precise conclusions respecting the efficacy of medical power, and proper general treatment, in the cure of insanity, is not to be expected in the present stage of our knowledge upon this subject. To reason about drugs, where severity and terror have been the agents of mental discipline, and cold, damp, and neglect, the bodily coadjutors, would evidently be absurd. It is from the records of *well conducted institutions only*, that general conclusions should be drawn; and their number has been hitherto so small, in proportion to the aggregate of the insane, that such inferences could be very little depended on. That our readers, however, may not lose altogether the numerical instruction to be derived from the papers now before us, we have thrown into the following Table the statements respecting some of the principal Institutions described in them, (so far as the diversity of their form and language would admit); together with one or two additional numbers, from other sources.

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\* Dr Powell says, 129 to 100; but the aggregates of the periods, viz. 1,783 and 2,777 is just 100 to 127.

† The population of England and Wales (to which the returns are confined), is stated, in the Introductions to the Population Abstracts of 1811, to have been for the years—

	1780,	1801,	& 1811,
respectively, —	7,950,000,	9,168,000,	& 10,488,000 :
or nearly as the numbers	- 100,	115,	& 132.
The annual numbers of the insane returned at those dates (taking the mean of five years at each period) were 354.5, 458, and 662.6; or, as	- 100,	129,	& 190 nearly,
The number for 1780 (354.5) is to that of 1815 (850)—nearly	100	-	240.

T A B L E.	Page.
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T A B L E		referred to in the preceding Page.	Total Numbers.	SEX.		Recent Cases.		Old Cases.		CURED.			Relieved.	Removed from various causes.	Died.
				Men.	Women.	Admitted.	Cured.	Admitted.	Cured.	Men.	Women.	Total.			
1.	Retreat - - -	-	149	-	-	61	40	88	16	-	-	56	10	6	26
2.	Nottingham - -	-	91	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18	6	-	-
3.	Mr Ricketts - -	-	619	376	243	298	226	321	53	-	-	279	-	-	-
4.	Mr Bakewell - -	-	144	94	50	70	61	74	22	-	-	83	-	6	3
5.	Glasgow Lunatic Asylum Ditto - - -	-	151	(70)	(48)	-	-	-	-	-	-	49	17	-	-
6.	Edinburghshire - -	-	(211)	81	130	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
7.	Montrose Lunatic Asylum	-	154	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34	25	5	36
8.	Aberdeen - - -	-	92	12	10	-	-	-	-	-	-	7	1	1	1
9.	St Luke's, 1807 - -	-	263	114	153	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	28	27
10.	Ditto 1815 - - -	-	(298)	140	158	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
11.	Bethlem, 1799, 1814 - Ditto (Hadm., p. 2.)	-	(4832)	-	-	-	-	-	-	cured & discharged	-	1889	-	-	(207)
12.	Ditto, 1748, 1794 - -	-	(2791)	1405	1326	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
13.	York Lun. Asylum 25 years Ditto 1812 - - -	-	3374	1049	4832	-	-	-	-	-	-	2557	-	-	-
14.	Vicenna, 1805 - - -	-	(195)	116	79	-	-	-	-	-	-	1402	616	312	341
15.	Berlin - - -	-	525	287	238	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
	Ditto - - -	-	334	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	70	-	-	-
	Ditto - - -	-	(164)	56	104	-	-	-	-	-	-	174	-	-	-
	Ditto - - -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	105	-	-	-

(11) Description, &c. p. 201. 202.—(2) Rep. 1815, 178.—(3) 1816, 45. 51.—(4) 1815, 123.—(5) 1816, 5d Rep. 25.—(6) Ibid. 17.—(7) Ibid. 21.  
(8) Ibid. 41.—(9) Ed. Med. Journ. iv. 138.—(10) Rep. 1815, 126.—(11) Ibid. App. 207.—(12) Haslam on Madness, 2d Edit. 245.—  
(13) Hist of York Asylum. App. p. 6.—(14) Ed. Med. Journ. ii. 43.—(15) Ibid. 375. 380.

The following are some of the results with respect to proportionate numbers, deducible from the Table.

				<i>Numbers of Patients.</i>	<i>Proportion</i>
Insane men to women	-	-	-	6,765 : 7,536	100 : 109
Admissions to cures—Recent cases	-	-	-	429 : 327	100 : 76
— — Old cases	-	-	-	483 : 91	100 : 19
— — Proportion of cures in recent cases to old	} Some of the best Institutions			— —	100 : 25
— — No. 1 to 5 inclusive.				1,154 : 485	100 : 55
— — No. 6 to 15, (omitting No. 11)	-	-	-	12,617 : 4097	100 : 32
— — No. 1 to 15, (omitting No. 11)	-	-	-	15,771 : 4,582	100 : 33
Admissions to cures and relieved. No. 1 to 5.	-	-	-	1,151 : 518	100 : 45
— — No. 6 to 15, (omitting No. 11)	-	-	-	12,617 : 4,739	100 : 37
— — No. 1 to 15, (omitting No. 11)	-	-	-	15,771 : 5,257	100 : 38
Men to women cured	-	-	-	1,296 : 1,545	100 : 119

*Note.* The numbers within parentheses in the Table, relate only to the proportion of the sexes. The meaning of the term 'discharged' being doubtful, No. 11 is omitted in calculating the proportion of the cures.

With respect to the proportion of the sexes, which, in the population returns, are nearly equal, there is, upon the whole, sufficient reason to suppose, that the number of women affected by insanity is greater than that of men: but there are local variations from this result, which it is not easy to account for. Thus, at the Manchester, Liverpool, and York Asylums, besides the places mentioned in the Table, the men, as Mr Tuke assures us, are much more numerous.\* The Asylum at Wakefield in Yorkshire was designed, after this point had been considered, for an equal number of both sexes. But the most striking and important fact expressed in the Table, is the much greater proportion of cures in recent cases of insanity, than in more advanced ones; which is confirmed by the coincidence between the experience of three of the best conducted establishments; the relative proportion of cures, on equal numbers, being that of four to one. It is remarked, however, by more than one witness, of such experience as to give authority to their opinions, that one year for probation, (after which the patient, if not recovered, is, in several institutions, regarded as incurable, and dismissed, or comparatively neglected), is a period decidedly too short; several lunatics being found to recover after that duration of their malady. At St Luke's, when a patient is dismissed at the end of twelve months, the term employed is, very properly, not incurable, but 'uncured.'

The two tracts upon the structure of Lunatic Asylums, of which we have prefixed the titles to this article, are both so good that we should willingly have given a copious abstract of

them; but we must content ourselves with exhorting all those who are interested in the erection of such edifices, to peruse them with attention. The Parliamentary Reports also, contain a great deal of valuable information on this subject, and are illustrated by plans of some of the most remarkable Asylums in Great Britain. The proper object of receptacles for the insane, appears to have been hitherto most lamentably mistaken; and their structure has, in most instances, been calculated rather to impede than to assist the return of reason. A madhouse is neither a prison, nor an hospital for bodily disease, but a place intended for the comfortable residence of persons to whom exercise and occupation are essential, both for health and recovery; and a due regard to this principle would do away with all the gloom, the gratings, and dungeons, with which too many Lunatic Asylums are encumbered.

Howard, in his works on Prisons and Lazarettos, has mentioned several foreign lunatic asylums: and speaks with particular approbation of one at Amsterdam, called the *Dollhuis*, and of two at Constantinople; the excellence of which, is proof that England has been, on this point, far behind some other countries to which we consider ourselves as very much superior.—Some even of the public asylums, and almost all the private ones in Britain, are nothing more than ordinary dwellinghouses of large size, adapted, by partial alterations, to their new purpose. And when it is considered that the proper structure of lunatic asylums is a subject of great difficulty; that their situation should be cheerful and airy, and the adjoining grounds extensive, and judiciously laid out; the rarity of asylums, which fulfil all that is required for such establishments, will be sufficiently accounted for.—It appears, that, in the year 1772, there were only four public establishments for lunatics in England; two in London, one at Newcastle, and one in Manchester. In 1807 the Committee of the House of Commons report, that asylums had been completed, by private subscription, at York, Exeter, Hereford, Norwich, and Leicester; and several others have since been built, or are in progress at this moment, in various parts of the kingdom.

The best constructed lunatic asylum in Britain, is probably that of Glasgow, which is spoken of by all who have seen it in terms of the highest commendation. Its plan is said to resemble that of the new prison at Ipswich, built under the direction of Mr Howard, who, not improbably, had in view, when he designed it, the *Maison de Force* at Ghent: and the arrangements, which are illustrated, in the Third Report of 1816, by a plan and elevation, are so very peculiar, that we must give a short account of it. The main body of the building is an oc-

tagon, from the alternate sides of which there issue arms, like spokes, each consisting of three stories; the lowest being prolonged beyond the rest, to afford additional rooms for noisy patients. In every arm, each floor contains a spacious gallery, with windows on one side, and sleeping rooms on the other. The keepers' apartments, and day rooms for the patients, are placed at the junction of the arms, in the central octagon; and within them is a circular corridor, from which the superintendent may have a view of all the galleries and day rooms. There are, consequently, on each floor, four galleries and sets of apartments, all freely communicating with the central building: The male patients are disposed of in two of the arms; the females in the remaining two; those of the better rank in the arms next to the entrance; and the inferior behind. The violent patients, of each rank and sex, are lodged in the lower apartments most remote from the centre; the incurable in the remainder of the ground-floor; the convalescents in the second, or principal story; and those in an ordinary state, in the upper one. The grounds surrounding the building, which inclose nearly three acres, have a corresponding arrangement; the compartments of the different classes being separated by walls; and the whole enclosed by a sunk fence, which prevents e-escape, but does not imede the prospect of the adjoining country: and all the divisions are under full view from the windows of the superintendent and keepers.

The economy of this establishment is worthy of the building; and Mr Bennet mentions, as its principal merit, the division of the patients, by means of its excellent arrangement, into a number of small families. It has, however, some defects, which are such as to induce Mr Tuke to prefer, upon the whole, the H, or double cross form, of the newly erected edifice at Wakefield in Yorkshire; and it is a strong recommendation of this latter disposition of the apartments, that Mr Stark, the architect of the Glasgow Asylum, has himself approached very near to it, in that of Dundee, which was subsequently designed by him.

It is an important preliminary question, whether a building for a large or a moderate number of patients is to be preferred? The advantages of a large one, are, economy in the buildings, management, and attendance; but smaller numbers ensure more complete attention to the patients; and detached establishments are objects of divided care, and thence more easily inspected. The patients, also, being thus in general less removed from their relatives and friends, are more readily visited in their confinement; and, on the whole, we should imagine that, in

populous countries, as in England, and some parts of Scotland and Ireland, county Establishments are preferable to those for more extensive districts.

The chief points that are to be attended to in the proper construction of an asylum, are, 1st, The complete separation of the male and female patients; 2dly, The arrangement of the patients in distinct and properly assorted groups, according to the state of their malady; 3dly, The facility of superintendence; and, 4thly, The cheerfulness of the whole system of accommodations;—upon all which heads, Mr Tuke has given excellent instructions.

It is of the utmost importance that the worst patients should not be too remote from their keepers. 'Noise is a less evil to the sane, than filth, starvation and neglect to the maniacal.' The day rooms must be so placed, as to afford the easiest possible access to the grounds; and the remaining apartments disposed so, that a transfer from one class of patients to another, may be effected without a change of sleeping rooms. The attendants' sitting rooms, Mr Tuke thinks, should not be distinct from the day rooms of the patients. This gives these apartments 'a more homelike and comfortable appearance,' and prevents various inconveniences. At the Retreat, no difficulty has been found in enforcing this rule.

The gloomy monotony of ordinary madhouses is a great evil; and hence the three changes, adopted in the New Asylum at Wakefield, of day-rooms, galleries and courts, contiguous to, and easily communicating with each other, are very judicious. The windows should be within reach of the patients, so as to afford them the gratification of prospect, security and cheerfulness being combined, by making the sashes of iron, and the panes of small size. 'The best general security against injury to windows is, to make them easy of access;—to break windows within reach, is to achieve nothing. Not more than one patient in fifty,' says Mr Tuke, 'is, on an average, disposed to this species of mischief; and it is surely unreasonable, that forty-nine patients should be kept in gloom, to prevent one indulging this unhappy propensity.' (p. 26.) The windows of the sleeping rooms, also, should, in general, be of sufficient size to render them cheerful, and should never be without glazing. In short, whatever lessens the prisonlike appearance and character of the place, deserves attention; and, in this view, the substitution of strong spring mortise locks, in the doors of the sleeping rooms at the Retreat, in order to avoid the grating sound of bolts, is both judicious and humane.

Security from fire—effectual means of ventilation, and of diffusing heat throughout the various apartments and galleries—

baths—accommodation for the employment of the patients—and a separate apartment for the sick (which is of great importance), are the chief remaining objects of attention. The apartments should be lofty, and the base of the sleeping rooms ought to contain not less than eighty square feet (the usual size in most of the large establishments.) The bedsteads should be of iron, as more favourable to cleanliness, and ultimate economy.

All public Lunatic Asylums ought to be instruments of public instruction, as well as of relief. With this view, it is one among the excellent regulations of the Glasgow and Nottingham Asylums, that the case of every patient received shall be accurately recorded, and the treatment regularly entered in volumes; which are preserved at the Institutions, to be inspected under proper sanction and restrictions.

The attainment of all these various advantages, it must be acknowledged, requires great extent of ground, and considerable expense in the buildings. But the difference is more in the arrangement, than the extent of the latter; and the decisive benefits arising from spacious and cheerful airing grounds, much more than counterbalance the expense of them. It is well remarked, also, by Mr Stark, that a large part of such buildings, is, in general, intended for the accommodation of persons of a rank much superior to that of the patients commonly received in public hospitals; and this combination, while it contributes to the relief of the poor, requires at the same time a greater attention to the comfort and even elegance of the arrangements.

The history of the law of England, upon the subject of insane persons, is very short. The first statute is one of 1324, (17 Edw. II. c. 9.) which ordains, that the King shall have the custody of the lands of natural fools, and dispose of the property of persons dying insane, ‘for the good of their souls,’—in a manner which; no doubt, the ecclesiastics of that period found sufficiently profitable. \* There are then some other acts (1742, 1744, &c.) respecting the marriage of lunatics, and the disposal of their property; but the first and most important statute that occurs respecting their personal treatment, is that of 1774, (14 Geo. III. c. 49.) ‘for regulating madhouses;’ passed originally for five years, but afterwards continued, and finally made perpetual in 1786. The custody of criminals, in a state of insanity, was provided for by an act of 1800; but so imperfectly, that

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\* This provision is probably connected with the prevalent opinion of former times, that mental derangement arose from the possession of devils; a point about which there is a good deal of curious disquisition in the writings of Paracelsus, *De Daemoniacis et Obsessis*.

further provisions were absolutely necessary for that purpose; and after inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons, the erection of county Lunatic Asylums, was authorized by the act of 1808. (18 Geo. III. c. 96.) ‘ for the better care and maintenance of lunatics, being paupers and criminals, in England; ’ which has been since judiciously amended, and has produced the best effects.

An act to regulate madhouses in Scotland was passed in 1815, under which the Sheriffs-depute have already exercised the duty of inspection, with great benefit; but there is still wanting in this part of the empire, some general provision for the custody of pauper lunatics; an object which it is proposed to attain by a bill introduced during the present Session by Lord Binning, as already mentioned.

Sir John Newport states, that in Ireland, the only provisions for regulating that class of persons, are two acts; one passed about the year 1782 or 1783, by the Irish Parliament; the other in 1806. The first gives a power to Grand Juries to provide for the erection of houses for the reception of insane persons; but it is entirely optional in the Grand Juries, whether they will grant any sum for that purpose or not. The second act of Parliament gives powers to present, to a very small amount, for the like purpose, where the receptacles for Lunatics are connected with houses of industry, or work-houses. But Sir John Newport considers the present laws ‘ as entirely insufficient to the accomplishment of their objects. ’ The Grand Juries of counties, being fluctuating bodies, not guided by any permanent will, are enabled to exercise their power of presenting or withholding money, as the feelings of the moment may dictate; and the danger is evident, of leaving establishments of this nature to depend on the caprice, or more or less humane disposition of the persons who constitute such bodies, pressed upon, perhaps, by claims of another description.—A bill for the establishment of Provincial Asylums in Ireland, was introduced in 1805, by Sir J. Newport, but lost by a very small majority. *1st Min.* 1816, p. 93, 94.

The act for the erection of Lunatic Asylums in England, as now amended, is probably as perfect as the nature of the case will admit—unless, perhaps, it be considered as desirable to render it imperative on counties or districts; a measure which Mr Wakefield, one of the best informed witnesses, very strongly recommends. But there is one point upon which we think some new provision is required in the law respecting the maintenance of pauper lunatics; namely, the rendering such persons, removed to proper asylums, chargeable upon their *county* at large, instead of their respective parishes. ‘ Under Mr Wynne’s act, ’ says Mr Ricketts, ‘ *vagrant* lunatics are supported by the coun-

ty at large. Were this the case with all pauper lunatics, every parish officer would be anxious to obtain early assistance for these unfortunate objects; and would get rid of a serious expense to a small parish, which would be but little felt by the county.' *Minutes*, 1816, p. 46.

But we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to *the regulation of madhouses*; and it is, we think, quite evident, as the Committee have reported, that 'if the treatment of the insane in the middling, or in the lower classes of life, shut up in hospitals, private madhouses, or parish workhouses, is looked at; a case cannot be found where the necessity for a remedy is more urgent.' *1st Report*, 1815, p. 1.

The act of 1774 ordains, that no person shall confine *more than one lunatic* in any house, without a license; and vests in certain commissioners, a power to *license and visit* all houses for the reception of any greater number, throughout England and Wales, leaving all those for the admission of single persons entirely without control or superintendence. The Commissioners for London, and a certain space around it, are five members of the College of Physicians; who are *required* to inspect all licensed houses, within that district, once at least in every year. In other parts of the kingdom, the power of licensing, is vested in the Magistrates of counties at Quarter-sessions; and the duty of inspection is entrusted to two of their number, with a physician, appointed at Quarter-sessions, who may, *if they think fit*, (for they are not required), visit all licensed houses in their county. The keepers of such houses are required to transmit to the Secretary of the Commissioners in London, the names of all lunatics received by them. But all public hospitals are exempt from license, visitation, and necessity of returning names; and all pauper lunatics, whether in public or private houses, are expressly excluded from returns.

Such, then, is the legal protection, if it can be called so, under which some thousands of our fellow subjects, 'a very large proportion of whom is entirely neglected by their relations,' are, at this moment shut up in receptacles that claim and exercise the extraordinary privilege of excluding the visits of friends, and the inquiries of the benevolent. It requires but little experience to perceive, that such provisions must be very inefficient; and the detail of the act does nothing to make them better. The power of censure by the London Commissioners is limited, under the act of Parliament, to hanging up a statement of the names and offences of delinquents in the Censor's room of the College of Physicians, (an edifice in Warwick-Lane, Newgate-Street, London), where they may, perchance, be seen by about two dozen members of that Body. The Commission-

ers may, it is true, withdraw their license; but they have no power to refuse a new one to the very same party, at the expiration of the year; and although penalties are annexed to certain offences, there are no funds for the expenses of prosecutions. The verbal inaccuracies of the act are numerous, and important. The privilege conferred on 'public hospitals,' without any definition of that appellation, enables several Establishments to shelter themselves from license and visitation, although their inmates often pay as much for accommodation as in any of the private houses; and the exemption of every house that admits one lunatic only, empowers a keeper to immure any number of individuals in separate, though contiguous houses, without license or medical certificate, or necessity of returning their names, and without the control of any visitation or inspection whatsoever. The mere Fiat of a parish officer can send any individual of the whole class of parochial paupers into a madhouse, there to remain, unnamed, and unseen: And it has even been contended, says the Secretary to the Commissioners, that private patients, if they be but admitted on the same low terms as parish paupers, may be classed with them, and exempted from return and inspection. So that a party interested in the unjust imprisonment of any unfortunate individual, is thus furnished with means of concealing the crime, in the very wretchedness of his confinement. In the country, the inspection of magistrates is so defective, that, in 1816, six counties only had ever sent in any returns; and, even in London, although the visitation of the Commissioners has been productive of great benefit; the small remuneration afforded to those officers, for a very laborious duty, renders it quite impossible that it can be duly performed. The time devoted, in 1810, to the examination of 36 licensed houses, containing near 2000 lunatics, was six days, 'between the hours of 11 and 5;'—that being the portion of the day to which the power of visitation is confined.

The qualifications of the medical practitioners, empowered by the act of Parliament to sign certificates of insanity, or, in other words, to sentence an unhappy fellow creature to imprisonment, are so imperfectly expressed, that men utterly unfit are every day found to exercise that most serious office. The following certificate, which was actually sent to the Establishment of Dr Finch, near Salisbury, is a dreadful specimen of the hands into which, under the denomination of 'medical persons,' an unhappy lunatic may fall; and it is curious, also, as a sample of Esculapian literature. The paper was brought to Dr Finch by one of the relatives, and produced before the Committee of the House of Commons.

‘He<sup>y</sup> Broadway A Potcarey of Gillingham Certefy that  
 ‘Mr. James Burt Misfortin hapened by a Plow in the Hed  
 ‘which is the Ocaisim of his Ellness & By the Rising & Fall-  
 ‘ing of the Blood And I think A Blister and Bleeding and  
 ‘meddeson Will be A Very Great thing But Mr. Jame Burt  
 ‘wold not A Gree to be don at Home.

‘March 21, 1809.

H<sup>ay</sup> Broadway.’

Yet such is the present act of Parliament, that if a sane man were found in confinement, under the authority of a document like this, the Commissioners have no power to release him! Indeed the extreme difficulty of obtaining the release of a lunatic, under any circumstances, is proved by the strongest testimony. See *Minutes*, 1815, p. 15, 189, &c.

To remove at once all these defects, a new bill, for the better regulation of madhouses in England and Scotland, was introduced, under the direction of the Committee, in 1816; but it got no further than the Commons: And, being revived during the last Session, it again passed the Lower House, but failed again in the Lords—in part, we have no doubt, from the advanced period of the Session at which it was produced. A copy of this last bill is now before us; and, though we agree with those noble persons by whom it was opposed (or rather, at whose suggestion it has been postponed), as to some of its defects, we think that it will not be difficult to simplify, and render it effectual.

The bill proposes to subject to inspection *all houses and hospitals* for the reception of the insane; and to require, from all of them, returns of their inmates, under certain regulations, and to annex such penalties to the neglect of its enactments, as will effectually insure their being attended to. It authorizes the appointment of eight Commissioners for England, and four for Scotland, who are to grant licenses under certain conditions, and are *required* to visit all public hospitals and madhouses within their respective districts. Two Justices of the Peace, to be named at Quarter-Sessions, are also *required* to visit all houses within their jurisdiction, once or twice a year, according to the number of the patients. And the power of visiting, at their discretion, is conferred on certain official persons in every county, and on a limited number of other persons also, to be named by the Secretary of State; who shall have equal powers of examination with the Commissioners, but no emolument. All *keepers of houses for the reception of more than one patient*, to take out a license; and, on receiving it, to give a bond for the proper treatment of persons committed to their care, and to furnish a plan of their premises, and notify subsequent altera-

tions ; the Commissioners being empowered to order such changes and improvements as they may think necessary. No lunatic to be received, without a written order from the friends, requiring his confinement, and a certificate of his insanity, under the signature of two medical persons ;—in London, members of the College of Physicians, or Surgeons, or of the Apothecaries' Company ; and, in other places, of some physician, surgeon or apothecary, practising as such. The keepers to retain an accurate register of all their inmates, stating their names, and those of the friends and physicians on whose authority they were admitted, with the duration and event of their malady, respectively. The originals to be open, on all occasions, to the inspection of Commissioners, and other persons authorized for that purpose ; and prompt and distinct returns to be transmitted, from time to time, to London, together with copies of the yearly register, of which, also, copies are to be sent to the Clerks of the Peace of their respective counties. To facilitate inquiry respecting persons detained in houses that receive more than one patient, abstracts of the returns for each county shall be formed by the Clerks of the Peace ; and, in London, a general abstract, containing the names of all persons confined as lunatics throughout the kingdom. These abstracts to be kept under oath of secrecy, and not shown but through the medium of Commissioners, and at their discretion. And finally ;—to prevent the undue detention of lunatics, on the return of reason, physicians shall be authorized to visit patients in madhouses from year to year, and Commissioners shall, at all times, have the power of releasing any person, whom they shall consider as improperly confined. Keepers of *houses for the reception of one person only*, to be exempt from license ; but to receive no patient, except under the precautions as to certificates, above mentioned ;—to be visited for the purpose of inspection, when required, by the Secretary of State ;—and to transmit to the Secretary of State's Office, returns similar to those above described, containing the names of patients, friends, and physicians ; which shall be kept apart, marked ' private,' and entered in a separate register, accessible only under certain special restrictions. The whole expense attending the execution of these various provisions, to be paid by the Treasury.

There can be but one opinion, we imagine, as to the excellence of the principle on which this Bill is founded :—the placing all receptacles for the insane, without exception, under some efficient system of control. The chief points objected to, may be reduced, we are informed, to three ; 1st, The general complexity of its machinery, and the minuteness of its detail ; 2dly, The plan of inspection by county Magistrates ; and, 3dly, The clause for

registering the names of lunatics confined in separate houses. We confess that we concur entirely in the objections upon the first and second points; but are decidedly of opinion, that the due inspection of houses for the reception of single lunatics, and of course the registry of all such cases (for without it, inspection would be vain), is indispensable, not merely for the protection of the insane, when properly confined, but, still more, to guard and redeem sane persons from the horror and degradation of the falsest and most iniquitous imprisonment. If there be any one description of prisoners, that demands protection more than another, it is that of persons in the better ranks of society, thus immured in solitude, under the custody of men who must be interested in restricting their comforts, and withholding the means of their release. We have known, and do know at this moment, abuses of the very worst character, in this shutting up of solitary individuals; and though we enter fully into the painful feelings that attend the disclosure of mental infirmity, we think the hazards attending any toleration of concealment far too great to be incurred from regard to any such feelings. ‘I think,’ says Dr Fowler, on being asked ‘whether considerable inconvenience, of the most painful kind, would not arise to families, from the publicity of names of persons confined in these houses?’—‘I think,’ he answers, with great propriety and justice, ‘that, in the choice of evils, we must take the least; and that it is a greater object to let the fact be known, who are confined there, than any inconvenience from the fact being known to gentlemen of honour, who would not make an improper disclosure.’

But we are convinced, that, in point of fact, the prevalence of insanity in any family, or even the mental derangement of an individual who requires confinement, can seldom or never be concealed; and, if the relatives of persons subject to this malady suppose the contrary, they are deceived, we venture to say, in nine cases out of ten. It may not, indeed, be very polite to talk about it in the presence of the parties, or of those immediately connected with them; but the thing is, in general, perfectly well understood. The very wish for concealment, is a sort of bounty upon exportation; and if the fair dealers in conversation do not reveal, or accidentally betray it, the lamentations of gossiping friends, the whisperings of sly enemies and idle surmisers, combine to diffuse the secret; and the forbidden article of intelligence is sure, at last, to be smuggled into complete notoriety. The fact then appears truly to be, that persons who cannot prevent the publicity of the malady, are desirous of concealing the measures taken to relieve it. But, even if con-

concealment were possible in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, still, we think the evil of being shut up, in a state of sanity, so tremendous, that every one of good feeling should yield a little of his own convenience, and even run the risk of pain, rather than expose a fellow creature, by possibility, to the hazard of such dreadful suffering.

If this difficulty be got over, the whole business of regulating madhouses will go smoothly on: for the great and paramount object is to prevent concealment, and to open the proceedings of all such institutions to the eyes of disinterested persons:—every other good consequence will follow, almost of itself. The only remaining question then will be, as to the best practical mode of superintendence: And it appears to us, that the project of appointing fit persons to the duties of inspection and granting license within certain districts—of course with adequate reward—is unobjectionable. By thus deputing responsibility, and paying for it, the business will be done; for we have no doubt, that care would be taken to guard the appointment of inspectors from undue influence, and prevent an office, of such vital importance to all ranks of society, from falling into improper hands. We are glad to perceive, that, in the construction of the new Bill, the suggestion of some of the best informed of those examined before the Committee has been attended to, and the selection of Commissioners not confined to persons of the Medical profession; for although physicians, from their habits and information, are excellently fitted to cooperate in such a duty, we think that there are various and strong objections to making them the sole inspectors; and we have no doubt that every conscientious practitioner, when appointed to the office of inspector, would feel himself called upon to abstain from acting in cases of insanity in his private practice, during the time of his holding it. The propriety of his thus declining, which obvious considerations suggest, is confirmed by several circumstances that appear on the Minutes of the Committees.

Upon the whole, however, the new act does appear to us to be loaded with unnecessary detail, a great part of which, at all events, would be better left to the Commissioners; and to give all the parties concerned much more trouble than is needful. It is but fair, that the proprietors of madhouses, whose occupation is exposed to anxious and invidious responsibility, should be freed from every burden, not absolutely necessary to the well-being of their patients. And as to the inspection by county magistrates, who are to be *required* to visit all such Institutions once or twice every year, it is too probable that a duty so laborious would fall into improper hands. The better order of magistrates could not, and no other ought to undertake it.—

Some officious persons of the second or third rate would probably come at last to do the business ; and, accepting the office to swell their own importance, the chance is, that they would exercise it vexatiously, or with very little good effect. We believe that magistrates ought to possess the *power*, at their discretion and responsibility, to act as inspectors ; but, as a duty, we are convinced that the object will be best attained, both for the public, and the individuals who are the objects of visitation, by naming, as in other departments of public service, certain persons to that specific occupation, to be exercised under the control, and correcting power, of proper authority.

There are still many remarks which we should have wished to make on this interesting subject ; but we here close an article, for the length of which we fear many persons may think an apology requisite. We are perfectly aware that we have already wearied the frivolous, and offended the fastidious part of our readers, by the copiousness and by other qualities of our details.—We cannot help it.—We must try to make them amends on some other occasion.—But some, we trust, we have interested—some, we think, we must have informed—and many, we are persuaded, we have disposed to cooperate in what is right, or, at least, to countenance and encourage those who are willing to do it.—This must be our reward ; and we desire no other.—It is the duty, we think, of every publication that has honestly obtained a great circulation, on all occasions to give notoriety to those truths, which only require to be made known, to prevail over incalculable evils—but which are in danger of remaining unknown, because they are not only unattractive, but repulsive and distressing in their details. A popular Journal, we conceive, is unworthy of the place it holds, if its conductors could hesitate to risk even its popularity where the cause of humanity required it—or fear to fatigue the bulk of its idle readers, by discussions that minister neither to their interest, their amusements, nor the objects of their daily concern,—but which rank, notwithstanding, in substantial importance, far above any speculations, whether literary, scientific, political or commercial, in which it is so easy to engage them. This kind of selfishness, however, really is not the vice of the age ; and the exemplary zeal and perseverance of the many noble and distinguished persons who have devoted themselves to the inquiries embodied in these Reports, afford a pledge, not only that the ultimate proceedings of the Legislature will be judicious and efficient, but that they will be seconded and followed out by the same active spirit of humanity, in all those upon whom their execution must devolve.

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ART. IX. *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. 8vo. pp. 352. London, 1817.

THIS is not a book of black-letter learning, or historical elucidation;—neither is it a metaphysical dissertation, full of wise perplexities and elaborate reconcilements. It is, in truth, rather an encomium on Shakespeare, than a commentary or critique on him—and is written, more to show extraordinary love, than extraordinary knowledge of his productions. Nevertheless, it is a very pleasing book—and, we do not hesitate to say, a book of very considerable originality and genius. The author is not merely an admirer of our great dramatist, but an idolater of him; and openly professes his idolatry. We have ourselves too great a leaning to the same sentiment, to blame him very much for his enthusiasm: and though we think, of course, that our own admiration is, on the whole, more discriminating and judicious, there are not many points on which, especially after reading his eloquent exposition of them, we should be much inclined to disagree with him.

The book, as we have already intimated, is written less to tell the reader what Mr H. *knows* about Shakespeare or his writings, than to explain to them what he *feels* about them—and *why* he feels so—and thinks that all who profess to love poetry should feel so likewise. What we chiefly look for in such a work, accordingly, is a fine sense of the beauties of the author, and an eloquent exposition of them; and all this, and more, we think, may be found in the volume before us. There is nothing niggardly in Mr H.'s praises, and nothing affected in his raptures. He seems animated throughout with a full and hearty sympathy with the delight which his author should inspire, and pours himself gladly out in explanation of it, with a fluency and ardour, obviously much more akin to enthusiasm than affectation. He seems pretty generally, indeed, in a state of happy intoxication—and has borrowed from his great original, not indeed the force or brilliancy of his fancy, but something of its playfulness, and a large share of his apparent joyousness and self-indulgence in its exercise. It is evidently a great pleasure to him to be fully possessed with the beauties of his author, and to follow the impulse of his unrestrained eagerness to impress them upon his readers.

When we have said that his observations are generally right, we have said, in substance, that they are not generally original; for the beauties of Shakespeare are not of so dim or equivocal a nature as to be visible only to learned eyes—and undoubtedly his finest passages are those which please all

classes of readers, and are admired for the same qualities by judges from every school of criticism. Even with regard to these passages, however, a skilful commentator will find something worth hearing to tell. Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry on their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded—and to trace back the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts, to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation;—a thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical Spirit, which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence; and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality,—and more room than Mr H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently;—particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakespeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of Poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakespeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls, like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which HE ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of

this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose;—He alone, who, when the object requires it, is always keen and worldly and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendor, than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence—he is more wild, airy and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world—and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but everything so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator.

What other poet has put all the charm of a Moonlight landscape into a single line?—and that by an image so true to nature, and so simple, as to seem obvious to the most common observation?—

—‘ See how the Moonlight *SLEEPS* on yonder bank!’—

Who else has expressed, in three lines, all that is picturesque and lovely in a summer's Dawn?—first setting before our eyes, with magical precision, the visible appearances of the infant light,

and then, by one graceful and glorious image, pouring on our souls all the freshness, cheerfulness and sublimity of returning morning?—

———‘ See, love! what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East :  
Night’s candles \* are burnt out,—and jocund Day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.’

Where shall we find sweet sounds and odours so luxuriously blended and illustrated, as in these few words of sweetness and melody, where the author says of soft music—

‘ O it came o’er my ear, like the sweet South  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.’

This is still finer, we think, than the noble speech on Music in the Merchant of Venice, and only to be compared with the enchantments of Prospero’s island; where all the effects of sweet sounds are expressed in miraculous numbers, and traced in their operation on all the gradations of being, from the delicate Ariel to the brutish Caliban, who, savage as he is, is still touched with those supernatural harmonies, and thus exhorts his less poetical associates—

—‘ Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,  
That if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Would make me sleep again. ’——

Observe, too, that this and the other poetical speeches of this incarnate demon, are not mere ornaments of the poet’s fancy, but explain his character, and describe his situation more briefly and effectually, than any other words could have done. In this play, and in the *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, all Eden is unlocked before us, and the whole treasury of natural and super-

\* If the advocates for the grand style object to this expression, we shall not stop to defend it; but, to us, it seems equally beautiful, as it is obvious and natural, to a person coming out of a light chamber into the pale dawn. The word candle, we admit, is rather homely in modern language, while lamp is sufficiently dignified for poetry. The moon hangs her silver lamp on high, in every schoolboy’s copy of verses; but she could not be called the candle of heaven without manifest absurdity. Such are the caprices of usage. Yet we like the passage before us much better as it is, than if the candles were changed into lamps. If we should read, ‘ The lamps of heaven are quenched,’ or ‘ wax dim,’ it appears to us that the whole charm of the expression would be lost.

natural beauty poured out profusely, to the delight of all our faculties. We dare not trust ourselves with quotations; but we refer to those plays generally—to the forest scenes in ‘*As You Like it*’—the rustic parts of the *Winter’s Tale*—several entire scenes in *Cymbeline*, and in *Romeo and Juliet*—and many passages in all the other plays—as illustrating this love of nature and natural beauty of which we have been speaking—the power it had over the poet, and the power it imparted to him. Who else would have thought, on the very threshold of treason and midnight murder, of bringing in so sweet and rural an image at the portal of that blood-stained castle?

‘ This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved masonry that heaven’s breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Has made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle.’

Nor is this brought in for the sake of an elaborate contrast between the peaceful innocence of this exterior, and the guilt and horrors that are to be enacted within. There is no hint of any such suggestion—but it is set down from the pure love of nature and reality—because the kindled mind of the poet brought the whole scene before his eyes, and he painted all that he saw in his vision. The same taste predominates in that emphatic exhortation to evil, where *Lady Macbeth* says,

————— ‘ Look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it.’

And in that proud boast of the bloody *Richard*—

‘ But I was *born* so high:  
Our acry buildeth in the cedar’s top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.’

The same splendour of natural imagery, brought simply and directly to bear upon stern and repulsive passions, is to be found in the cynic rebukes of *Apemantus* to *Timon*.

‘ Will these moist trees  
That have out-liv’d the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point’st out? will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste  
To cure thine o’er-night’s surfeit?’

No one but *Shakespeare* would have thought of putting this noble picture into the taunting address of a snappish misanthrope—any more than the following into the mouth of a mercenary murderer.

‘ Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.’

Or this delicious description of concealed love into that of a regretful and moralizing parent.

‘ But he, his own affections Counsellor,  
Is to himself so secret and so close,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.’

And yet all these are so far from being unnatural, that they are no sooner put where they are, than we feel their beauty and effect; and acknowledge our obligations to that exuberant genius which alone could thus throw out graces and attractions where there seemed to be neither room nor call for them. In the same spirit of prodigality he puts this rapturous and passionate exaltation of the beauty of Imogen into the mouth of one who is not even a lover.

—‘ It is her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus! the flame o’ th’ taper  
Bows towards her! and would under-peep her lids  
To see th’ enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under the windows, white and azure, laced  
With blue of Heaven’s own tinct—on her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I’ the bottom of a cowslip.’

But we must break at once away from these manifold enchantments—and recollect that our business is with Mr Hazlitt, and not with the great and gifted author on whom he is employed: And, to avoid the danger of any further preface, we shall now let him speak a little for himself. In his remarks on *Cymbeline*, which is the first play in his arrangement, he takes occasion to make the following observations on the female characters of his author.

‘ It is the peculiar characteristic of *Shakespeare’s* heroines, that they seem to exist only in their attachment to others. They are pure abstractions of the affections. We think as little of their persons as they do themselves, because we are let into the secrets of their hearts, which are more important. We are too much interested in their affairs to stop to look at their faces, except by stealth and at intervals. No one ever hit the true perfection of the female character, the sense of weakness leaning on the strength of its affections for support, so well as *Shakespeare*—no one ever so well painted natural tenderness free from affectation and disguise—no one else ever so well showed how delicacy and timidity, when driven to extremity, grow romantic and extravagant; for the romance of his heroines (in which they abound) is only an excess of the habitual prejudices of their sex, scrupulous of being false to their vows or truant to their affections, and taught by the force of feeling when to forego the forms of propriety for the essence of it. His women were in this respect exquisite logicians; for there is nothing so logical as passion. Cib.

ter, in speaking of the early English stage, accounts for the want of prominence and theatrical display in Shakespeare's female characters, from the circumstance, that women in those days were not allowed to play the parts of women, which made it necessary to keep them a good deal in the back ground. Does not this state of manners itself, which prevented their exhibiting themselves in public, and confined them to the relations and charities of domestic life, afford a truer explanation of the matter? His women are certainly very unlike stage-heroines.' p. 3, 4.

His account of Cloten, too, is acute and ingenious.

'The character of Cloten, the conceited, booby lord, and rejected lover of Imogen, though not very agreeable in itself, and at present obsolete, is drawn with great humour and knowledge of character. The description which Imogen gives of his unwelcome address to her—"whose love-suit hath been to me as fearful as a siege"—is enough to cure the most ridiculous lover of his folly. It is remarkable, that though Cloten makes so poor a figure in love, he is described as assuming an air of consequence as the Queen's son in a council of state, and with all the absurdity of his person and manners, is not without shrewdness in his observations. So true is it that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiments as to a want of understanding!' p. 8, 9.

His remarks on Macbeth are of a higher and bolder character. After noticing the wavering and perplexity of Macbeth's resolution, 'driven on, as it were, by the violence of his fate, and staggering under the weight of his own purposes,' he strikingly observes,

'This part of his character is admirably set off by being brought in connexion with that of Lady Macbeth, whose obdurate strength of will and masculine firmness give her the ascendancy over her husband's faltering virtue. She at once seizes on the opportunity that offers for the accomplishment of all their wished-for greatness; and never flinches from her object till all is over. The magnitude of her resolution almost covers the magnitude of her guilt. She is a great bad woman, whom we hate, but whom we fear more than we hate. She does not excite our loathing and abhorrence like Regan and Gonerill. She is only wicked to gain a great end; and is perhaps more distinguished by her commanding presence of mind and inexorable self-will, which do not suffer her to be diverted from a bad purpose, when once formed, by weak and womanly regrets, than by the hardness of her heart or want of natural affections.' p. 18, 19.

But the best part perhaps of this critique, is the comparison of the Macbeth with the Richard of the same author.

'The leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought at first only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is ob-

served in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard III. as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters in common hands, and indeed in the hands of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers,—both aspiring and ambitious,—both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is from his birth deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of ‘the milk of human kindness,’ is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty. Richard on the contrary needs no prompter, but wades through a series of crimes to the height of his ambition, from the ungovernable violence of his temper and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villainies: Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit, and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity—he owns no fellowship with others; he is ‘himself alone.’ Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even made in some measure the dupe of his uxoriousness, ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the cruises which have made him weary of life, and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity.—There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting hardened knave, wholly regardless of everything but his own ends, and the means to secure them.—Not so Macbeth. The superstitious of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not shown to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double thrall of his passions and his evil destiny. Richard is not a character either of imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. In the busy turbulence of his projects he never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In his last extremity we regard him but as a wild beast taken in the toils: But we never entirely lose our concern for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy.

“ My way of life is fallen into the sear,  
The yellow leaf, and that which should accompany old age,

As honour, troops of friends, I must not look to have;  
 But in their stead, curses not loud but deep,  
 Mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart  
 Would fain deny and dare not." p. 26—30.

In treating of the Julius Cæsar, Mr H. extracts the following short scene, and praises it so highly, and, in our opinion, so justly, that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting it too, together with his brief commentary.

"*Brutus*. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cassius*. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,  
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
 What has proceeded worthy note to day.

*Brutus*. I will do so; but look you, Cassius—

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being crost in conference by some senators.

*Cassius*. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæsar*. Antonius——

*Antony*. Cæsar?

*Cæsar*. Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

*Antony*. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæsar*. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer; and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd

Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him."

'We know hardly any passage more expressive of the genius of Shakspeare than this. It is as if he had been actually present, had

known the different characters and what they thought of one another, and had taken down what he heard and saw, their looks, words, and gestures, just as they happened.' p. 36, 37.

We may add the following as a specimen of the moral and political reflections which this author has intermixed with his criticisms.

'Shakespear has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of every-day life. For instance, the whole design to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause, and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others, because they are themselves sincere, and endeavour to secure the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to any thing but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His habitual jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion: otherwise, they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus.

"All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:

He only in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them." p. 38, 39.

The same strain is resumed in his remarks on *Coriolanus*.

'Shakespear seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of baiting the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it.—The cause of the people is indeed but little calculated as a subject for poetry: it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It is every thing by excess. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right. A lion hunting a flock of sheep is a more poetical object than they; and we even take part with the lordly beast, because our vanity or some other feeling makes us dis-

posed to place ourselves in the situation of the strongest party. There is nothing heroical in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so: but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will, our admiration of his prowess is immediately converted into contempt for their pusillanimity. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed. The love of power in ourselves and the admiration of it in others are both natural to man: the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave.' p. 69—72.

There are many excellent remarks, and several fine quotations, in the discussion on *Troilus and Cressida*. As this is no longer an acted play, we venture to give one extract, with Mr H.'s short observations, which perfectly express our opinion of its merits.

'It cannot be said of Shakespear, as was said of some one, that he was 'without o'erflowing full.' He was full, even to o'erflowing. He gave heaped measure, running over. This was his greatest fault. He was only in danger 'of losing distinction in his thoughts' (to borrow his own expression)

"As doth a battle when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying."

'There is another passage, the speech of Ulysses to Achilles, showing him the thankless nature of popularity, which has a still greater depth of moral observation and richness of illustration than the former.

"*Ulysses*. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion;  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude;  
Those scraps are good deeds past,  
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,  
Forgot as soon as done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps Honour bright: *to have done*, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
That one but goes abreast; keep then the path,  
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,  
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:  
For Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer : the Welcome ever smiles,  
 And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time :  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.  
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauls,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past."

'The throng of images in the above lines is prodigious; and though they sometimes jostle against one another, they everywhere raise and carry on the feeling, which is metaphysically true and profound.' p. 85-87.

This chapter ends with an ingenious parallel between the genius of Chaucer and that of Shakespeare, which we have not room to insert.

The following observations on Hamlet are very characteristic of Mr H.'s manner of writing in the work now before us; in which he continually appears acute, desultory and capricious—with great occasional felicity of conception and expression—frequent rashness and carelessness—constant warmth of admiration for his author—and some fits of extravagance and folly, into which he seems to be hurried, either by the hasty kindling of his zeal as he proceeds, or by a selfwilled determination not to be balked or baffled in any thing he has taken it into his head he should say.

'Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is we who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play,

as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life, by a mock-representation of them.—This is the true Hamlet.

‘ We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakespeare’s plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer, and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* shows the greatest depth of passion, HAMLET is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakespeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But, here we are more than spectators. We have not only “the outward pageants and the signs of grief,” but “we have that within which passes show.” We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakespeare, together with his own comment, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

‘ The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be: but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility,—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation.’ p. 104—107.

His account of the *Tempest* is all pleasingly written, especially his remarks on Caliban; but we rather give our readers his speculations on Bottom and his associates.

' Bottom the Weaver is a character that has not had justice done him. He is the most romantic of mechanics; He follows a sedentary trade, and he is accordingly represented as conceited, serious, and fantastical. He is ready to undertake any thing and every thing, as if it was as much a matter of course as the motion of his loom and shuttle. He is for playing the tyrant, the lover, the lady, the lion. "He will roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear him;" and this being objected to as improper, he still has a resource in his good opinion of himself, and "will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." Snug the Joiner is the moral man of the piece, who proceeds by measurement and discretion in all things. You see him with his rule and compasses in his hand. "Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—"You may do it extempore," says Quince, "for it is nothing but roaring." Starveling the Tailor keeps the peace, and objects to the lion and the drawn sword. "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." Starveling, however, does not start the objections himself, but seconds them when made by others, as if he had not spirit to express his fears without encouragement. It is too much to suppose all this intentional: but it very luckily falls out so.' p. 126, 127.

Mr H. admires *Romeo and Juliet* rather too much—though his encomium on it is about the most eloquent part of his performance: But we really cannot sympathize with all the conceits and puerilities that occur in this play; for instance, this exhortation to Night, which Mr H. has extracted for praise—

' Give me my *Romeo*—and when he shall die,  
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with Night,' &c.

We agree, however, with less reservation, in his rapturous encomium on *Lear*—but can afford no extracts. The following speculation on the character of *Falstaff* is a striking, and, on the whole, a favourable specimen of our author's manner.

' Wit is often a meagre substitute for pleasureable sensation; an effusion of spleen and petty spite at the comforts of others, from feeling none in itself. *Falstaff*'s wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter, and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes, as he would a capon, or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers

of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen.—Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupify his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull, crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking, but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself.

'The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession, which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self-complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention; and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gaiety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another: he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are "open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them." p. 189—192.

It is time, however, to make an end of this. We are not in the humour to discuss any points of learning with this author; and our readers now see well enough what sort of book he has written. We shall conclude with his remarks on Shakespeare's style of Comedy, introduced in the account of the *Twelfth Night*.

'This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no

spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons, than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.

‘ There is a certain stage of society, in which people, become conscious of their peculiarities and absurdities, affect to disguise what they are, and set up pretensions to what they are not. This gives rise to a corresponding style of comedy, the object of which is to detect the disguises of self-love, and to make reprisals on these preposterous assumptions of vanity, by marking the contrast between the real and the affected character as severely as possible, and denying to those, who would impose on us for what they are not, even the merit which they have. This is the comedy of artificial life, of wit and satire, such as we see it in Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, &c. To this succeeds a state of society from which the same sort of affectation and pretence are banished by a greater knowledge of the world, or by their successful exposure on the stage; and which, by neutralizing the materials of comic character, both natural and artificial, leaves no comedy at all—but *the sentimental*. Such is our modern comedy. There is a period in the progress of manners anterior to both these, in which the foibles and follies of individuals are of nature's planting, not the growth of art or study; in which they are therefore unconscious of them themselves, or care not who knows them, if they can but have their whim out; and in which, as there is no attempt at imposition, the spectators rather receive pleasure from humouring the inclinations of the persons they laugh at, than wish to give them pain by exposing their absurdity. This may be called the comedy of nature; and it is the comedy which we generally find in Shakespear.—Whether the analysis here given be just or not, the spirit of his comedies is evidently quite distinct from that of the authors above mentioned, as it is in its essence the same with that of Cervantes, and also very frequently of Moliere, though he was more systematic in his extravagance than Shakespear. Shakespear's comedy is of a pastoral and poetical cast. Folly is indigenous to the soil, and shoots out with native happy, unchecked luxuriance. Absurdity has every encouragement afforded it; and nonsense has room to flourish in. Nothing is stunted by the churlish, icy hand of indifference or severity. The poet runs riot in a conceit, and idolizes a quibble. His whole object is to turn the meanest or reddest objects to a pleasurable account. The relish which he has of a pun, or of the quaint humour of a low character, does not interfere with the delight with which he describes a beautiful image, or the most refined love. The clown's forced jests do not spoil the sweet-

ness of the character of Viola; the same house is big enough to hold Malvolio, the Countess, Maria, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. For instance, nothing can fall much lower than this last character in intellect or morals: yet how are his weaknesses nursed and dandled by Sir Toby into something "high fantastical," when on Sir Andrew's commendation of himself for dancing and fencing, Sir Toby answers—"Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust like Mrs Moll's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water but in a cinque-pace. What dost thou mean? Is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was framed under the star of a galliard!"—How Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown afterwards *chirp over their cups*, how they "rouse the night-owl in a catch, able to draw three souls out of one weaver?" What can be better than Sir Toby's unanswerable answer to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—In a word, the best turn is given to everything, instead of the worst. There is a constant infusion of the romantic and enthusiastic, in proportion as the characters are natural and sincere: whereas, in the more artificial style of comedy, everything gives way to ridicule and indifference, there being nothing left but affectation on one side, and incredulity on the other.' p. 255-259.

ART. X. *Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions.* By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. 2 vol. One Guinea. Fenner, 1817.

**T**HERE are some things readable in these volumes;—and if the learned author could only have been persuaded to make them a little more conformable to their title, we have no doubt that they would have been the most popular of all his productions. Unfortunately, however, this work is not so properly an account of his Life and Opinions, as an Apology for them. 'It will be found,' says our Auto-Biographer, 'that the least of what I have written concerns myself personally.' What then, it may be asked, is the work taken up with? With the announcement of an explanation of the author's Political and Philosophical creed, to be contained in another work—with a prefatory introduction of 200 pages to an Essay on the difference between Fancy and Imagination, which was intended to form part of this, but has been suppressed, at the request of a judicious friend, as unintelligible—with a catalogue of Mr Southey's domestic virtues, and author-like qualifications—a candid defence of the Lyrical Ballads—a critique on Mr

Wordsworth's poetry—quotations from the *Friend*—and attacks on the *Edinburgh Review*. There are, in fact, only two or three passages in the work which relate to the details of the author's life,—such as the account of his school-education, and of his setting up the *Watchman* newspaper. We shall make sure of the first of these curious documents, before we completely lose ourselves in the multiplicity of his speculative opinions.

' At school, I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time, a very severe master, the Rev. James Bowyer, many years Head Master of the Grammar-School, Christ's Hospital. He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again, of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius (in such extracts as I then read), Terence, and, above all, the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so called silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and, on grounds of plain sense, and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons: and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learnt from him, that Poetry, even that of the loftiest, and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember, that, availing himself of the synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, *why* it would not have answered the same purpose; and *wherein* consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

' I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the Sonnets of Mr Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet, were first made known and presented to me, by a school-fellow who had quitted us for the University, and who, during the whole time that he was in our first form (or, in our school language, a *GRECIAN*), had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr Middleton, the truly learned, and every way excellent Bishop of Catterick —

' Qui laudibus amplis

Ingenui celebrare meum, calamumque solebat,

Calcar agens animo validum. Non omnia terra:

Obruta! Vivit amor, vivit dolor! Ora negatur

Dulcia conspiciere; at flere et meminisse relictum est.'

*Petr. Ep. Lib. 7. Ep. 1.*

' It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered, the first

knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal, with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and an half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those who had in any way won my regard. And, with almost equal delight, did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

‘ Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well aware that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well, if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singularity; I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded the obligations of intellect among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valuable thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure, when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. *At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts, lost all interest in my mind.* Poetry (though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit, than the sound, good sense of my old master was at all pleased with)—*poetry itself, yea novels and romances, became insipid to me.* In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days*, (for I was an orphan, and had scarcely any connexions in London), highly was I delighted, if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,

Fix’d fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,

And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

‘ This preposterous pursuit was, beyond doubt, injurious, both to my natural powers, and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family, chiefly however by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender, and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets, &c. of Mr Bowles! Well were it for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower, and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths. But if in

after-time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility, in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtlety of the understanding, without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves—my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.' p. 17.

Mr Coleridge seems to us, from this early association, to overrate the merits of Bowles's Sonnets, which he prefers to Warton's, which last we, in our turn, prefer to Wordsworth's, and indeed to any Sonnets in the language. He cannot, however, be said to overrate the extent of the intellectual obligations which he thinks he owes to his favourite writer. If the study of Mr Bowles's poems could have effected a permanent cure of that 'preposterous' state of mind which he has above described, his gratitude, we admit, should be boundless: But the disease, we fear, was in the mind itself; and the study of poetry, instead of counteracting, only gave force to the original propensity; and Mr Coleridge has ever since, from the combined forces of poetic levity and metaphysic bathos, been trying to fly, not in the air, but under ground—playing at hawk and buzzard between sense and nonsense,—floating or sinking in fine Kantian categories, in a state of suspended animation 'twixt dreaming and awake,—quitting the plain ground of 'history and particular facts' for the first butterfly theory, fancy-bred from the maggots of his brain,—going up in an air-balloon filled with fetid gas from the writings of Jacob Behmen and the mystics, and coming down in a parachute made of the soiled and fashionable leaves of the Morning Post,—promising us an account of the Intellectual System of the Universe, and putting us off with a reference to a promised dissertation on the Logos, introductory to an intended commentary on the entire Gospel of St John. In the above extract, he tells us, with a degree of *naïveté* not usual with him, that, 'even before his fifteenth year, history and particular facts had lost all interest in his mind.' Yet, so little is he himself aware of the influence which this feeling still continues to exert over his mind, and of the way in which it has mixed itself up in his philosophical faith, that he afterwards makes it the test and definition of a sound understanding and true genius, that 'the mind is affected by thoughts, rather than by things; and only then feels the *requisite* interest even for the most important events and accidents, when by means of meditation they have passed into *thoughts*.' p. 30. We do not see, after this, what right Mr C. has to complain of those who say that he is neither the most literal nor logical of mortals; and the worst that has ever been said of him is,

that he is the least so. If it is the proper business of the philosopher to dream over theories, and to neglect or gloss over facts, to fit them to his theories or his conscience; we confess we know of few writers, ancient or modern, who have come nearer to the perfection of this character than the author before us.

After a desultory and unsatisfactory attempt (Chap. II.) to account for and disprove the common notion of the irritability of authors, Mr Coleridge proceeds (by what connexion we know not) to a full, true and particular account of the personal, domestic, and literary habits of his friend Mr Southey,—to all which we have but one objection, namely, that it seems quite unnecessary, as we never heard them impugned,—except indeed by the Antijacobin writers, here quoted by Mr Coleridge, who is no less impartial as a friend, than candid as an enemy. The passage altogether is not a little remarkable.

‘It is not, however,’ says our author, ‘from grateful recollections only, that I have been impelled thus to leave these my deliberate sentiments on record; but in some sense as a debt of justice to the man, whose name has been so often connected with mine, for evil to which he is a stranger. As a specimen, I subjoin part of a note from the ‘*Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin*,’ in which, having previously informed the Public that I had been dishonoured at Cambridge for preaching Deism, at a time when, for my youthful ardour in defence of Christianity, I was decried as a bigot by the proselytes of French philosophy, the writer concludes with these words—‘*Since this time he has left his native country, commenced citizen of the world, left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute. Let his discards his friends, Lamb and Southey.*’ ‘With severest truth,’ continues Mr Coleridge, ‘it may be asserted, that it would not be easy to select two men more exemplary in their domestic affections, than those whose names were thus printed at full length, as in the same rank of morals with a denounced infidel and fugitive, who had left his children fatherless, and his wife destitute! *Is it surprising that many good men remained longer than perhaps they otherwise would have done, adverse to a party which encouraged and openly rewarded the authors of such atrocious calumnies?*’ p. 71.

With us, we confess the wonder does not lie there:—all that surprises us is, that the objects of these atrocious calumnies were ever reconciled to the authors of them;—for the calumniators were the party itself. The Cannings, the Giffords, and the Freres, have never made any apology for the abuse which they then heaped upon every nominal friend of freedom; and yet Mr Coleridge thinks it necessary to apologize in the name of all good men, for having remained so long adverse to a party which recruited upon such a bounty; and seems not obscurely to in-

timate that they had such effectual means of propagating their slanders against those good men who differed with them, that most of the latter found there was no other way of keeping their good name but by giving up their principles, and joining in the same venal cry against all those who did not become apostates or converts, ministerial Editors, and 'laurel-honouring Laureates' like themselves!—What! at the very moment when this writer is complaining of a foul and systematic conspiracy against the characters of himself, and his most intimate friends, he suddenly stops short in his half-finished burst of involuntary indignation, and ends with a lamentable affectation of surprise at the otherwise unaccountable slowness of good men in yielding implicit confidence to a party, who had such powerful arts of conversion in their hands,—who could with impunity, and triumphantly, take away by atrocious calumnies the characters of all who disclaimed to be their tools,—and rewarded with honours, places, and pensions all those who were. This is pitiful enough, we confess; but it is too painful to be dwelt on.

Passing from the Laureate's old Antijacobin, to his present Antiministerial persecutors—'*Publicly*,' exclaims Mr Coleridge, 'has Mr Southey been reviled by men, who (I would fain hope, for the honour of human nature) hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination,—*publicly* have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced.' This is very fine and lofty, no doubt; but we wish Mr C. would speak a little plainer. Mr Southey has come voluntarily before the public; and all the world has a right to speak of his publications. It is those only that have been either depreciated or denounced. We are not aware, at least, of any attacks that have been made, publicly or privately, on his private life or morality. The charge is, that he wrote democratical nonsense in his youth; and that he has not only taken to write against democracy in his maturer age, but has abused and reviled those who adhere to his former opinions; and accepted of emoluments from the party which formerly calumniated him, for those good services. Now, what has Mr Coleridge to oppose to this? Mr Southey's private character! He evades the only charge brought against him, by repelling one not brought against him, except by his Antijacobin patrons—and answers for his friend, as if he was playing at cross-purposes. Some people say, that Mr Southey has deserted the cause of liberty: Mr Coleridge tells us, that he has not separated from his wife. They say, that he has changed his opinions: Mr Coleridge says, that he keeps his appointments; and has even invented a new word, *reliability*, to express his exemplariness in this particular. It is also objected, that the

worthy Laureate was as extravagant in his early writings, as he is virulent in his present ones: Mr Coleridge answers, that he is an early riser, and not a late sitter up. It is further alleged, that he is arrogant and shallow in political discussion, and clamours for vengeance in a cowardly and intemperate tone: Mr Coleridge assures us, that he eats, drinks, and sleeps moderately. It is said that he must either have been very hasty in taking up his first opinions, or very unjustifiable in abandoning them for their contraries; and Mr Coleridge observes, that Mr Southey exhibits, in his own person and family, all the regularity and praiseworthy punctuality of an eight-day clock. With all this we have nothing to do. Not only have we said nothing against this gentleman's private virtues, but we have regularly borne testimony to his talents and attainments as an author, while we have been compelled to take notice of his defects. Till this panegyric of Mr Coleridge, indeed, we do not know where there was so much praise of him to be found as in our pages. Does Mr Coleridge wish to get a monopoly for criticising the works of his friends? If we had a particular grudge against any of them, we might perhaps apply to him for his assistance.

Of Mr Southey's prose writings we have had little opportunity to speak; but we should speak moderately. He has a clear and easy style, and brings a large share of information to most subjects he handles. But, on practical and political matters, we cannot think him a writer of any weight. He has too little sympathy with the common pursuits, the follies, the vices, and even the virtues of the rest of mankind, to have any tact or depth of insight into the actual characters or manners of men. He is in this respect a mere book-worm, shut up in his study, and too attentive to his literary duty to mind what is passing about him. He has no humour. His wit is at once scholastic and vulgar. As to general principles of any sort, we see no traces of any thing like them in any of his writings. He shows the same contempt for abstract reasoning that Mr Coleridge has for 'history and particular facts.' Even his intimacy with the metaphysical author of 'The Friend,' with whom he has chimed in, both in poetry and politics, in verse and prose, in Jacobinism and Antijacobinism, any time these twenty years, has never inoculated him with the most distant admiration of Hartley, or Berkeley, or Jacob Behmen, or Spinoza, or Kant, or Fichte, or Schelling. His essays are in fact the contents of his commonplace-book, strung together with little thought or judgment, and rendered marketable by their petulant adaptation to party-purposes—'full of wise saws and modern instances'—with assertions for proofs—conclusions that savour more of a hasty temper than patient

thinking—supported by learned authorities that oppress the slenderness of his materials, and quarrel with one another. But our business is not with him; and we leave him to his studies.

With chap. IV. begins the formidable ascent of that mountainous and barren ridge of clouds piled on precipices and precipices on clouds, from the top of which the author deludes us with a view of the Promised Land that divides the regions of Fancy from those of the Imagination, and extends through 200 pages with various inequalities and declensions to the end of the volume. The object of this long-winding metaphysical march, which resembles a patriarchal journey, is to point out and settle the true grounds of Mr Wordsworth's claim to originality as a poet; which, if we rightly understand the deduction, turns out to be, that there is nothing peculiar about him; and that his poetry, in so far as it is good for anything at all, is just like any other good poetry. The learned author, indeed, judiciously observes, that Mr Wordsworth would never have been 'idly and absurdly' considered as 'the founder of a school in poetry,' if he had not, by some strange mistake, announced the fact himself in his preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. This, it must be owned, looks as if Mr Wordsworth thought more of his *peculiar* pretensions than Mr Coleridge appears to do, and really furnishes some excuse for those who took the poet at his word; for which idle and hasty conclusion, moreover, his friend acknowledges that *there was* some little foundation in diverse silly and puerile passages of that collection, equally unworthy of the poet's great genius and classical taste.

We shall leave it to Mr Wordsworth, however, to settle the relative worthlessness of these poems with his critical patron, and also to ascertain whether his commentator has discovered, either his *real* or his *probable* meaning in writing that Preface,—and should now proceed with Mr Coleridge up those intricate and inaccessible steepes to which he invites our steps. 'It has been hinted,' says he, with characteristic simplicity, 'that metaphysics and psychology have long been my hobby-horse. But to have a hobby-horse, and to be vain of it, are so commonly found together, that they pass almost for the same.' *We own the soft impeachment*, as Mrs Malaprop says, and can with difficulty resist the temptation of accepting this invitation—especially as it is accompanied with a sort of challenge. 'Those at least,' he adds, 'who have taken so much pains to render me ridiculous for a perversion of taste, and have supported the charge by attributing strange notions to me, on no other authority than their own conjectures, owe it to themselves as well as to me, not to refuse their attention to my own state-

ment of the theory which I *do* acknowledge, or shrink from the trouble of examining the grounds on which I rest it, or the arguments which I offer in its justification.' But, in spite of all this, we must not give way to temptation—and cannot help feeling, that the whole of this discussion is so utterly unreadable in Mr Coleridge, that it would be most presumptuous to hope that it would become otherwise in our hands. We shall dismiss the whole of this metaphysical investigation, therefore, into the law of association and the nature of fancy, by shortly observing, that we can by no means agree with Mr C. in refusing to Hobbes the merit of originality in promulgating that law, with its consequences—that we agree with him, generally, in his refutation of Hartley—and that we totally dissent from his encomium on Kant and his followers.

With regard to the claims of the philosopher of Malmesbury as the first discoverer of the principle of association, as it is now understood among metaphysicians, Mr C. thinks fit to deny it *in toto*, because Descartes's work, 'De Methodo,' in which there is an intimation of the same doctrine, preceded Hobbes's 'De Natura Humana' by a whole year.—What an interval to invent and mature a whole system in!—But we conceive that Hobbes has a strict claim to the merit of originality in this respect, because he is the first writer who laid down this principle as *the sole and universal law* of connexion among our ideas:—which principle Hartley afterwards illustrated and applied to an infinite number of particular cases, but did not assert the general theorem itself more broadly or explicitly. We deny that the statement of this principle, as *the* connecting band of our ideas, is to be found in any of those writers before Hobbes, whom Mr Coleridge enumerates; Descartes or Melancthon, or those more 'illustrious obscure,' Ammerbach, or Ludovicus Vives, or even Aristotle. It is not the having remarked, that association was one source of connexion among certain ideas, that would anticipate this discovery or the theory of Hartley; but the asserting, that this principle was alone sufficient to account for every operation of the human mind, and that there was no other source of connexion among our ideas,—a proposition which Hobbes was undoubtedly the first to assert, and by the assertion of which he did certainly anticipate the system of Hartley; for all that the latter could do, or has attempted to do, after this, was to prove the proposition in detail, or to reduce all the phenomena to this one general law. That Hobbes was in fact the original inventor of the doctrine of Association, and of the modern system of philosophy in general, is matter of fact and history; as to which, we are surprised that Mr C. should pro-

fess any doubt, and which we had gratified ourselves by illustrating by a series of citations from his greater works,—which nothing but a sense of the prevailing indifference to such discussions prevents us from laying before our readers.

As for the great German oracle Kant, we must take the liberty to say, that his system appears to us the most wilful and monstrous absurdity that ever was invented. If the French theories of the mind were too chemical, this is too mechanical:—if the one referred every thing to nervous sensibility, the other refers every thing to the test of muscular resistance, and voluntary prowess. It is an enormous heap of dogmatical and hardened assertions, advanced in contradiction to all former systems, and all unsystematical opinions and impressions. He has but one method of getting over difficulties:—when he is at a loss to account for any thing, and cannot give a reason for it, he turns short round upon the inquirer, and says that it is self-evident. If he cannot make good an inference upon acknowledged premises, or known methods of reasoning, he coolly refers the whole to a new class of ideas, and the operation of some unknown faculty, which he has invented for the purpose, and which he assures you *must* exist,—because there is no other proof of it. His whole theory is machinery and scaffolding—an elaborate account of what he has undertaken to do, because no one else has been able to do it—and an *assumption* that he has done it, because he has undertaken it. If the will were to go for the deed, and to be confident were to be wise, he would indeed be the prince of philosophers. For example, he sets out with urging the indispensable necessity of answering Hume's argument on the origin of our idea of cause and effect; and because he can find no answer to this argument, in the experimental philosophy, he affirms, that this idea *must be* 'a self-evident truth, contained in the first forms or categories of the understanding;' that is, the thing must be as he would have it, whether it is so or not. Again, he argues that external objects exist because they seem to exist; and yet he denies that we know any thing at all about the matter, further than their appearances. He defines beauty to be perfection, and virtue to consist in a conformity to our duty; with other such deliberate truisms; and then represents necessity as inconsistent with morality, and insists on the existence and certainty of the free-will as a faculty necessary to explain the *moral sense*, which could not exist without it. This transcendental philosopher is also pleased to affirm, in so many words, that we have neither any possible idea, nor any possible proof of the existence of the Soul, God, or Immortality, by means of

the ordinary faculties of sense, understanding, or reason; and he therefore (like a man who had been employed to construct a machine for some particular purpose), invents a new faculty, for the admission and demonstration of these important truths, *namely*, the *practical reason*; in other words, the will or determination that these things should be infinitely true because they are infinitely desirable to the human mind,—though he says it is impossible for the human mind to have any idea whatever of these objects, either as true or desirable. But we turn gladly from absurdities that have not even the merit of being amusing; and leave Mr Coleridge to the undisturbed adoration of an idol who will have few other worshippers in this country. His own speculations are, beyond all comparison, more engaging.

In Chap. IX. Mr Coleridge, taking leave of that ‘sound booklearnedness’ which he had opposed, in the Lay Sermon, to the upstart pretensions of modern literature, praises the inspired ignorance, upward flights, and inward yearnings of Jacob Behmen, George Fox and De Thoyras, and proceeds to defend himself against the charge of plagiarism, of which he suspects that he may be suspected by the readers of Schlegel and Schelling, when he comes to unfold, in fulness of time, the mysterious laws of the drama and the human mind. And thereafter, the ‘extravagant and erring’ author takes leave of the Pantheism of Spinoza, of Proclus, and Gemistus Pletho, of the philosopher of Nola, ‘whom the idolaters of Rome, the predecessors of that good old man, the present Pope, burnt as an atheist in the year 1660;’ of the *Noumenon*, or Thing in itself; of Fichte’s ORDO ORDINANS, or exoteric God; of Simon Gryneus, Barclay’s Argenis, and Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity, from whom the author ‘cites a cluster of citations, to amuse the reader, as with a voluntary before a sermon’—to plunge into Chap. X., entitled ‘A Chapter of Digressions and ‘Anecdotes, as an interlude preceding that on the Nature and ‘Genesis of the Imagination or Plastic Power!’

As this latter chapter, by the advice of a correspondent, has been omitted, we must make the most of what is left, and ‘wander down into a lower world obscure and wild,’ to give the reader an account of Mr Coleridge’s setting up the Watchman, which is one of the first things to which he *digresses*, in the tenth chapter of his *Literary Biography*. Out of regard to Mr C. as well as to our readers, we give our longest extract from this narrative part of the work—which is more likely to be popular than any other part—and is, upon the whole, more pleasingly written. We cannot say much, indeed, either for the wit or the soundness of judgment it displays. But it is an easy, gossiping, garrulous ac-

count of youthful adventures—by a man sufficiently fond of talking of himself, and sufficiently disposed to magnify small matters into ideal importance.

‘ Toward the close of the first year from the time that, in an inauspicious hour, I left the friendly cloysters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever-honoured, Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded, by sundry Philanthropists and Antipolemist, to set on foot a periodical work, entitled *THE WATCHMAN*, that (according to the general motto of the work) *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only Fourpence. Accordingly, with a flaming prospectus, “*Knowledge is power.*” &c. *to try the state of the political atmosphere*, and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers; preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as a hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time, and long after, though a Trinitarian (*i. e. ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a *philanthropist*, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection, rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested! My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of (what I believed to be) the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm, I did not think of myself at all.

‘ My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! a face *caricatura*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, *pingui-nitescens*, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched *after-math* from a last week’s shaving. His coat-collar behind in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse, yet glib cordage, that I suppose he called his hair, and which, with a *bend* inward at the nape of the neck, (the only approach to flexure in his whole figure), slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance, lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a *used* gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the *thorough-bred*, a true lover of liberty; and (I was informed) had proved to the satis-

faction of many, that Mr Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the Revelation, *that spoke like a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first *stroke* in the new business I had undertaken, of an author; yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion, after some imperfect sentences, and a multitude of *hums* and *haus*, abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phile-leutheros the tallow-chandler, varying my notes through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter, from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and, beginning with the captivity of nations, I ended with the near approach of the millennium; finishing the whole with some of my own verses, describing that glorious state, out of the *Religious Musings*. — ‘Such delights,

As float to earth, permitted visitants!

When in some hour of solemn jubilee

The massive gates of Paradise are thrown

Wide open: and forth come in fragments wild

Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,

And odours snatch'd from beds of amaranth,

And they that from the chrystal river of life

Spring up on freshen'd wings, ambrosial gales!’

‘My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though (as I was afterwards told on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial) it was a *melting* day with him. And what, Sir! (he said, after a short pause) might the cost be? *Only four-pence*, (O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abyssmal bathos of that *four-pence*!) *only four-pence*, Sir, *each Number, to be published on every eighth day*. That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much did you say there was to be for the money? *Thirty-two pages*, Sir! *large octavo, closely printed*. Thirty and two pages? Bless me; why, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty, and truth, and all them sort of things; but as to this, (no offence, I hope, Sir!) I must beg to be excused.

‘So ended my first canvass: from causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester, to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and having perused it, measured me from head to foot, and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him; he rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and lastly, putting it into his pocket, turned his back on me with an *exerrun* with these articles!’ and so without another syllable re-

tired into his counting-house—and, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

‘ This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner, he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other illuminati of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime; and then it was herb tobacco, mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow colour, (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced in saying, No! and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing), I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bole with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drank but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again; and I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small packet of letters which he had received from Bristol for me, ere I sunk back on the sofa, in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, *deathly* pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while, one after another, there dropt in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked around on the party; my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment, one of the gentlemen began the conversation with ‘ *Have you seen a paper to day, Mr Coleridge?* ’—‘ Sir! (I replied, rubbing my eyes), I am far from convinced, that a Christian is permitted † to read either newspapers

† With all proper allowances for the effects of the Mundungus, we must say that this answer appears to us very curiously characteristic of the exaggerated and canting tone of this poet and his associates. A man may or may not think time misemployed in reading newspapers;—but we believe no man, out of the Pantisocratic or Lake school, ever dreamed of denouncing it as unchristian and impious—even if he had not himself begun and ended his career as an Editor of newspapers. The same absurd exaggeration is visible in his magnificent eulogium on the conversational talents of his Birmingham Unitarians.

or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather incongruous with, the purpose for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom, indeed, have I passed so many delightful hours as I enjoyed in that room, from the moment of that laugh to an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party, have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information, and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards, they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me, with the most friendly, and yet most flattering expressions, that the employment was neither fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet if I had determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and (that failing) the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, indeed at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recall, with affectionate pleasure, the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me, how opposite, even then, my principles were to those of Jacobinism, or even of Democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th Numbers of *The Friend*. p. 174.

We shall not stop at present to dispute with Mr Coleridge, how far the principles of the Watchman, and the *Conciones ad Populum* were or were not akin to those of the Jacobins. His style, in general, admits of a convenient latitude of interpretation. But we think we are quite safe in asserting, that they were still more opposite to those of the Anti-Jacobins, and the party to which he admits he has gone over.

Our author next gives a somewhat extraordinary account of his having been set upon with his friend Wordsworth, by a Government spy, in his retreat at Nether-Stowey—the most lively thing in which is, that the said spy, who, it seems had a great red nose, and had overheard the friends discoursing about *Spinosa*, reported to his employers, that he could make out very little of what they said,—only he was sure they were aware of his vicinity, as he heard them very often talking of *Spy-nosy*! If this is not the very highest vein of wit in the world, it must be admitted at least to be very innocent merriment. Another excellent joke of the same character is his remark on an Earl of Cork not paying for his copy of the *Friend*—that he might have been an Earl of *Bottle* for him!—We have then some memorandums of his excursion into Germany, and the conditions on which he

agreed, on his return home in 1800, to write for the *Morning Post*, which was at that time not a very ministerial paper, if we remember right.

*A propos* of the *Morning Post*, Mr C. takes occasion to eulogise the writings of Mr Burke, and observes, that 'as our very sign-boards give evidence that there has been a Titian in the world, so the essays and leading paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of Edmund Burke.' This is modest and natural we suppose for a newspaper editor: But our learned author is desirous of carrying the parallel a little further,—and assures us, that nobody can doubt of Mr Burke's consistency. 'Let the scholar,' says our biographer, 'who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French Revolution. He will find the principles exactly the same, and the deductions the same—but the practical inferences almost opposite in the one case from those drawn in the other, yet in both equally legitimate and confirmed by the results.'

It is not without reluctance that we speak of the vices and infirmities of such a mind as Burke's: But the poison of high example has by far the widest range of destruction; and, for the sake of public honour and individual integrity, we think it right to say, that however it may be defended upon other grounds, the political career of that eminent individual has no title to the praise of consistency. Mr Burke, the opponent of the American war—and Mr Burke, the opponent of the French Revolution, are not the same person, but opposite persons—not opposite persons only, but deadly enemies. In the latter period, he abandoned not only all his practical conclusions, but all the principles on which they were founded. He proscribed all his former sentiments, denounced all his former friends, rejected and reviled all the maxims to which he had formerly appealed as incontestable. In the American war, he constantly spoke of the rights of the people as inherent, and inalienable: After the French Revolution, he began by treating them with the chicanery of a sophist, and ended by raving at them with the fury of a maniac. In the former case, he held out the duty of resistance to oppression, as the palladium, and only ultimate resource, of natural liberty; in the latter, he scouted, prejudged, vilified and nicknamed, all resistance in the abstract, as a foul and unnatural union of rebellion and sacrilege. In the one case, to answer the purposes of faction, he made it out, that the people are always in the right; in the other, to answer different ends, he made it out that they are always in the wrong—lunatics in the hands of

their royal keepers, patients in the sick-wards of an hospital, or felons in the condemned cells of a prison. In the one, he considered that there was a constant tendency on the part of the prerogative to encroach on the rights of the people, which ought always to be the object of the most watchful jealousy, and of resistance, when necessary: In the other, he pretended to regard it as the sole occupation and ruling passion of those in power, to watch over the liberties and happiness of their subjects. The burthen of all his speeches on the American war was conciliation, concession, timely reform, as the only practicable or desirable alternative of rebellion: The object of all his writings on the French Revolution was, to deprecate and explode all concession and all reform, as encouraging rebellion, and an irretrievable step to revolution and anarchy. In the one, he insulted kings personally, as among the lowest and worst of mankind; in the other, he held them up to the imagination of his readers as sacred abstractions. In the one case, he was a partisan of the people, to court popularity; in the other, to gain the favour of the Court, he became the apologist of all courtly abuses. In the one case, he took part with those who were actually rebels against his Sovereign; in the other, he denounced, as rebels and traitors, all those of his own countrymen who did not yield sympathetic allegiance to a foreign Sovereign, whom we had always been in the habit of treating as an arbitrary tyrant.

Judging from plain facts and principles, then, it is difficult to conceive more ample proofs of inconsistency. But try it by the more vulgar and palpable test of comparison. Even Mr Fox's enemies, we think, allow *him* the praise of consistency. *He* asserted the rights of the people in the American war, and continued to assert them in the French Revolution. He remained visibly in his place; and spoke, throughout, the same principles in the same language. When Mr Burke abjured these principles, he left this associate; nor did it ever enter into the mind of a human being to impute the defection to any change in Mr Fox's sentiments—any desertion by him of the maxims by which his public life had been guided. Take another illustration, from an opposite quarter. Nobody will accuse the principles of his present Majesty, or the general measures of his reign, of inconsistency. If they had no other merit, they have at least that of having been all along actuated by one uniform and constant spirit: Yet Mr Burke at one time vehemently opposed, and afterwards most intemperately extolled them; and it was for his recanting his opposition, not for his persevering in it, that he received his pension. He does not himself mention his flaming speeches in the American war, as among the public services which had entitled him to this remuneration.

The truth is, that Burke was a man of fine fancy and subtle reflection; but not of sound and practical judgment—nor of high or rigid principles.—As to his understanding, he certainly was not a great philosopher; for his works of mere abstract reasoning are shallow and inefficient:—Nor a man of sense and business; for, both in counsel and in conduct, he alarmed his friends as much at least as his opponents:—But he was a keen and accomplished pamphleteer—an ingenious political essayist. He applied the habit of reflection, which he had borrowed from his metaphysical studies, but which was not competent to the discovery of any elementary truth in that department, with great felicity and success, to the mixed mass of human affairs. He knew more of the political machine than a recluse philosopher; and he speculated more profoundly on its principles and general results than a mere politician. He saw a number of fine distinctions and changeable aspects of things, the good mixed with the ill, the ill mixed with the good; and with a sceptical indifference, in which the exercise of his own ingenuity was always the governing principle, suggested various topics to qualify or assist the judgment of others. But for this very reason he was little calculated to become a leader or a partisan in any important practical measure: For the habit of his mind would lead him to find out a reason for or against any thing: And it is not on speculative refinements, (which belong to *every* side of a question), but on a just estimate of the aggregate mass and extended combinations of objections and advantages, that we ought to decide and act. Burke had the power, almost without limit, of throwing true or false weights into the scales of political casuistry, but not firmness of mind—or, shall we say, honesty enough—to hold the balance. When he took a side, his vanity or his spleen more frequently gave the casting vote than his judgment; and the fieriness of his zeal was in exact proportion to the levity of his understanding, and the want of conscious sincerity.

He was fitted by nature and habit for the studies and labours of the closet; and was generally mischievous when he came out;—because the very subtlety of his reasoning, which, left to itself, would have counteracted its own activity, or found its level in the common sense of mankind, became a dangerous engine in the hands of power, which is always eager to make use of the most plausible pretexts to cover the most fatal designs. That which, if applied as a general observation on human affairs, is a valuable truth suggested to the mind, may, when forced into the interested defence of a particular measure or system, become the grossest and basest sophistry. Facts or consequences never stood in the way of this speculative politician. He fitted them to his preconceived theories, instead of conforming his theories to

them. They were the playthings of his style, the sport of his fancy. They were the straws of which his imagination made a blaze, and were consumed, like straws, in the blaze they had served to kindle. The fine things he said about Liberty and Humanity, in his speech on the Begum's affairs, told equally well, whether Warren Hastings was a tyrant or not: Nor did he care one jot who caused the famine he described, so that he described it in a way to attract admiration. On the same principle, he represents the French priests and nobles under the old regime as excellent moral people, very charitable, and very religious, in the teeth of notorious facts,—to answer to the handsome things he has to say in favour of priesthood and nobility in general; and, with similar views, he falsifies the records of our English Revolution, and puts an interpretation on the word *abdication*, of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. He constructed his whole theory of government, in short, not on rational, but on picturesque and fanciful principles; as if the King's crown were a painted gewgaw, to be looked at on gala-days; titles an empty sound to please the ear; and the whole order of society a theatrical procession. His lamentation over the age of chivalry, and his projected crusade to restore it, is about as wise as if any one, from reading the Beggar's Opera, should take to picking of pockets; or, from admiring the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, should wish to convert the abodes of civilized life into the haunts of wild beasts and banditti. On this principle of false refinement, there is no abuse, nor system of abuses, that does not admit of an easy and triumphant defence; for there is something which a merely speculative inquirer may always find out, good as well as bad, in every possible system, the best or the worst; and if we can once get rid of the restraints of common sense and honesty, we may easily prove, by plausible words, that liberty and slavery, peace and war, plenty and famine, are matters of perfect indifference. This is the school of politics, of which Mr Burke was at the head; and it is perhaps to his example, in this respect, that we owe the prevailing tone of many of those newspaper paragraphs, which Mr Coleridge thinks so invaluable an accession to our political philosophy.

Burke's literary talents, were, after all, his chief excellence. His style has all the familiarity of conversation, and all the research of the most elaborate composition. He says what he wants to say, by any means, nearer or more remote, within his reach. He makes use of the most common or scientific terms, of the longest or shortest sentences, of the plainest and most downright, or of the most figurative modes of speech. He gives for the most part loose reins to his imagination, and follows it as far as the language will carry him. As long as the

one or the other has any resources in store to make the reader feel and see the thing as he has conceived it,—in its nicest shade of difference, in its utmost degree of force and splendour,—he never disdains, and never fails to employ them. Yet, in the extremes of his mixed style there is not much affectation, and but little either of pedantry or of coarseness. He everywhere gives the image he wishes to give, in its true and appropriate colouring: and it is the very crowd and variety of these images that have given to his language its peculiar tone of animation, and even of passion. It is his impatience to transfer his conceptions entire, living, in all their rapidity, strength, and glancing variety—to the minds of others, that constantly pushes him to the verge of extravagance, and yet supports him there in dignified security—

‘Never so sure our rapture to create,

As when he treads the brink of all we hate.’

He is, with the exception of Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of prose writers, and at the same time his prose never degenerates into the mere glitter or tuckling of poetry; for he always aims at overpowering rather than at pleasing; and consequently sacrifices beauty and grandeur to force and vividness. He has invariably a task to perform, a positive purpose to execute, an effect to produce. His only object is therefore to strike hard, and in the right place; if he misses his mark, he repeats his blow; and does not care how ungraceful the action, or how clumsy the instrument, provided it brings down his antagonist.

Mr C. enters next into a copious discussion of the merits of his friend Mr Wordsworth's poetry,—which we do not think very remarkable either for clearness or candour; but as a very great part of it is occupied with specific inculcations of our former remarks on that ingenious author, it would savour too much of mere controversy and recrimination, if we were to indulge ourselves with any observations on the subject. Where we are parties to any dispute, and consequently to be regarded as incapable of giving an *impartial* account of our adversary's argument, we shall not pretend to give any account of it at all; \* and

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\* If Mr C. had confined himself to matter of argument, or to statements contained in the Review, we should have added no note to this passage, but left him in quiet possession of the last word on the critical question he has thought fit to resume. But as he has been pleased to make several averments in point of fact, touching the personal conduct and motives of his Reviewer, we must be indulged with a few words to correct the errors into which he has fallen: For, though we have no ambition to maintain public disputations with every one who may chuse to question the justice of our opinions, it might appear as if we acquiesced in averments of a personal and injurious nature, if we

therefore, though we shall endeavour to give all due weight to Mr C.'s reasonings, when we have occasion to consider any new

were to review a work in which they occur, without taking any notice of their inaccuracy.

In a long note at page 52d of his first volume, Mr C. has stated that some years ago the principal conductor of this Review paid a visit at Keswick, 'and was, notwithstanding, treated with every hospitable attention by him and Mr Southey'—that he paid Mr C. more compliments than he ever received in the same time from any other person—that he was distinctly told that he and Mr Southey and Mr Wordsworth had only come together by accident, and that they did not consider themselves as belonging to any school, but that of good sense, confirmed by the study of the best models of Greece, Rome, Italy and England—that, notwithstanding all this, one of the first things this Reviewer did after his return, was to write an article, in which he characterized these gentlemen as 'the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the lakes.' Moreover, that after Mr C. had written a letter to the same gentleman on the comparative merits and defects of our best prose writers before Charles II., he printed an article on this subject, in which he stated, that it was one of his objects to separate a rational admiration of those writers from the indiscriminate enthusiasm of a recent school, who praised what they did not understand, and caricatured what they could not imitate; and added the names of Miss Baillie, Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, as the persons to whom he alluded:—that Mr C. has heard 'from authority which demands his belief,' that the Reviewer, upon being questioned as to the motive of this apparently wanton attack, answered, that Miss B. had declined being introduced to him when on a visit at Edinburgh—that Mr Southey had written, and Mr Wordsworth spoken against him—and that the name of Coleridge always went with the two others! Mr C. has further stated, at p. 299th of his second volume, apparently with reference to the same gentlemen, that what he there terms the malignant review of *Christabel*, which appeared in this Journal, was generally attributed to a man who, both in his presence and his absence, had repeatedly pronounced it the finest poem of its kind in the language—and, finally, at p. 302 of that volume, Mr C. is pleased to assert, that his *Lay Sermon*, having been reviewed somewhere by anticipation, with avowed personal malignity; the author of that lampoon was chosen, (of course by the conductors of that work), to review it in the *Edinburgh*,—the author being a person very fit for the task, if he had been allowed to write what he himself really thought;—and that, therefore, Mr C. 'confines his indignant contempt to his employer and suborner.'

These are Mr C.'s charges against the principal conductor of the *Edinburgh Review*; to which, in order to avoid all equivocation, that individual begs leave to answer distinctly, and in the first person, as follows.

publication from the Lake school, we must for the present decline any notice of the particular objections he has here urged

I do not know that I need say any thing in answer to the *first* imputation; as I suppose I might lawfully visit and even pay compliments to an ingenious gentleman, whose poetry I was, notwithstanding, obliged to characterize as whining and hypochondriacal; and if I found two or three such gentlemen living together—publishing in the same volume, and adopting the same peculiar style and manner, I conceive I was entitled to hold them up as aiming, *de facto*, at the formation of a new school,—especially if I gave my reasons and proofs at large for that opinion—although one of them did not agree in that opinion, and had modestly assured me, ‘that they belonged to no school but that of good sense, confirmed by the long established models of the best times of Greece, Italy and England.’ But as Mr C.’s statement is so given, as to convey an imputation of great ingratitude or violation of the laws of hospitality on my part, I shall mention, in a few words, as nearly as I can now recollect them, the circumstances of this famous visit.

It was in 1810, I think, that I went with some of my near relations to Cumberland. I had previously been in some correspondence of a literary nature with Mr C., though I had never seen him personally. Mr Southey I had seen in the company of some common friends, both at Edinburgh and Keswick, a year or two before; and though he then knew me to be the reviewer of his *Thalaba* and *Madoc*, he undoubtedly treated me with much courtesy and politeness. I had heard, however, in the *interim*, that he had expressed himself on the subject of the *Edinburgh Review* with so much bitterness, that I certainly should not have thought of intruding myself spontaneously into his company. When I came to Keswick, I had not the least idea that Mr C. lived in Mr Southey’s house; and sent a note from the inn, saying, I should be glad to wait on him. He returned for answer, that he and Mr Southey, would be glad to see me. I thought it would be pitiful to decline this invitation; and went immediately. Mr Southey received me with cold civility—and, being engaged with other visitors, I had very little conversation with him. With Mr C. I had a great deal; and was very much amused and interested. I believe coffee was offered me—and I came away in an hour or two. I did not see Mr Southey afterwards. Next day, Mr C. and I spent all the morning together in the fields,—he did me the honour to dine with me at the inn,—and next morning I left Keswick, and have not seen him since.

At this distance of time I do not pretend to recollect all that passed between us. I perfectly recollect, however, that I was much struck with the eloquence and poetical warmth of his conversation; of which all my friends can testify that I have ever since been in the habit of speaking with admiration. I dare say I may have expressed that sentiment to him. Indeed, I remember, that when

to our former judgments on their productions; and shall pass over all this part of the work before us, by merely remarking,

dissuading him from publishing on metaphysical subjects, I exhorted him rather to give us more poetry, and, upon his replying that it cost him more labour, I observed, that his whole talk to me that morning was poetry. I think I said also, that the verses entitled 'Love' were the best in the Lyrical Ballads, and had always appeared to me extremely beautiful. These are the only compliments I can remember paying him; and they were paid with perfect sincerity. But it rather appeared to me that Mr C. liked to receive compliments; and I may have been led to gratify him in other instances. I cannot say I recollect of his telling me that he and his friends were of no school but that of good sense, &c.; but I remember perfectly that he complained a good deal of my coupling his name with theirs in the Review, saying, that he had published no verses for a long time, and that his own style was very unlike theirs. I promised that I would take his name out of the firm for the future; and I kept my promise. We spoke too of *Christabel*, and I advised him to publish it; but I did not say it was either the finest poem of the kind, or a fine poem at all; and I am sure of this, for the best of all reasons, that at this time, and indeed till after it was published, I never saw or heard more than four or five lines of it, which my friend Mr Scott once repeated to me. That eminent person, indeed, spoke favourably of it; and I rather think I told Mr C. that I had heard him say, that it was to it he was indebted for the first idea of that romantic narrative in irregular verse, which he afterwards exemplified in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and other works. In these circumstances, I felt a natural curiosity to see this great original; and I can sincerely say, that no admirer of Mr C. could be more disappointed or astonished than I was, when it did make its appearance. I did not review it.

As to Mr C.'s letter to me, on our older prose writers, I utterly deny that I borrowed any thing from it, or had it at all in my thoughts, in any review I afterwards wrote: And with regard to the reasons which I am alleged to have assigned for specifying Miss Baillie, and Messrs Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge, as injudicious imitators of these writers, I must say, in direct terms, that the allegation is totally and absolutely false; and that I never either made any such statement, or could have made it, without as great a violation of truth as of common sense and decency. I cannot, indeed, either remember, or find in the Review, any such passage as Mr C. has here imputed to me—nor indeed can I conjecture what passage he has in view, unless it be one at p. 283 of Vol. XVIII., in which I do not say one word about their praising what they do not understand, or caricaturing what they could not imitate, but merely observe, in the course of a general review of the revolutions in our national taste and poetry, that Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Miss Baillie, have all of them copied the manner of our older poets; and, along with this indication of good taste, have given great proofs of original

that with regard to Mr Wordsworth's ingenious project of confining the language of poetry to that which is chiefly in use among

'genius. The misfortune, however, (I add) is, that *their* copies of these great originals are liable to the charge of great affectation ;' and after explaining this remark at some length, I conclude, that ' notwithstanding all these faults, there is a fertility and a force, a warmth of feeling and exaltation of fancy about them, which classes them with a much higher order of poets than the followers of Dryden and Addison, and justifies an anxiety for their fame in all the admirers of Milton and Shakspeare.' I cannot think that there was anything in the tone or manner of these remarks that savoured at all of personal pique or hostility: and, that I was most naturally and innocently led to make them in the place where they occur, will be evident, I conceive, to any one who will take the trouble to look back, either to the passage to which I have referred, where they will be found to constitute a necessary part of the historical deduction in which I was engaged, or to what I had previously said, in other articles, of the style and diction of these several authors, and in particular of their affected imitation or injudicious revival of antiquated forms of expression. In the reviews of their separate works, I had imputed this to them as a fault, and had dwelt upon it, and illustrated it by examples at considerable length. This the reader will find done, with regard to Miss Baillie, at p. 283 of vol. II. and p. 270 of vol. XIX.;—with regard to Mr Southey at p. 16, &c. of vol. VII.,—and Mr Wordsworth at p. 217 vol. XI. It is very true, that Mr Coleridge had not been previously censured in detail for this fault, because he had published nothing with his name, from the commencement of the Review up to the period in question: But the author of the *Antient Mariner* could not well complain of being thus classed with the other writers of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Now, when, after this, I had been led to say a great deal on the exquisite diction of many of our old writers, was it not natural that I should endeavour to meet the charge of inconsistency that might be suggested to superficial observers, by recurring to the errors and imperfections, as they appeared to me, of the imitations which *they* had attempted, and which had made their unskilful adoption of old words a mere deformity? With regard to the genuine love and knowledge of these antients, which might be shown in Mr C.'s letter, I am sorry to say, that I have mislaid it, so as not to be able to refer to it. According to my recollection, however, there were not above two sentences on the subject; and, at all events, it is obvious to remark, that the most thorough acquaintance with these authors is not at all inconsistent with an unlucky selection, or injudicious use of words borrowed from their writings. Of the justice of my observations on the archaisms of the authors I have reviewed, the public will ultimately judge. I made them with sincerity—and I adhere to them; nor can I understand how my having received this letter from Mr C. can bring that sincerity into question.

As to the review of the *Lay Sermon*, I have only to say, in one

the lower orders of society, and that, from horror or contempt for the abuses of what has been called poetic diction, it is really unnecessary to say anything—the truth and common sense of the thing being so obvious, and, we apprehend, so generally acknowledged, that nothing but a pitiful affectation of singularity could have raised a controversy on the subject. There is, no doubt, a simple and familiar language, common to almost all ranks, and intelligible through many ages, which is the best fitted for the direct expression of strong sense and deep passion, and which, consequently, is the language of the best poetry as well as of the best prose. But it is not the exclusive language of poetry. There is another language peculiar to this manner of writing, which has been called *poetic diction*,—those flowers of speech, which, whether natural or artificial, fresh or faded, are strewed over the plainer ground which poetry has in common with prose; a paste of rich and honeyed words, like the candied coat of the auricula; a glittering tissue of quaint conceits and sparkling metaphors, crusting over the rough stalk of homely thoughts. Such is the style of almost all our modern poets; such is the style of Pope and Gray; such, too, very often, is that of Shakespeare and Milton; and, notwithstanding Mr Coleridge's decision to the contrary, of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Now this style is the reverse of one made up of *slang* phrases; for, as they are words associated only with mean and vulgar ideas, poetic diction is such as is connected only with the most pleasing and elegant associations; and *both* differ essentially from the middle or natural style, which is a mere transparent medium of the thoughts, neither degrading nor setting them off by any

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word, that I never employed or suborned any body to abuse or extol it or any other publication. I do not so much as know or conjecture what Mr C. alludes to as a malignant lampoon or review by anticipation, which he says had previously appeared somewhere else. I never saw nor heard of any such publication. Nay, I was not even aware of the existence of the *Lay Sermon* itself, when a review of it was offered me by a gentleman in whose judgment and talents I had great confidence, but whom I certainly never suspected, and do not suspect at this moment, of having any personal or partial feelings of any kind towards its author. I therefore accepted his offer, and printed his review, with some retrenchments and verbal alterations, just as I was setting off, in a great hurry, for London, on professional business, in January last.

It is painful, and perhaps ridiculous, to write so much about one's self; but I would rather submit to this ridicule than to the imputations which Mr C. has permitted himself to make on me—or even to the consciousness of having made these rash and injurious imputations.

F. J.

adventitious qualities of its own, but leaving them to make their own impression, by the force of truth and nature. Upon the whole, therefore, we should think this ornamented and coloured style, most proper to descriptive or fanciful poetry, where the writer has to lend a borrowed, and, in some sort, meretricious lustre to outward objects, which he can best do by enshrining them in a language that, by custom and long prescription, reflects the image of a poetical mind,—as we think the common or natural style is the truly dramatic style, that in which he can best give the impassioned, unborrowed, unaffected thoughts of others. The pleasure derived from poetic diction is the same as that derived from classical diction. It is in like manner made up of words dipped in ‘the dew of Castalio,’—tinged with colours borrowed from the rainbow,—‘sky-tinctured,’ warmed with the glow of genius, purified by the breath of time,—that soften into distance, and expand into magnitude, whatever is seen through their medium,—that varnish over the trite and commonplace, and lend a gorgeous robe to the forms of fancy, but are only an incumbrance and a disguise in conveying the true touches of nature, the intense strokes of passion. The beauty of poetic diction is, in short, borrowed and artificial. It is a glittering veil spread over the forms of things and the feelings of the heart; and is best laid aside, when we wish to show either the one or the other in their naked beauty or deformity. As the dialogues in *Othello* and *Lear* furnish the most striking instances of plain, point-blank speaking, or of the real language of nature and passion, so the Choruses in *Samson Agonistes* abound in the fullest and finest adaptations of classic and poetic phrases to express distant and elevated notions, born of fancy, religion and learning.

Mr Coleridge bewilders himself sadly in endeavouring to determine in what the essence of poetry consists;—Milton, we think, has told it in a single line—

—‘Thoughts that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers.’

Poetry is the music of language, expressing the music of the mind. Whenever any object takes such a hold on the mind as to make us dwell upon it, and brood over it, melting the heart in love, or kindling it to a sentiment of admiration;—whenever a movement of imagination or passion is impressed on the mind, by which it seeks to prolong and repeat the emotion, to bring all other objects into accord with it, and to give the same movement of harmony, sustained and continuous, to the sounds that express it,—this is poetry. The musical in sound is the sustained and continuous; the musical in thought and feeling is the sustained and continuous also. Whenever articulation passes

naturally into intonation, this is the beginning of poetry. There is no natural harmony in the ordinary combinations of significant sounds: the language of prose is not the language of music, or of *passion*: and it is to supply this inherent defect in the mechanism of language—to make the sound an echo to the sense, when the sense becomes a sort of echo to itself—to mingle the tide of verse, ‘the golden cadences of poesy,’ with the tide of feeling, flowing and murmuring as it flows—or to take the imagination off its feet, and spread its wings where it may indulge its own impulses, without being stopped or perplexed by the ordinary abruptnesses, or discordant flats and sharps of prose—that poetry was invented.

As Mr C. has suppressed his *Disquisition on the Imagination* as unintelligible, we do not think it fair to make any remarks on the 200 pages of prefatory matter, which were printed, it seems, in the present work, before a candid friend apprised him of this little objection to the appearance of the *Disquisition* itself. We may venture, however, on one observation, of a very plain and practical nature, which is forced upon us by the whole tenor of the extraordinary history before us.—Reason and imagination are both excellent things; but perhaps their provinces ought to be kept more distinct than they have lately been. ‘Poets have such seething brains,’ that they are disposed to meddle with everything, and mar all. Mr C., with great talents, has, by an ambition to be everything, become nothing. His metaphysics have been a dead weight on the wings of his imagination—while his imagination has run away with his reason and common sense. He might, we seriously think, have been a very considerable poet—instead of which he has chosen to be a bad philosopher and a worse politician. There is something, we suspect, in these studies that does not easily amalgamate. We would not, with Plato, absolutely banish poets from the commonwealth; but we really think they should meddle as little with its practical administration as may be. They live in an ideal world of their own; and it would be, perhaps, as well if they were confined to it. Their flights and fancies are delightful to themselves and to every body else; but they make strange work with matter of fact; and, if they were allowed to act in public affairs, would soon turn the world upside down. They indulge only their own flattering dreams or superstitious prejudices, and make idols or bugbears of what they please, caring as little for ‘history or particular facts,’ as for general reasoning. They are dangerous leaders and treacherous followers. Their inordinate vanity runs them into all sorts of extravagances; and their habitual effeminacy gets them out of them at any price. Always pampering their own appetite for

excitement, and wishing to astonish others, their whole aim is to produce a dramatic effect, one way or other—to shock or delight their observers; and they are as perfectly indifferent to the consequences of what they write, as if the world were merely a stage for them to play their fantastic tricks on.—As romantic in their servility as in their independence, and equally importunate candidates for fame or infamy, they require only to be distinguished, and are not scrupulous as to the means of distinction. Jacobins or Antijacobins—outrageous advocates for anarchy and licentiousness, or flaming apostles of persecution—always violent and vulgar in their opinions, they oscillate, with a giddy and sickening motion, from one absurdity to another, and expiate the follies of their youth by the heartless vices of their advancing age. None so ready as they to carry every paradox to its most revolting and nonsensical excess—none so sure to caricature, in their own persons, every feature of an audacious and insane philosophy:—In their days of innovation, indeed, the philosophers crept at their heels like hounds, while they darted on their distant quarry like hawks; stooping always to the lowest game; eagerly snuffing up the most tainted and rankest scents; feeding their vanity with the notion of the strength of their digestion of poisons, and most ostentatiously avowing whatever would most effectually startle the prejudices of others. Preposterously seeking for the stimulus of novelty in truth, and the eclat of theatrical exhibition in pure reason, it is no wonder that these persons at last became disgusted with their own pursuits, and that, in consequence of the violence of the change, the most inveterate prejudices and uncharitable sentiments have rushed in to fill up the *vacuum* produced by the previous annihilation of common sense, wisdom, and humanity.

This is the true history of our reformed Antijacobin poets; the life of one of whom is here recorded. The cant of Morality, like the cant of Methodism, comes in most naturally to close the scene; and as the regenerated sinner keeps alive his old raptures and new-acquired horrors, by anticipating endless ecstasies or endless tortures in another world; so, our disappointed demagogue keeps up that ‘pleasurable poetic fervour’ which has been the cordial and the bane of his existence, by indulging his maudlin egotism and his mawkish spleen in fulsome eulogies of his own virtues, and nauseous abuse of his contemporaries \*—in making excuses for doing nothing himself, and assigning bad motives for what others have done.—Till he can do something better, we would rather hear no more of him.

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\* See his criticisms on *Bertram*, vol. II., reprinted from the *Courier*.

ART. XI. *On the Present State of Public Affairs.* London, 1817. pp. 102.

WE have selected this pamphlet as the subject of a few observations—not entirely from a sense of its extraordinary merit (though we understand it has been much admired, and readily admit that it possesses all the dignity which paper or printing can bestow)—but because it appears to us to contain a very edifying and compendious view of the paradoxes and commonplaces which have lately been called out by conscription in defence of all actual or possible abuses of power, and which, when destroyed, will be succeeded by another levy. We should conjecture, from the unfortunate manner in which these miscellaneous arguments are arranged, that the author must be a person whose rank, and the consequent deference of his auditors, release him from the ordinary observances of logic. He has brought together, in the same discourse, modes of reasoning calculated for making an impression on minds very dissimilar; and which, as they fundamentally contradict each other, more skilful sophists are in the habit of conveying in separate speeches or pamphlets. In the excess of his zeal, he has mingled his acids and alkalies in one phial of wrath, to be poured forth against the Whigs and Reformers, and he has thus spared us the trouble of that collection and combination which would otherwise be necessary to enable us to neutralize them.—We shall give a few instances of the author's skill in this process.

It has become of late a favourite topic among those who have shown the most persevering attachment to power, to assert, that the object of their adoration is of no value,—that it is impossible they can covet it for its own sake.—This is eloquently put by the present author as follows.

‘Let these possessors of power and place—such is the sentiment which slides into their feelings—let them be attacked, vilified, and annoyed as they may, they have an ample fund of compensation in the public and personal gratifications that are heaped upon them. They have enough of the sunshine to repay them for the peltings of the storm. *This is indeed a very mistaken view of the case.* Those who see nothing but the exterior of office; those who bring nothing within the short range of their optics but the appendages of its rank, take a very erroneous survey. That authority of which they are so jealous, to be truly estimated, must be seen in the fatigues of its exertion, in the wear and tear of mind, in the sweat—not indeed of the brow—but of the brain, in its anxious days and sleepless nights. Where is the reward of all this to be sought? In the insignia of distinction and the splendour of authority? Far from it. These soon

grow familiar to the possessor, and become as nothing in the scale of real enjoyment; all the happiness which place and power can give soon fades and dies away of itself. The cause of this is in the human mind. But the toil, the solicitude, the difficulty, the vexation, the disappointments;—all these survive, and what is worse, survive, for the most part, to be perpetually encountered, and never overcome.’  
p. 5.

Now, there is another argument, addressed to another class, by a different set of reasoners, not a little inconsistent with this which we have extracted:—it is, that all the opposition to the measures of power originates with those who themselves wish to obtain it. The writer accordingly, that his pandect may not be incomplete, talks (p. 7.) of ‘the unprincipled opposition to existing authorities set up by men who, seeking to *recover power*, or to gain popularity, grope through the records of ministerial measures to furnish themselves with some pretext for arraigning government as a culprit,’ &c.

The ingenious writer would thus have us believe, that those who have tasted this power, the inconveniencies of which he has so feelingly described—who have experienced the ‘wear and tear of mind’—‘the sweat of the brain,’ for which we take a mistaken view of the case if we suppose they are repaid by ‘the insignia of distinction, and the splendour of authority,’ are yet so enamoured of these evils, as to set on foot an unprincipled opposition to regain them. Surely, if the present possessors of power are entitled to credit for the disinterested devotion with which they hug the instrument of their martyrdom, those who grope through dirty paths to arrive at this painful distinction, are entitled to some share of praise.—We shall not attempt to reconcile his notions of the pleasures or pains of power; but we shall turn to his theories of the motives of human actions, and of public spirit.

In p. 2. he tells us ‘indiscriminately to abuse every administration as inimical to its interests’ (the interests of the Constitution)—‘to suppose that no man in power can have the happiness or the honour of his country at heart,—that no minister can be swayed by motives of honest patriotism:—all this is base and illiberal prejudice—the mark of a weak and worthless mind.’

We need not state the corollary to this proposition: As the administration for the time being is always the best of all administrations; to hold it up as inimical to the interests of the Constitution, or to suppose that its members are not actuated by motives of honest patriotism, must be unpardonable indeed. But he happily relieves us from the necessity of thinking well of mankind. In speaking of Parliamentary Reform, and attempting to ridicule

the idea that under any system men would be returned for their uprightness of mind, he says, 'What would this inflexible integrity, standing on its own ground, and making its way by its own force—what would it arrive at? In the city of Westminster, for instance, where the right of suffrage is pretty widely spread, how many would it carry up to the hustings? Suppose a voter not better or worse than his brethren, wishing well to the Constitution, but wishing well likewise to himself, and not willing, therefore, to give his vote and interest without some security in promise or in prospect, that he shall not bestow them for nothing. He has a son or nephew to provide for, and requests from the candidate, that he will use his influence to get him some appointment. But the candidate having that high sense of patriotism, that cannot stoop to traffic with his constituents, and too honourable to promise *what, from the multiplicity of similar applications it is utterly impossible he should perform*, answers this solicitation,' &c. He then goes on to show, that such a candidate cannot possibly be at the head of the poll. Setting aside the *curiosa infirmitas* of this learned author, which has led him to choose Westminster as his instance of the power of Crown influence over a numerous body of electors, we must remark, that his notions of the motives which actuate mankind, assume a very different aspect when applied to voters, from that which they exhibit in the case of ministers. A voter 'not better or worse than his brethren,' is supposed to be actuated by nothing but the basest and most shortsighted of sinister objects. A regard to liberty—to the security of his person, property and honour, cannot be supposed to carry him to the hustings: But suppose the same two-legged animal a minister, and his nature is so changed, that to imagine that the constant temptation of opportunity or importunity—that personal necessity, or the never-ending irritation of popular opposition (so necessary to the subject, but so painful to those who govern)—that the remoteness of the evil, and the proximity of the gratification which obedience to the dictates of his avarice or ambition may occasion—to suppose that these circumstances may induce *him* to make undue demands on the public purse, or encroachments on the general freedom—all this is base and illiberal prejudice, the mark of a weak and worthless mind.'

We do not find fault with the writer of this pamphlet; he has but ingenuously and faithfully set forth the arguments which have repeatedly been misapplied by the great body which he represents: But we are at issue with them on one great point; we think, that when, from the extension of the

elective franchise, it is plainly impossible ('from the multiplicity of similar applications,' if the writer please) that a court candidate can perform his corrupt promises to the voters, they will not be very anxious to obtain them; as we do not imagine, that, like some other written promises, they will be received in payment of the taxes: and when this is the case, we do not think it a very fair and moderate supposition to hold, that we shall still have enough of interest—call it public or private—in being well governed, in being as gently restrained as is consistent with our safety, in being as lightly taxed as is consistent with our defence, to carry us to the hustings; and therefore it is, that we think it possible that voters may be less corrupt, and that ministers may be less prodigal, (strange as it may appear to this writer), without any change in the nature of the mind of man, or the motives by which he is governed. This mixture, however, of cant and truism—this assumption of the purity of rulers, mixed with lamentation over the depravity of the rest of mankind—this triumphant sorrowing, that man has a tendency to evil, joined to the discovery that his progress towards it cannot be impeded or controlled, makes up a great part of the reasoning of the Anti-reformists; and accordingly, our author must thrust it into his compend—'We seem 'to forget' (says he, p. 20) 'when we talk of a system of reform, whether of representation or of government, that it is the 'men that move and act that make the system, whatever it is, 'either good or bad. If we could rectify the human animal, 'and refine his powers and faculties to a different state of moral 'perfection, then indeed our utopian visions might be realized, 'but not till then.'

We wonder whether this writer ever heard of laws. How nugatory he must imagine the various provisions against those irregular transfers of property, known by the general name of theft! From the days of Moses, downwards, men have been constantly making laws against the commission of this crime, though no means have yet been found to eradicate the disposition to commit it. Our learned author, however, could have told the Legislature, 'that it is the men that move and act that make the system, whatever it is, either good or bad; '—and that as the disposition to covet other men's property must exist in judges and jurymen, and jailors and executioners, it was in vain to attempt to put a stop to stealing. In spite of all this, however, most people have thought it right to make it the interest of the needy to abstain from this crime, by affixing penalties to the commission of it, and by the establishment of police to ensure detection; and as the people contribute to execute the laws which they know it is their interest to maintain, it is generally

supposed that property is best secured in the countries where such laws are enforced. It is precisely from the corruptibility of man that reform is necessary; in other words, that it is necessary to endeavour to make it the interest of those who are entrusted with the control of the public purse, or the guardianship of liberty, faithfully to discharge their trust. To say that men are governed by their individual interests, unless it can be at the same time asserted, that all possible precautions have already been taken to prevent the private interests of those who govern, from interfering with the general welfare of the community, is but to recapitulate the best arguments in favour of Reform.

On the subject of the Duration of Parliaments, this writer gives another instructive and amusing instance of his talent at self-confutation. Among the pieces of Mr Burke which have been published (not by himself, but since his decease, by some of those officious friends, who, in their tender care for the reputation of great men, pour forth into the world the contents of their writing desks, and think they cannot better serve the object of their idolatry, or show their own wisdom, than by publishing all that he has thought fit to suppress), there is a sketch of a speech against the bill for shortening the duration of Parliaments; in which it is contended, that a measure, which should render elections more frequent, without some other alteration in the constitution of Parliaments, would so *increase the power of the Crown*, that every trace of independence in the Commons would be borne away. The writer inserts this sketch, which has been already sufficiently hackneyed; and complacently subjoins—‘the truth of this representation is unquestionable;’ (p. 25.) But imagining that if he had rested here, he might have been supposed to have promoted the cause of short Parliaments, with those unaccountable persons who lament the decrease of the influence of the Crown, he goes on to say—‘we have had triennial Parliaments; this evil is not matter of speculative inference; we have proved the mischiefs arising from them. *They are indeed well condensed* by Sir Richard Steele (a name familiar to the lovers of literature), who was in the best possible situation to observe them.’ He then gives us a speech of Sir Richard, which would prove, if assertion could prove any thing, in direct opposition to Mr Burke, that triennial Parliaments, *by being too independent of the King*, and subject to unsteadiness from the contagion of popular feeling, had produced a pernicious effect on national policy. ‘The preamble to the Triennial act expresses,’ says Sir R., ‘that it was introduced into the Constitution for the better union and agreement of the King and his people; but it has had quite a contrary effect:

‘and experience has verified what a great man’—(meaning the late Earl of Sunderland—for he too was a great man!) ‘said of it, when it was enacted, that it had made a triennial King, a triennial Ministry, a triennial Alliance. We feel this in all the occurrences of the State,’ &c. It was very hard, we think, as well as ill-judged, to set these two great partisans of long Parliaments thus scandalously by the ears.

But we shall leave Sir Richard and Mr Burke, or their adherents, to settle this matter between themselves; and we should not have said even thus much about their conflicting opinions, but for the purpose of showing, that the contradictoriness charged upon the plans of the Reformers, is equally chargeable upon the arguments of their antagonists. Of the general reasons in favour of reform, we do not purpose now to speak; but we wish to advert to some of the errors of its advocates, and still more strongly to impress upon these, and all other friends to what remains of English liberty, the necessity of perseverance and united exertion against the gradual inroads of power, by a review of some of the transactions of the late Session of Parliament.

The general disunion among the Reformers, in matters of opinion, is a defect which it will be perhaps vain to expect ever to see removed. It is not to be supposed that a body of men, who have nothing in common but their wishes for the good of the community, can be informed by the same unity of purpose as those who have to defend the abuses by which they profit. The Christian Church was from the beginning rent by schisms; but who ever heard of diversity of opinion among the silversmiths of Ephesus? The words of Demetrius—‘Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth,’ will always be a firm bond of union to the craftsmen; and they will continue to hold in supreme contempt those who scruple and debate about the nice differences of reason, or the doubtful preponderance of public utility in favour of this or the other measure. Yet it is still desirable to manage, with some charity, the disputes which it is not possible to avoid. It will be found, that in this, as in most other cases, the most violent towards those who differ from them are to be found among those who rest their persuasion of the necessity of the measures they propose on some principles approaching to the nature of articles of religious belief. Lost in the contemplation of these axioms, they are wont to be rather negligent in their deductions; or rather, as they have taken for granted the premises, they take for granted the conclusion also. For instance, some persons having assumed, that every male of years of discretion has a *right* to be represented in the House of

Commons, they follow up this principle by saying, that elections must be *annual*,—lest those who are coming of age should be deprived of the means of exercising their right. It will be readily perceived, that, admitting the principle to be a proper one, it is not at all satisfied by the expedient proposed: To preserve it inviolate, a new election should take place on every man's coming of age; or rather, an inquest should be held to ascertain the moment when each individual may have arrived at the use of his faculties, that the poll-books might immediately be opened. If it be said, as probably it will, that annual elections are the most frequent which the public convenience will allow, the appeal is transferred to another tribunal;—the question is to be decided on the ground of utility, and the principle of indefeasible right is abandoned. Grant that men have a right to annual elections, you must prove that it is a beneficial right before you can persuade them to demand it; and on this proof the whole question rests: for, show the community that annual elections are for their advantage, and they will not be slow in demanding them.

We are convinced that real representation and frequent elections are the best means of securing good government; but, independent of their utility in this way, we see no ground for giving them the name of rights: and it is very remarkable, that among those Reformers who have this word most frequently in their mouths, and who found their creed in deductions from it, there has always been the least accommodating spirit, and the smallest portion of temperance towards those who differ from them. They think it their duty to maintain fiercely the doubtful ground they have assumed; and, like those who hold delicate articles of faith, are more inveterate against heretics than open infidels. It was this anxious care to prevent the introduction of any doctrines adverse to a particular creed of reform, without consideration for the cause of reform in general, which dictated the plan of circular petitions. We do not know that any means could have been devised, so much to lessen the effect of the signatures of hundreds of thousands of petitioners, as the affixing them to a common form of prayer, drawn up by an individual without previous consultation. The execution was much of a piece with the conception: the petition spoke a mind very well convinced of the truth of its assertions, but very little calculated to convince others. The strongest condemnation of it is, that it forms a perfect contrast to the petition presented by Mr Grey in 1793. The petition presented by Mr Grey was the result of much accurate and useful investigation; it was cautious in its positions, clear in language, incontrovertible in its

statements, and irresistible in its conclusions. It afforded no pretence for rejection or denial; and remains on the Journals of the House, and in the memory of every man in the country, a satisfactory argument in favour of reform with all who acknowledge the benefits of a representative system. The circular petition was intemperate in language—contained some not very choice metaphorical expressions, which, by frequent repetition, became ludicrous to those to whom it was addressed—something, for instance, about the blast of war. It was rejected by the House, (though we lay not much stress on this), and is forgotten by all except those who are fond of recurring to it for the purpose of ridiculing the cause of Reform, by taking it as a specimen of the production of its advocates. We do not believe any enemy of Reform ever once alluded to Mr Grey's petition, unless he were compelled to do so. Of the rejection of the petitions we shall say more hereafter: it is enough here to say, that the object of the Reformers should be to convince, not to irritate; or, if they have angry feelings towards the corrupt, they will assuredly do them more displeasure by convincing the impartial, than by the angriest invective. The highest praise which has been bestowed on Hampden, is the acknowledgment of Lord Clarendon, that in his struggle against arbitrary power he conducted himself with such temper, that he afforded no pretence to his adversaries, though they eagerly sought it, to transfer the controversy from the matter to the manner. To all the good qualities of Major Cartwright—to his zeal, to his perseverance, to his uprightness—we are ready to do justice; but it was an error in the great body of petitioners, to take his excellent character as a conclusive proof of his wisdom and discretion, or even of his literary powers. By the adoption of that petition, they excluded themselves from the cooperation of many reformers very superior in information and talents to those whose advice they adopted. We need only refer, in proof of this, to the petition from the county of Cornwall. They there disjoined themselves from all the persons of property who had petitioned, and gave a pretence for the senseless clamour of a conspiracy of the poor against the rich,—of which those who are in a natural combination against the wealth of the latter, and the liberty of the former, knew how to avail themselves.

Notwithstanding the errors of the reformers, and the looseness of the principles on which some of them have proceeded, we think they have been inaccurate observers of the transactions of the past Session, who have not been persuaded of the necessity of some reform; that is to say, of some stronger check upon the power of the Crown,—if any increase of that power,

whether in the way of direct authority, or the establishment of precedents, can render such a check necessary. Never, since the times of the Stuarts, within so short a period as has elapsed since the commencement of the last Session, have measures been adopted so unequivocally hostile to the popular part of our Constitution, or precedents established, which, if followed up, as by any ambitious minister they might be, would tend so inevitably to destroy it. The pretences on which our liberties have been suspended may be laughed at by individuals, or discredited by juries; but the measure remains recorded as a guide for future Parliaments; and let us not deem lightly of the effects of this example, when even the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in 1745 has been made an argument for the present suspension. On what pretence, then, may it not next be suspended?

We are at length enabled to ascertain the real import of those allegations of the first committees of secrecy, respecting which we had previously been only able to draw inferences from their general spirit, with a glimmering of light from our former experience of such bodies. It must be remembered, that these documents are even yet acknowledged to be very proper productions by both Houses of Parliament;—they have seen no reason; on account of any disclosures which have been made, to reverse the acts of outlawry which they had founded on them. They were so satisfied, indeed, with the discretion of these Committees, that they thought fit to reappoint them, and to act upon their second reports. We must therefore conclude, that the House of Commons still consider that the statements of the first report, with all the light which has been since thrown on them, with all the deductions which must be made from them, as sufficient to warrant the acts which they have passed.—Let us see what these statements are.

In the first report of the Committee of the House of Commons, the precedence, both in place and importance, is given to what has been called the Spencean plan. It was, in fact, the great or only topic. The first paragraph of that Report informs us, ‘that attempts have been made in various parts of the country, as well as in the metropolis, to take advantage of the distress in which the labouring and manufacturing classes of the community are at present involved, to induce them to look for immediate relief, not only to a reform in Parliament, on the plan of Universal Suffrage and Annual Elections, but in a total overthrow of all existing Establishments, and in a division of the Landed, and extinction of the Funded property of the country.’ This hope, we were told, had been held out by societies openly existing in the metropolis, who were doubtful whether the meet-

ings for Parliamentary reform did good or harm. On these points, however, they were agreed, that the Landholder was a monster to be hunted down, and the Fundholder was a greater evil—and that ‘these rapacious wretches took 15d. from every quartern loaf,’—even when it sold for a shilling.

Though these societies were described as openly existing in the metropolis, the persons best acquainted with London, had never heard of them. But the effect produced by this explosion of the theories of the illustrious obscure was prodigious. The country gentlemen had been so often told of the barbarous designs of the reformers to cut up the constitution of the country, and to put it into the kettle of the magician, that they ceased to tremble at the metaphor:—But when they heard of persons who were to put wolves heads on their respectable shoulders, and, moreover, to cut in pieces the land itself, which they deemed it their peculiar province to guard, never did Dryad or Hamadryad more shudder at the approach of the sacrilegious woodman to their coeval groves.—Mr Canning sounded the alarm in his speeches, Mr Southey in his writings; and it was gravely asserted, that a plan calculated to unite against it every person possessed of the smallest portion of property—which repelled the religious by the profanity, and the moral by the indecency of its adherents—was peculiarly attractive and dangerous!

The Committee proceeded to describe the practical means by which these doctrines were to be carried into effect. There were ‘traces of the existence of a Committee, called conservative,’ (*a non conservando*, we suppose), ‘which directed the operations’ of this society of destruction; and, to crown the whole, the Report affirmed, that ‘it has been proved to the entire satisfaction of the Committee, that some members of these Societies, acting by delegated or assumed authority, as an executive Committee of the whole, conceived the project, and endeavoured to prepare the means of raising an insurrection so formidable from numbers, as by dint of physical strength to overpower all resistance.’ The designs of these conspirators were then detailed. The barracks were to have been set on fire; the soldiers surprised and overpowered; the artillery to have been seized, the bridges to have been occupied or destroyed, and the Tower and Bank to have been taken: And a machine was projected for clearing the streets of cavalry, of which—horrible to relate, a drawing, ‘fully authenticated,’ had been laid before the Committee.—Every thing indeed, truly formidable, which could appertain to a plot, was comprehended in the relation—one particular only

excepted, viz. the means and numbers of the conspirators.—Over this a veil of ambiguity was thrown ; but all truly loyal people naturally proportioned the numbers and power of these malignants to the magnitude of their designs. We must ask any candid man, whether, on reading this Report, which detailed so minutely, and with such an appearance of apprehension, the progress of this plot ; which stated that the Societies ‘ appear to have extended themselves ’—that ‘ the *intended insurrection* assumed the symbols of the French Revolution ’—that the design was, by a sudden rising in the dead of night, to surprise and overpower the soldiers ;—when he saw all this stated, without any accompanying remarks, would he not naturally be led to suppose that there was, at least in the opinion of the Committee, no gross disproportion between the means and the end proposed ? A sudden rising could not possibly take place (in the dead of night especially) without great numbers of men enlisted and organized ;—but, making all allowance for a tendency to alarm on the part of the Committee, would it not have been deemed a libel upon that body to have intimated an idea that NOT MORE THAN A HALF DOZEN OF MEN, quite unprovided with money, arms, credit or influence, unacquainted with military or any other sort of tactics, were engaged in these proceedings—and that, at the time when the Report asserted that ‘ the same designs still continue to be prosecuted with sanguine hopes of success,’ three of them were in custody ?

That the baffled designs of six or seven ruffians, who, however desperate, were so impotent in their desperation, that their utmost efforts had produced no other mischief than the wounding of a single individual, should have been made the subject of this grave narration, in a document which was to form the foundation of laws of great importance, would have been incredible—but not half so incredible as the truth ; for, in addition to the original weakness of the conspirators, they gave such abundant proofs of folly, that if they had had half the power of the empire at their disposal, they could scarcely have been accounted formidable.

In consequence of the full confession of one of the persons concerned, the agents in ‘ the intended insurrection ’ were brought to trial ; and the whole story epitomized in the Report of the Committee was delivered to the jury by the informer, in a detailed and intelligible shape. The inferior dignity of the narrator was amply made up by the exactness of the narration. He had been admitted into the arcana of the conspiracy, and was fourth in command. The conspirators were six in number, and were all members of the Spencean clubs—two of them were apotheca-

ries ('the physical strengths,' we suppose, referred to by the Committee)—all the others, except one, mechanics. The Report to be sure tells us, that they acted by delegated or assumed authority, as if it were a matter of no consequence to ascertain whether this authority was pretended or real. But on this the whole question rested. They had, in fact, no authority at all, except over themselves. However foolish the advocates of the Spencean system may be, they had nothing to do as a body with the agents of that more absurd riot. Of the conspirators, a person of the name of Thistlewood was the only one who possessed any money; and this he employed in disseminating his doctrines. Unlike other itinerant lecturers, he paid his hearers for receiving his lessons, which, on that account, were patiently listened to. By the help of the distribution of beer—*clementia velint ut discere prima*—he persuaded some soldiers whom he met in the pot-houses to admit that, *cæteris paribus*, a big loaf was better than a small one; and that, *if* the Russians landed in this country, they should not like to be domineered over by them: he showed them a bunch of green, white, and red ribbons, which they acknowledged were very pretty; and though these admissions might seem to unenlightened minds rather inconclusive, he and his associates concluded that the business was done, and that no opposition was to be feared on the part of the soldiery, to the completion of the scheme of Spencean philanthropy. More effectually, however, to conciliate this important class, they were to burn two of the barracks, and to smother or stink to death the soldiers who were in them. The Committee was incorrect in saying, that the barracks generally were to be seized—for this very good reason, that if the force had been divided, there would not have been found one insurgent for each of these buildings in and about London. A few hundreds of soldiers only were to be roasted, as the surest way of gaining the affections of the rest; who, it was supposed, would receive with open arms the murderers of their comrades.

In fixing the time for the insurrection, the Catilines displayed a wisdom not less recondite. A few hours after midnight, on a Sunday morning, 'the sudden rising' mentioned by the Committee of the House of Commons was to begin. At that time, it was suggested there would be many persons remaining drunk in the streets, from the excesses of the former night, who would of course be disposed to revolutionary movements—the only sort of movements indeed of which they would be capable. All hackney coaches in the streets were to be put under requisition; though the insurgents unfortunately forgot, that at such a time

in the morning no vehicles would be found. These imaginary coaches were to be thrown down as barriers in half the avenues in the metropolis; and the drivers, who, it was conceived, would be found as well disposed to overturn their own coaches as the State, after having devoted their property to the cause, were to mount their horses, and, with the aid of the drunken men who were too far gone to be of service on foot, were to form the cavalry of Spenceonia. The six conspirators of course nominated themselves to the several commands, without, it is true, any great regard to fitness, but conceiving, according to the indisputable doctrine of the schoolmen, that *actual* generals of any description were equal to the command of *possible* armies. One of them, a shoemaker, was lame, and could not ride; but he observed, that on such an occasion he could walk well enough. Upon him, therefore, was to rest the brunt of the war. He was in the first place to attack the Tower. He was then to proceed to London Bridge to barricade it, to prevent the artillery from Woolwich from entering the town; and, having established a bomb-proof barrier of hackney coaches, he was to proceed to the Whitechapel road, to stop out the cavalry and infantry in that direction; and finally to attack the Bank. In the midst of these magnificent anticipations, the ways and means began to be consumed; and when it was necessary to take a house to conceal the combustibles which were to smoke the soldiers, the leader of the conspiracy could not raise money or credit enough to induce the landlord to trust him with it; and though this prosaical incident is not once mentioned in the Report, it brought the whole fabric of rebellion to the ground.

As it is observed, in 'the Life and Opinions of Thomas Preston, patriot and shoemaker, p. 17,

'These little things are great to little men'—

the plot now assumed another phasis. The conspirators called a public meeting of the distressed persons about the metropolis; and being encouraged by the sight of the numbers which such a requisition naturally drew together, the assembly was adjourned to another day, when the grand effort was to be made. The six conspirators armed themselves; and, having addressed a portion of the crowd assembled, led some of them off the field where the meeting took place. They broke open three gunsmiths' shops; and, having fired the arms which they stole in the air, for the most part threw them away. One of the leaders, though he had a brace of pistols with him, was seized, and delivered into custody by an unarmed citizen. The insurgents being routed

by the police officers, and several being taken into custody, the other leaders absconded. In the Minorities, where the insurrection assumed the most formidable appearance, the Sheriff of Essex was of opinion, that 20 men might have dispersed the mob; and, notwithstanding this disorderly assemblage got possession of a quantity of arms and ammunition, it is remarkable that only one person was wounded. One half of the insurgents, consisting of three persons, having collected themselves, attempted to make their escape out of London; but being encountered by a watchman, the second in command was apprehended on suspicion of highway robbery.

Such was the origin and conclusion of the plot which was to destroy the glorious Constitution, which neither the Pope nor the Pretender, nor the Jacobins nor Bonaparte, with his Continental System and great Praams, had been able to overcome! Such was the plot, the very posthumous alarm of which was considered by the selected wisdom of the House of Commons, a sufficient reason to induce a people once regarded most tenacious of its liberties, to deliver them up to the mercy of the ministers of the Crown!—It is no exaggeration to say, that the history of Spenceans and their plot forms by far the most important subject of the Report. Not only are 19 paragraphs of that document devoted to it, while only two or three are occupied with the Parliamentary Reform Clubs; but all the blasphemy, all the impiety, all the indecency which form such main ingredients in this precious olio, are charged upon the Spenceans, and upon them alone; though, from the arrangement of the sentences, whether by accident or design, hasty readers may imagine them to be confounded under one common censure. The Parliamentary Reform Clubs in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire, are indeed mentioned as objects of alarm, as in many instances the Committee was persuaded they had in view a revolution; and, what is worthy of remark, a system of secret association is said to have ‘extended to Glasgow, and some other populous towns of Scotland.’ We will not dwell upon the first Report of the House of Lords—its assertions respecting the Union Society in London, and the Branch Unions affiliated to it—respecting the blasphemous and seditious clubs at Norwich—all which are now acknowledged to be entirely unfounded, sufficiently determine the weight due to that document. But we will pass to the Second Report of the House of Commons, to see how far it confirms or disproves the assertions of its predecessor.

On reading this Report, the first thing which strikes the

mind, is the absence of any allusion to the Spenceans :—not one word about them, or their opinions or proceedings, with which they had occupied the 19 paragraphs of their former Report. Yet they call this a continuation of their former history of disaffection ; as if a man should write a supplement to Livy, in which he should not once mention the Romans. Why did they not mention, *en passant*, that it had been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the numbers of the Spenceans were, in London, quite inconsiderable, and that in other parts of the country they were unknown ;—that the great Metropolitan plot had been disbelieved by a jury, and ridiculed by the public ;—and that Mr Preston, who was to have attacked the Tower and the Bank, and to have stopped up all the avenues to the city, had, as he tells us in his *Life and Opinions*, (p. 35), retired to Clement's-Inn passage, where he is to supply ' the votaries of freedom with boots and shoes,' on terms ' as unexceptionable as are his politics ;'—that the commonwealth of Spenceonia, except the fragments which are embalmed in the amber of Mr Canning's eloquence, is not to be found, except in that region where all things lost on earth are treasured—with the Branch Union Clubs, and the blasphemous societies of Norwich.

They had stated, in their former Report, ' that notwithstanding the failure on the 2d of December, the same designs still continue to be prosecuted, with sanguine hopes of success.' It was incumbent on them to show on what grounds we were to give entire credence, in the month of June, to those who, in the month of February, had so grossly exaggerated, or had been so grossly deceived ; and it was the more incumbent on them ; because, at the time when they made their first Report, containing this assertion, Watson, Preston, Hooper, and Castle, were in custody ; and from the evidence of the latter they might have known, and the Administration must have known, that the plot of the 2d of December had been confined to a very few persons, and was at an end. Without some accompanying comment, it will be impossible for any one who shall hereafter read these two Reports in connexion, to make out what the real state of the country has been :—Happily we are furnished with such a comment. Lord Milton, a member of the Committee, whose opinion, however, did not accord with those of the majority, has told us of the precautions used by that body, to prevent the insertion or omission of any thing which, by being inserted or omitted, would have the tendency ' to disalarm the country.' We have therefore to conclude, that the objects of alarm which are mentioned in the First Report, but not alluded to in the Se-

cond, do not in reality exist; but that, as such an assertion, though it might come within the duty of the Committee, did not coincide with its inclinations, they were not again spoken of. Taking this commentary with us, we find that these deductions are to be made from the facts of the First Report. The Spencean societies do not exist, or are not formidable—there are no associations of the disaffected in the metropolis, and consequently no cooperation between London and the manufacturing districts—there are no secret associations in Scotland, in short, that the whole evil is confined to some of the very lowest class of people in four or five manufacturing counties.

In the Second Report, instead of the Sunday morning insurrection of the Spenceans, the Committee begins with the Blanket expedition from Manchester on the 10th of March; and here we have reason to complain of the style of narration adopted by the Committee. 'At many other meetings,' they say, 'previous to the 10th, which, though comparatively private, were yet numerously attended, it was represented to them by their orators, that they would be surrounded by the police and the military, and that they would be an easy prey if they proceeded without arms for their protection. They were assured, however, that their numbers which, in the course of their progress, would amount to not less than 100,000, would make it impossible to resist them. It was stated, that all the large towns in Yorkshire were adopting the same plan; that the Scots were actually on their march,' &c. &c. The Committee having spoken of their exhortations to procure arms, omit to state, that no arms were found in the possession of the persons arrested, except two knives, (the magnitude of which was ludicrously expatiated on at the time), though a great number of the petitioners were detained and searched;—that the state ment respecting the towns of Yorkshire, and the marching of the Scots, being entirely unfounded, the propagation of these reports was a certain sign of the want of organization among the disaffected, and the absence of real danger. Should it not also have been remarked, that the fact that no arms were found, notwithstanding these exhortations, proved, that the great body of those who attended those meetings were not disposed to use force, though instigated to do so?

The Committee next gives an account of some other intended insurrection, and of very terrible designs entertained by some person or persons unknown; but they remind us too much of the account of the Spafields Plot, to affect us with much alarm. It is evident, however, that it is from no indisposition

to relate facts, if they existed, that the Committee thus expatiates upon mere intentions or suggestions; for they tell us, that 'a pistol was fired into the house of a gentleman who was acting as a special constable.' It is from sheer necessity that they have been obliged so often to take the will for the deed. Far from suffering the minutest facts to escape them, the acumen of the searchers for sedition in the disturbed counties has reached that perfection, that one of the loyal Yorkshire papers dwelt at considerable length on the terrible circumstance of observing the mark of a bullet against a wall. Though it is difficult to credit, it is impossible to contradict the account of these embryo insurrections—we must wait for a jury trial or a Third Report. The only overt acts charged are, the assemblage near Huddersfield on the night of the 8th, and the rising in Derbyshire on the 9th of June. In the first instance, the rioters dispersed from the mere apprehension of a body of yeomanry cavalry, and seem to have been what are called Luddites. In the Derbyshire insurrection, there were never more than 200 men assembled. They proceeded towards Nottingham, and, on their march, absolutely melted away before a force could be brought against them; and 'the mass of the population,' too, the Committee tells us—(and remember that Nottingham has always been represented to be a peculiarly disaffected county)—'the mass of the population evinced the utmost abhorrence of their designs and projects.' From this we can form a better estimate of the numbers of the disaffected, than from the exaggerations of spies or delegates. The disaffection is confined to parts of five manufacturing counties. In those counties, none of the higher or middle or agricultural classes are engaged in the criminal designs; and, besides all these limitations, the mass of the population in these very manufacturing districts not only are not friendly, but evince the utmost abhorrence of traitorous projects. Nothing can be a clearer proof of the hostility of the great body of those who have embraced the doctrine of Parliamentary Reform, in the shape which falls peculiarly under the reprobation of the Committee, to any measures of violence, than the contemptible feebleness of any riots which have been excited by mischievous men, either in the metropolis or the country, notwithstanding the pressure of universal distress. And, feeble as the disturbances have been, we have the acknowledgment of the Committee of both Houses, that they have been encouraged by those emissaries of the Government, who have been employed to obtain information. We must reflect, too, the remains of Luddism, an association which is known to have had no political origin; and how easy it is to

confound the outrages of these banditti with the clubs which exist in the same districts with which they have no sort of connexion.

If the existence of such a puny body of disaffection as we have described really called for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, what must have been the temerity of our ancestors, who, from 1688 to the accession of his present Majesty, ever allowed that act free operation?—for, during the whole of that time, a spirit of hostility to the Government existed, not only among a great body of the people, but among many noblemen and gentlemen in this part of the kingdom, who had at their command numerous and well organized clans, probably equal in number to the whole of the regular troops in Britain, and who kept up a constant correspondence with a foreign Pretender to the Crown? We have only to wonder, if the doctrine now acted upon be correct, that this security for liberty has not been altogether disused and forgotten.

To throw a little more light on the motives of the persons who supplied the whole of the materials, and much of the workmanship of the Reports which we have examined, we must look at the whole scope of their measures, of which the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is but a part, though it harmonizes most exactly with the remainder. The power of the executive to arrest and detain individuals, without bringing them to trial, must be the foundation of every system of arbitrary government; but other measures are necessary to complete and to protect it. The most formidable feature of the modern Continental despotisms, is the entire subordination of those to whom the police of the country, and much of the judicial power is entrusted, —to a ministerial officer, by whose discretion, and not by their own, they are to regulate their conduct. The Prefects are invested with large powers over the subject—the Minister of the Police exercises an unbounded sway over the Prefects; and the arm of despotism thus stretches to every corner of the empire. In England, the Police is entrusted, except in the case of corporations, to Justices of Peace, officers who are chosen by the Crown, and who may be displaced by the Crown,—but who, from the decorum of long habit, confirmed by public opinion, are not held responsible to its ministers. It is to the King's Bench that appeals against their misconduct lie; and it is by the Lord Chancellor acting in a judicial capacity, that their commissions are recalled, in cases of gross misconduct or guiltiness. When we see, at the same time, ministers of the Crown causing to be bestowed on these officers great discretionary powers,

and interfering with the exercise of their discretion, we imagine we have good cause to be apprehensive of the results. The progress of a despotic government has been described by Tacitus, *insurgere paulatim munia Senatus, magistratuum, legum in se trahere*. Let us examine, then, what the present Administration has done.

In addition to the power of arbitrary arrest which had been deemed sufficient for the protection of the Crown in times of open rebellion, an act was passed for the prevention of seditious meetings, but more commonly and correctly described by the name of the Gagging Act. By this act a great increase of discretionary power was given to Justices of Peace over the exercise of the right of petitioning—of intercourse between man and man—and over the organs of public instruction. All meetings for petition and remonstrance are absolutely forbidden, except those called by a Sheriff—corporate Magistrates within their corporations—the majority of the Grand Jury—two Justices of Peace, or seven householders resident within the place where the meeting is to be holden. This perhaps is not very objectionable; but the meetings called by the seven householders, in which the great majority of public meetings must be included, are subjected to the interference of the Justices, in the following manner. If, *in the opinion of any one Magistrate*, the terms of the notice tend to stir up the people to hatred or contempt of the King or Government, and Constitution, he may command the meeting to disperse; and any twelve persons continuing together an hour after, are to suffer death! Any Magistrate who chooses to attend such a meeting, may, if he conceives any discourse to be delivered with the ‘purpose’ of stirring up the people to hatred or contempt of the King and Government, take the speaker into custody; and, if he be obstructed in so doing, he may require the meeting to disperse under the same penalty as in the former instance. We need not observe, that, however erroneous the opinion of the Magistrate may be as to the tendency of a notice or the purpose of a speaker, there is no remedy against him, except as evidence of corrupt motives; for when two Magistrates in the City of London, in the execution of another part of this act, chose to suppose that the law was intended to suppress all political discussion, no one ever dreamt of a prosecution against them; and if they had, as they might have done, exercised their authority without sinister motives, the decision, founded on that misconception, would probably never have been questioned.

In the same act it is declared, that all debating rooms, places, where discourses or lectures are delivered for the purpose

pose of raising money in any way, shall be deemed disorderly places, unless licensed by the Justices in Session; and the owners are subject to very heavy fines, in addition to the ordinary penalties imposed on the keepers of disorderly houses. When the license is granted, two Justices may revoke it at any time, on oath being made that discourses of a seditious tendency have been delivered in the licensed place: so that two Magistrates who have that opinion of the act which the Aldermen of London entertained, on the oath of Mr Castle or Mr Oliver, or any other equally competent judge of the nature of sedition, may put an end to all public lectures or debates in the metropolis. It is from these enactments that the law has received its vulgar name; for the only way to avoid giving offence to many masters, is to avoid speaking at all on political subjects;—and Englishmen, who, as electors, as jurymen, and in other capacities, are required to form an opinion on these matters, are thus prevented from publicly discoursing respecting them, and precluded from the means of forming a correct judgment.

But these legislative measures were not enough. Something more was requisite to bring the Magistrates in contact with the administration, without which, there is no security that laws, calculated to establish or secure arbitrary power, will be executed according to the intentions of those who devised them. The execution of laws had been formerly left to the discretion of the Magistrates, quickened on particular occasions by the King's proclamation, or by the charges of Judges on their circuits. A new measure has now been resorted to: For, on the 27th of March, about the time when the Gagging bill passed into a law, a circular was issued by the Secretary for the Home Department to the Magistrates of the different counties, informing them that they had, in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, the powers to compel persons charged with the publication of libels, to give bail to answer the charge, and advising them, in all cases, to take advantage of that power. There is not to be found, even in the worst times, a precedent for such an interference with the judicial discretion of Magistrates; and the measure was not rendered less exceptionable by the circumstance, that the law which the Secretary had taken on himself to declare, had been questioned by many of the ablest lawyers, and that the Magistrates themselves had professed themselves to be entirely ignorant of it. The circular manifestly alluded to works which had been become unpopular among the Magistrates; and it was therefore supposed, that such an interference, joined with such an interpretation of the law, would

be favourably received, whether it was regarded as an admonition to execute, or a license to transgress justice. In one of the Ministerial papers, which are often more correct indicators of the opinions of men in power, than graver and more formal productions, after urging the mischievousness of seditious publications, and stating, that the circular was praiseworthy, whether strictly legal or no, of which it seemed to entertain a doubt, appropriated the words of Shakespeare in addressing the Magistrates—

‘ I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority—  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb these wicked devils of their will.’

It is remarkable that, at the time in question, not one of these ‘ blasphemous and seditious pamphlets and writings, of which,’ says the circular, ‘ for a considerable time past, great numbers have been sold and distributed throughout the country,’ not one had been prosecuted. It is quite impossible, therefore, that the admonition could apply to the venders of convicted libels. It was indeed hardly attempted to be denied, that it did apply to works, the publishers and authors of which in the metropolis were well known, but against whom no legal measures had been instituted;—it was therefore liable to be construed into an exhortation to convert the power of demanding bail, which the Constitution has only intended as a security for the appearance of a party accused, into the means of inflicting summary punishment upon those petty retailers who, from poverty, were unable to procure it.† What other construction can be put upon it, we leave our readers to imagine, when they bear in mind the facts which we have mentioned, and the recommendation of the letter to compel these persons to give bail ‘ in all cases;’ and when it is recollected that, during the Attorney-Generalship of Sir Vicary Gibbs, in the three years after the power had been given to that officer to hold to bail, at his discretion, persons against whom *ex-officio* informations were filed,—though forty such informations had been filed, bail had been demanded in one instance only.

Such was the auspicious commencement of that familiar intercourse between ‘ the head of ‘ the police,’ as it is the fashion to call the Secretary of State, and the Justices of Peace,

† By the Bill of Rights, excessive bail is not to be required. It is certainly contrary to the spirit of this enactment, that any bail should be required at all, except in so far as it is necessary to give a reasonable security for the appearance of the party.

which cannot fail to be beneficial to the parties concerned. They were thus encouraged to look to him for a solution of all doubts as to matters of law, and for direction in the exercise of their discretionary power:—And who that is thoroughly imbued in the doctrines of modern loyalty, can suppose that the liberty of the subject will not be wonderfully benefited by his interpretation and guidance? They were also encouraged in the idea, that the time had arrived when the old course of law was no longer applicable, and that it was necessary to resort to a vigour beyond it. Accordingly, the interference of the Secretary of State did not stop here. Some persons having been arrested under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and confined in the Berkshire gaol, the Secretary, in his new capacity of minister of the *haute police*, took upon himself to exclude the magistrates of the county from visiting these prisons; though, by the act of the 31st of the King (c. 46), every Justice of the Peace is authorized to enter and examine the gaols within his district, as often as he shall think fit. This assumption of power had, at first, the air of a blunder; but it was systematically defended. The gaols, it was said, were by law ‘the King’s;’ and therefore were subject to the control of the Crown, in defiance of any act of Parliament. This argument, and the practical application of it, would give the Secretary of State the complete government and direction, not only of the King’s Courts of Justice, and the King’s officers of all descriptions, but, for aught we see, of the King’s subjects. But the best answer is given in the words of a protest of several Peers on this subject. ‘If the claim of unlimited prerogative is to be set up in all institutions, which, in the language of the law, belong to the King; and if the laws of the land, after passing the two Houses of Parliament, and receiving the Royal assent, have no power to limit that prerogative—then, in all things relating to the Army, the Navy, and the Courts of Justice, the dispensing power, which our ancestors struggled to extinguish, is revived; and the securities devised for our property, our liberties, and our lives, by the wisdom of Parliament, exist only at the mercy of the advisers of the Crown.’ The Berkshire Magistrates have, to their credit, resisted this unwarrantable interference; and, as the gaoler is their nominee, it is not easy to perceive how the Secretary of State will maintain his assumed authority. But it is to be borne in mind, that, in this instance, it is by the uprightness of these individuals, and not by the activity of the House of Commons, that the law has been upheld.

We shall now look at another branch of this new system, which is to counteract the influence of those who wish to undermine, as the Report of the Commons' Committee has it, 'all the principles of religion and morality'—or, as the Lord Chancellor expressed it (March 21.), 'to shake morality, religion, and all *those truly British feelings*, without the subversion of which, the authors could never effect their evil purposes.' To complete the system of police, the employment of spies has been avowed and justified; and they have been deemed worthy of such peculiar favour and protection, that, in cases in which they have taken an active part in the creation of the crimes which they have afterwards denounced, they have not been brought to trial; and those who have reprobated them, have been accused of an attempt to degrade the members of an useful profession below their proper level of respectability. But the word Spies gives a vague and incorrect idea of the nature and occupation of these agents, who are to add a new dignity to Justice, and a new security to the Constitution. They are needy persons who are furnished with money; and, by means of this persuasive, instigated by the Ministers who support 'all truly British feelings,' to insinuate themselves, by means of falsehood, now and then accompanied by a little perjury, into the confidence of the suspected. Any plans of disaffection, they of course profess themselves ready to enter into; and, if any exist, they convey to the Secretary of State, from time to time, reports of their progress; and on this their trustworthy information, their associates are arrested, and, without knowing their accuser, or having the means of proving their innocence, are conveyed to distant gaols, and kept most frequently in solitary confinement.

It would be well if even this was all. But these emissaries, being secure of impunity, and installed in an office, the continuance of which is to depend on the continuance of disaffection, they cannot be expected to be very hostile to the growth of it. We cannot expect any very nice regard to private rights or public order, in a person who, for the sake of gain, enters into the most degraded of all occupations. The nature of his employment supposes an utter callousness to social as well as moral feelings. The companions with whom he holds familiar converse, and whose confidence he is acquiring by the most unbounded professions, he must suffer to pursue the road to their destruction, without warning them of their fate,—and must calculate while he applauds their designs, the moment at which he is to deliver them up to the dungeon or the gallows. The

moral difference is small between destroying and forbearing to save; and such a man may not be casuist enough to make any distinction between them. Are we to suppose then, that, for the want of a few insinuating exhortations or false assurances, these emissaries will return to their principal, and inform him that disaffection is at an end, and that their occupation is gone?—The Earl of Liverpool has asserted in Parliament, that spies and informers have been employed by all governments. It may very well serve his Lordship's purpose to confound these two classes of persons; but there is no natural connexion between them. If a person who has been engaged in crimes, whether struck by conscience or fear, or led by a hope of reward, make a discovery of his companions to the Government, there is no one who will assert that his testimony should not be listened to. His conduct, as that of such persons often is, may be marked with peculiar baseness: But how very different is the practice of receiving an accomplice as an evidence, from the practice of setting loose those privileged agents of mischief, who cannot possibly have been actuated by any laudable feeling, or any pardonable weakness, but who make love to their employment from an absolute indifference to falsehood—of putting the public peace and the lives of individuals at the mercy of wretches who have every temptation to abuse their almost uncontrolled power?

The only check, and it would be at best a very insufficient one, on the mischief which may attend the practice which has been thus avowed, is a determination to punish rigorously those agents when they shall be found to have exceeded the powers with which they are entrusted—when from spies they have become suborners. It must be a principle in every penal code, that a crime, which, from its nature, may often escape with impunity, should, when discovered, be subjected to penalties proportionably severe. Our law recognises this principle in the heavy punishment affixed to forgery and coining. If it were possible to have a scale of punishment infinitely ascending, how much higher a degree should be the proportion for a crime, which, though it must often escape detection, strikes at the life of innocent men, and endangers the peace and liberty of the community! It is necessary that these crimes should be punished, to preserve a respect for the laws: For who can respect them, when, as Lord Bacon expresses it, they are 'a shower of snares upon the people?' What then shall we think of the declaration of Lord Liverpool, who, after having asserted that it was necessary to employ these spies, observed, without any marks of indignation, that it would and must sometimes happen that such persons, from zeal in their busi-

siness, would go further than they ought?—thus treating crimes which are fraught with so many consequences of mischief, as the pardonable aberrations of an excessive but laudable zeal. But it was not in words alone that the opinions of the Administration on this subject were manifested; for, though facts have transpired which abundantly prove that the emissaries of the Ministers have far exceeded their intentions, unless the Ministers themselves are the greatest of criminals, no steps have been taken to bring any one of them to punishment, or to satisfy the public mind; and all remonstrances have been answered by an appeal to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who seems put forward by his colleagues as a scapegoat, to take away the sins of the whole Administration.

A godly man, that has served out his time

In holiness, may set up any crime.

We have the word of both the Committees, that the language and conduct of persons who, for the purpose of procuring information, have apparently engaged in the criminal transactions which have been made the pretence for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, have had the effect of encouraging the designs which it was intended they should only have been the instruments of detecting. The amount of mischief done by these persons, may be estimated by the proofs which have transpired of the activity of one of them, who may be considered as a fair specimen of the fraternity. This man, Oliver, being in indigent circumstances, applied to the Secretary of State in April last, for employment as a spy. His services being accepted, he went into the manufacturing districts, with a person of the name of Mitchell, who had taken on himself the character of a delegate. Oliver himself also assumed the character of a delegate from London;—he introduced himself to several persons as a man deputed by Sir Francis Burdett and some other gentlemen, to observe the dispositions of the people:—he insinuated at times the inefficacy of petitioning, and represented, that in London there were great numbers of persons ready to resort to violence, on the first appearance of a movement in the country. In Yorkshire, he told those into whose confidence he had insinuated himself, that the friends of Reform in London were almost heartbroken because the people in the country were so quiet; and in London, on the other hand, which he favoured with occasional visits, he called on Mr Wooler a printer, who was under prosecution for a libel against Mr Canning and Lord Castlereagh,—gave him exaggerated accounts of the disposition of the people in the North—and invit-

ed Mr Wooler to accompany or follow him thither, as they only wanted a leader. As his entreaties failed to produce any effect, he wished him at least to print papers for distribution, as a signal; but in this also he did not succeed.

The intention of the man is evident. If he could have procured any one to follow him from London to the country, or to print papers for distribution, open and undeniable proof would have been obtained, for the Committees, of a wide extended conspiracy, and of a connexion between the disaffected in London and those of the country. His attempts upon persons of any respectability or information were not successful, though he employed all the artillery of falsehood; but as, by the liberality of his employers, he was enabled to assume the appearance of a gentleman, and to possess all the means of deception, he collected together a few of the most ignorant of the manufacturing workmen; and having persuaded them to call themselves delegates, handed them over to a party of soldiery. In this transaction, his 'zeal' had been so remarkable that he became suspected; and the Magistrates of the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the occurrence took place, were so satisfied that the rebellion which Mr Oliyer had so fortunately fomented was created by himself, that they discharged all the prisoners. The account one of these delegates gave of himself was, that he had been hired by Mr Oliver, as a guide to the place where he convened the meeting. In the course of the way, he was treated with rum and milk, but was ignorant of his high destiny, till he was driven into the ditch by the cavalry. The Earl Fitzwilliam, who had given the weight of his high name and vast influence to the Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords, and to the measures which had been founded on them, was present at their examination; and having also made a minute investigation into the state of that part of the country, was so convinced that the amount of the danger had been exaggerated, and that so much of the evil which existed was to be attributed to the spies who had been set loose upon the country in consequence of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, that he changed his opinion as to the further necessity of that measure; and, with his characteristic nobleness of mind, at once avowed the change. It is impossible that there could be a witness whose credit or judgment was less questionable in such a case, both on account of his known opinions, his lofty character, and his peculiar situation. This nobleman is well known as one of those who have always been peculiarly alive to any danger to be apprehended from revolutionary doctrines or po-

pular commotion. He had been a member of the Secret Committee; and on the evidence, whatever it was, that was presented to that Body, he supported the suspension of the Habeas Corpus. It may easily be imagined, that he would feel some difficulty in confessing, even to his own mind, that he had been instrumental in presenting an exaggerated view of the state of the country, or in procuring an unnecessary suspension of its liberties. His declaration of the conviction which was forced irresistibly on his mind, was honourable to himself, and conclusive to all unprejudiced minds. But it did not deter our sober alarmists. The Suspension bill was again passed; and, instead of bringing to trial the instigator of the insurrection, they arrested, by virtue of their extraordinary powers, and consigned to arbitrary imprisonment, the individuals against whom he had given information. Amongst these was a Mr Scholer, who had given evidence respecting the proceedings of this miscreant—a warning to those who would question these *protégés* of the Administration in the exercise of their high functions. But the Administration had their own notions as to the way of preserving the dignity of the law. Contemptible as the disturbance of the 2d of December was, it was certainly due to the public peace that the offenders should be punished; and there was evidence enough to convict them of the misdemeanour. It was thought fit, however, to accuse them of High Treason, and to present a grand spectacle to the people of the metropolis. The prisoners were daily escorted by troops of horse from the Tower to the Court of King's Bench, and from the Court of King's Bench to the Tower. Four Judges were occupied for more than a week with a detail of the most absurd machinations. The dignity of the Spasfields row was preserved,—and the malefactors escaped with impunity! To prove the treason against these men, a witness was put into the box, toad-spotted with all the crimes in the catalogue; and the Jury were of course disgusted. But if the prosecutors had confined themselves to charges which they could substantiate, they would not have been compelled to claim credit for such evidence. In that case, however, they would not have been able to talk of the insufficiency of the existing laws, or to make their blunders in the exercise of their power an argument for increasing it.

We must now call on all reflecting men to look at this system, which combines, in the greatest perfection, impunity for the guilty, with suffering for the innocent, in all its alarming, though harmonious parts. Let them look at the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus acts on slighter grounds than were ever

before made the foundation of such a measure, on pretences which, exactly in proportion as they have been exposed to the light, have vanished—to the prevention of meetings for petitioning—to the unlimited power given to all magistrates over public discussion and public lectures—to the impunity of plot-makers, and the assumption of a dispensing power. Let them consider at what former times those privileges and securities, which distinguish us from the worst of despotisms, have been curtailed. Let them ask themselves whether this is a moment when the monarchy is so unprovided, that it is likely to be overthrown by the slightest gust of popular commotion. At the time when these new powers are lavished on the Crown,—at this time of profound peace,—it possesses a veteran army of 150,000 men,—is in strict league with all the despotic sovereigns of the Continent, for the purpose of preventing the people of a great nation from shaking off a government which they are said to abhor, and of compelling them to maintain a foreign army to secure the dominion of those whom they regard as their oppressors. Let them compare the chance of danger from such a system, leagued with such a power, to that which they can apprehend from the seven Spencean philanthropists, and their lame general, or the representatives of Mr Oliver at Thornhill Lees. If the wicked designs of some of the lowest rabble in three or four manufacturing counties,—not countenanced by any of the higher or middle classes, and held in abhorrence by the mass of the people in the districts in which they originated—can, with the acquiescence of the nation, be made a pretence for such measures as we have witnessed;—if these measures are to be continued as long as any disaffection shall be said to exist, and active and artful emissaries are scattered over the country whose interest it is to perpetuate it,—the British Constitution may for a few years draw out a precarious existence, dependent on the mercy of a minister, or the caprice of a sovereign: But as there cannot fail to arise, in the course of human affairs, those who will take advantage of the powers which are so liberally bestowed or so tamely submitted to, its final and speedy dissolution may be pronounced to be inevitable.

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